Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST
1937

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CLOTHES · ART · CARTOONS

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ONCE YOU LEARN . . . YOU NEVER FORGET

The tinkling ice in a highball glass never sounds so inviting as when the drink is made with Old Overholt. For here is a man's whiskey . . . so rich and robust that you can use less of it without dimming its superb flavor and full-bodied character. Try Old Overholt—as different as day and night . . . once you learn, you'll never forget.

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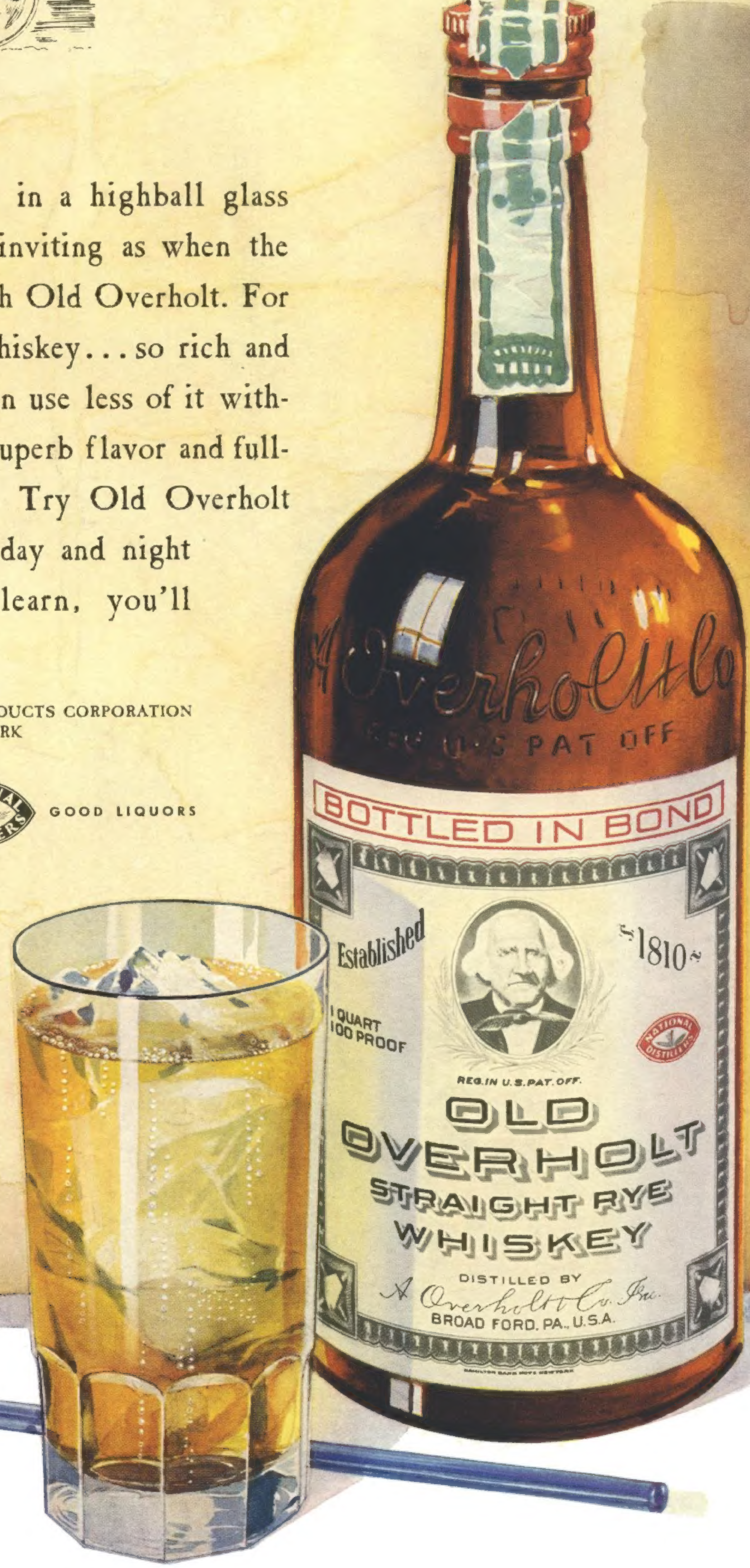
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

REUNION WITH MEYER

The Magazine for Men? Don't you believe it. Nine out of ten articles, stories or other bunk is for ladies. One of your men, Meyer Levin, is an alumni of the school I attend. His articles sound as if he never went to school. He doesn't know a good picture when he sees one. I'll bet he has someone else go to the *Cinema* and tell him all about it. No? Well then ask him.

By the way we've had piano lessons, how to mix drinks, and lots of other hooey. How about printing some dance lessons for us shy men? Sure I can't dance worth a damn but I'd like to learn, but not pay $1.00 to $10.00 a lesson. I don't think a lesson a month is too much for a magazine like you *gents?* print. Take out some of the hooey you put in and put some dance lessons in its place.

Oh Nuts! I just want my name in the *Sound and Fury* that's why I write this letter as if you didn't know. In case you do print it the name Steve Gouzeas, 1805 W. Adams St., Chicago, Illinois.

Denk Youse *Gents?*
Steve ("Goose") Gouzeas
Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—Ask Meyer Levin if he ever went to Crane Tech in the Windy City.
P. P. S. S.—Don't get sore Meyer, but I had to pan someone.

TOUCHÉ, TWICE

Permit me to congratulate you on article *Those Boy-Gone Days* by Cope Wiseman in June issue. From the standpoint of one in his early forties, who was reared "a regular boy" in a small town, it is by far the best mirth-provoker I have read in the past five years.

Why, every boyhood scrape enumerated and described by Author Wiseman had its counterpart, with variations, in my own experience. Instead of the steam cannon loaded with china berries we mixed a large amount of carbide and live oak balls, with a small amount of water, in a tightly closed syrup can. And an ingenious arrangement of our own allowed the "mixing" to come off at the proper time, and with just as disastrous results. I more or less intentionally schrapneled a grouchy, fat neighbor with exactly the same type of catapult. And, what is more, escaped a licking by pleading ignorance of that type of ballistics' range. Also because Dad didn't like him either.

Great God!—Wiseman, you should have seen our smart delivery boy when he obligingly held two spike nails, attached by wires to an old telephone magneto which was then whirled energetically in relays. He exhibited dance steps that Fred Astaire has never thought of to this good day.

I laughed, when I read that article, until tears dropped off my chin. And I reviewed it aloud to my tom-boy wife until she laughed herself into hysterics, and I choked down. Give us more articles like that! Hell—all us small town boys have long ago absorbed your rehashed erotica in livery stables. Why not let up on the filth and smut awhile? Give us more humor.

I haven't read all of the June issue yet but there are two other humorous (unconsciously humorous) phrases in it. The italics are mine.

(1) *The King of Laughter* by Jim Tully—"Films *were then* a crude commodity produced by illiterate men who saddled their tastes upon a public . . . nine years old mentally."

(2) Your note under *Four Paintings* by Kostia Terechkovitch ". . . through courtesy of Carroll Carstairs, 11 East 57th St., where they are *permanently* on exhibition and *sale.*" (Stay in there Kostia, it might not be as bad as all that. Mediocre, of course, but I wouldn't say they will be *permanently* on sale.)

Your magazine is very popular down here. You would be surprised at the cowpunchers, sheepherders, and oil field roughnecks who will cough up four bits for a copy, and birds like me who will come across with five bucks for a subscription.

Yours truly,
Abilene, Texas R. J. Vernon

ADD ODD USES OF ESQ.

In the attic, the other day, I came across an old copy of Esquire, April 1935. Something unnatural in its appearance made me pick it up, and finding its pages to be altered beyond recognition, I brought it down stairs to examine it more closely.

Imagine my amazement when I discovered that the current cook of that year had pasted Esky full of recipes! Some of the effects obtained by reading straight across the page were charming. For instance—

"—let rise until light and bake in *The Sound and Fury* Department for fifteen minutes at 400 degrees then it will be picked by the editor and captioned after which reduce the heat for remainder of baking period."

and—

"Men are sweet but they're awfully dumb so after coating with egg and crumbs you and I, Esquire, should conspire to help some of the younger ones lay on a trivet and cook until golden brown."

I visualized Winnie crouched on her narrow bed at night, armed with paste brush and scissors, pale eyes intent on her deed of vandalism. She was a lean, loveless lady, un-wed, un-squired, permanently, I fear. Did she feed hungrily on those erotic pages before she desecrated them? Did she, perhaps, achieve a subtle satisfaction out of slapping printed pies and puddings over the pictures and captions which shocked her very soul? Or was it only that Esquire served her purpose because, with its stiff, shiny paper of suitable size, it does—in spite of everything—make a swell scrapbook?

Sincerely,
London, Can. Ruth Holway

ALL ILLUSIONS LOST

It seems to me that the author of *Local Boy Makes Heiress* is (I hope) a little gloomy about ladies with money. Surely they can't all be such stinkers.

I maintain, but not very stoutly, that a girl who has had the advantage of money should, at least, have a smattering of education, and the outward and visible signs of good breeding. Further the possession of money does not necessarily develop in its possessor the private disposition of a tigress with young. Or am I wrong again?

Until Anonymous came along and spoilt it all I had been an uncritical disciple of the sage who said there are three ways to make money—to inherit it, to earn it, and to marry it, and the wise man does all three.

May I autobiograph? You'd like to know about me wouldn't you?

I am 29, a surgeon (handsome and amiable too) recently emerged from interneships and other quite extensive post-graduate efforts, embarking on practice. The patrimony was only enough to cover some twelve years of study in more or less luxury. That's all. Life is grim isn't it? The earning method is still in its infancy. So at this stage I thought what could be sweeter than a not too unattractive heiress, what more did I need to make life just one grand sweet song?

That was before I read what happened to the Local Boys.

Discouraging. But if you do happen to have a nice one that you are not using send her around.

Los Angeles, Calif. Anon M.D.

BILL BIRD ON PEMBERTON

Really you ought to label Murdock Pemberton's stuff about wine "Humor," otherwise innocent readers may take it seriously.

It isn't awfully funny when he intimates that Médoc is in Burgundy, but when he tells us that Joseph of the Netherlands recommends Château Lafite-Rothschild 1928 I have to hold my sides to keep that old appendix scar from splitting.

For the benefit of readers who didn't know that Joseph and Pemberton were just kidding, here are the facts:

Lafite-Rothschild 1928, which ought to have been a remarkable wine, was so badly handled that the merchants who bought it either (a) refused to accept delivery, or (b) compelled the château to reduce the price to that of a *vin ordinaire*. For botching the job the *maitre de chai* was fired.

Even if the wine had not been mishandled, it would amount to infanticide to drink it now. The 1928s are very hard wines and will need from five to ten years more in bottle before they ought to be drunk. On the other hand, the 1929s are about ready.

And since when does the cook prescribe what wines are to be consumed with his culinary masterpieces? That job belongs to the chief sommelier. *Chacun son métier*.

Pemberton is good, clean fun, just what Esquire needs most.

Faithfully yours,
Paris, France William Bird

ESQ. AT FOLKESTONE

I have been a regular reader of Esquire since I moved from London to the above address. After a reasonably bright existence in town, Folkestone has been doing its damndest to turn me into a living replica of its average inhabitant—pokerfaced and pathetically dull. Like a patent medicine, a remedy was sought, and in the words of the usual advertisements of aforementioned medicine — "I tried everything without success, until a friend . . . etc., etc." Esquire was tried and has done its work. I only wish that British Publishers could turn out a mag. with such good taste, and broad outlook. There's not a page, including adverts. that I don't enjoy. Particularly *The Sound and the Fury.* It's such a relief to read intelligent comment, if one is doomed otherwise to read in our local "rag," foolish letters from equally foolish colonels, local literary circles, and would-be wits; on crooning, strip-tease acts and cucumber contests. The reading of Esquire should be made compulsory by the local council.

Apart from those magazines (of doubtful contents and publication) that one furtively secretes under an overcoat on purchasing, Esquire is undoubtedly one of the most expensive journals on sale in England, but "By jove!" (English ejaculation heard at Hollywood), I think it's worth every penny.

Whereas British publications are so old fashioned in humo(u)r, Esquire is, as Noel Coward may or may not have described it—"so excitingly 20th Century."

Yours truly,
Don Manning
Folkestone, Kent, England

STILL THEY COME

Last night, while reading in bed, I ran across Mr. Frank K. Burgess' letter in *Sound and Fury* (May) concerning the weights of the storekeeper's four stones for his balance scales.

I believe Mr. Burgess is kidding us about needing eight days to solve his problem for the Lord knows I'm no expert at such things, but I looked at the ceiling about five minutes and decided the weights were: one, three, nine, and twenty-seven pounds, respectively.

This morning I set down a few self-evident equations by which the problem might be solved: Let the stones be A, B, C, and D.

1. A plus B plus C plus D equals 40 pounds.
2. A must necessarily be one pound. Then to weigh two pounds A must be on the balance side of the two pound weight, and,
3. 2 plus A equals B or B equals three pounds. Similarly, to weigh five pounds A and B have to be on the balance side of the five pound weight, and we have:
4. 5 plus A plus B equals C or C equals nine pounds. Then in a like manner:
5. 14 plus A plus B plus C equals D and D equals 27 pounds.

Up to forty pounds can be weighed by these four stones in one pound steps.

Should you care to publish a problem for your readers that is *A* problem you might try the enclosed on them.

Yours very truly
Raleigh, N. C. Herbert Acton, Jr.

A PROBLEM

Five men and one monkey gather cocoanuts all day. That night they are too exhausted to effect a division of the nuts so they decide to go to bed and divide them the next day.

During the night the first man is troubled over the coming division and arises. He counts the cocoanuts and hides exactly one-fifth of them for himself—no fractions used—all whole cocoanuts. The monkey is a light sleeper and watches this operation. When the first man goes back to bed the monkey arises and hides one cocoanut for himself.

Later that night the second man is troubled in a like manner and re-counts the cocoanuts, hiding exactly one-fifth of the pile as it now stands. That is, after one-fifth of the original pile plus one have been removed. The monkey, still awake, repeats his act of taking one cocoanut for himself.

Then through the night, the third, fourth, and fifth men arise in turn and each take one-fifth of the pile that's left. And, of course, the monkey gets one more cocoanut for himself each time.

The monkey got five cocoanuts during the night, and no one got any fractions—each division nets each man a whole number for the share he takes.

At dawning the five men arise, and you can imagine what their inner thoughts must be for not one of them suspects another. A division is made of the pile of cocoanuts that remains and the pile is *still* divisible by five. The problem is: What is the smallest number of cocoanuts that could have been gathered originally so that each time one-fifth of the lot plus one (for the monkey) were taken away, the remaining pile would still be divisible by five down to and including the division of the morning after?

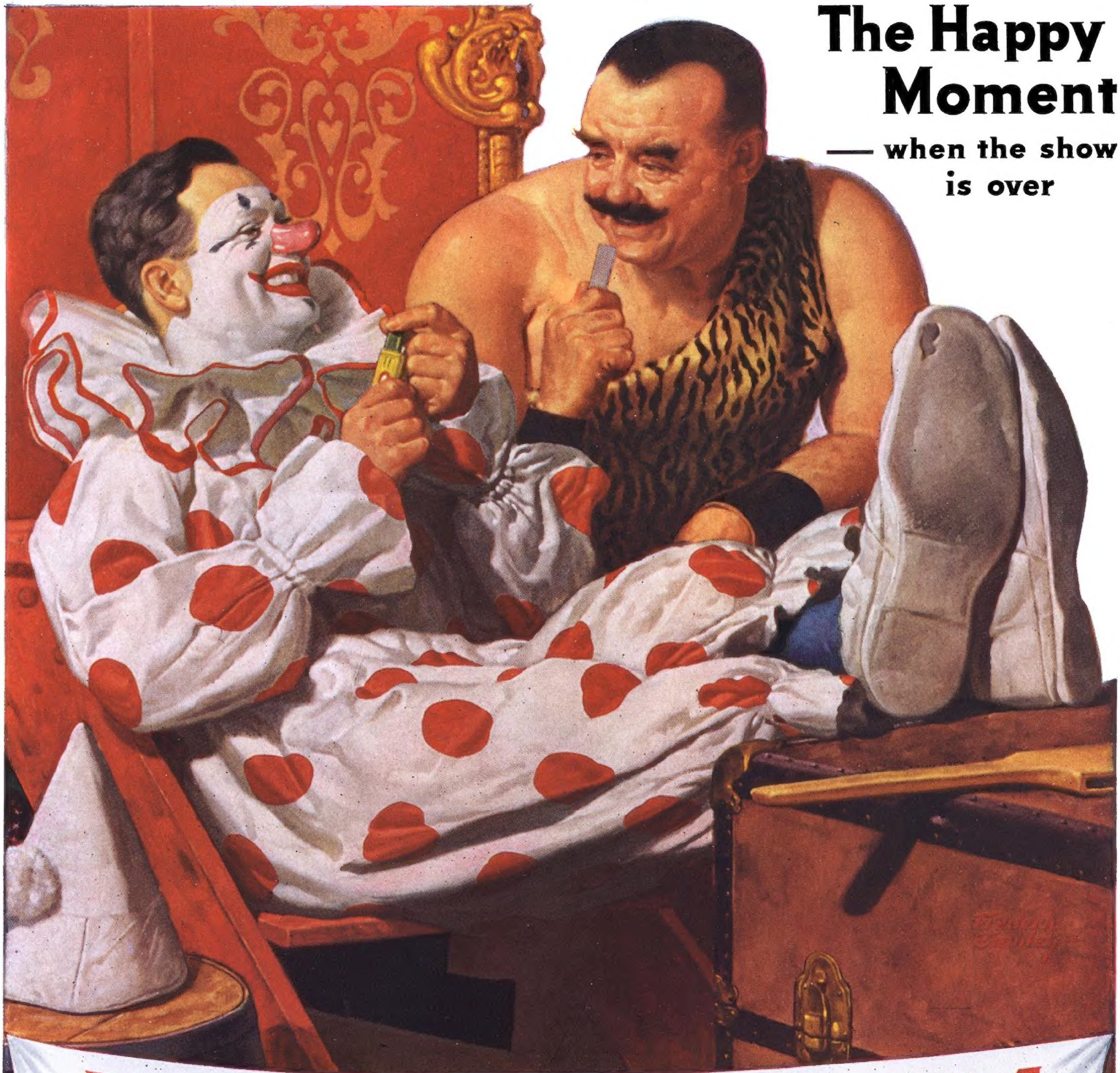
There is nothing tricky about this but you may take my word or not, there's more excuse for working eight days on this one. I have the answer for anyone that gets discouraged. All of this, of course, provided you decide it's worth printing.

H. R. A., Jr.

Continued at top of page 182

The Happy Moment

— when the show is over



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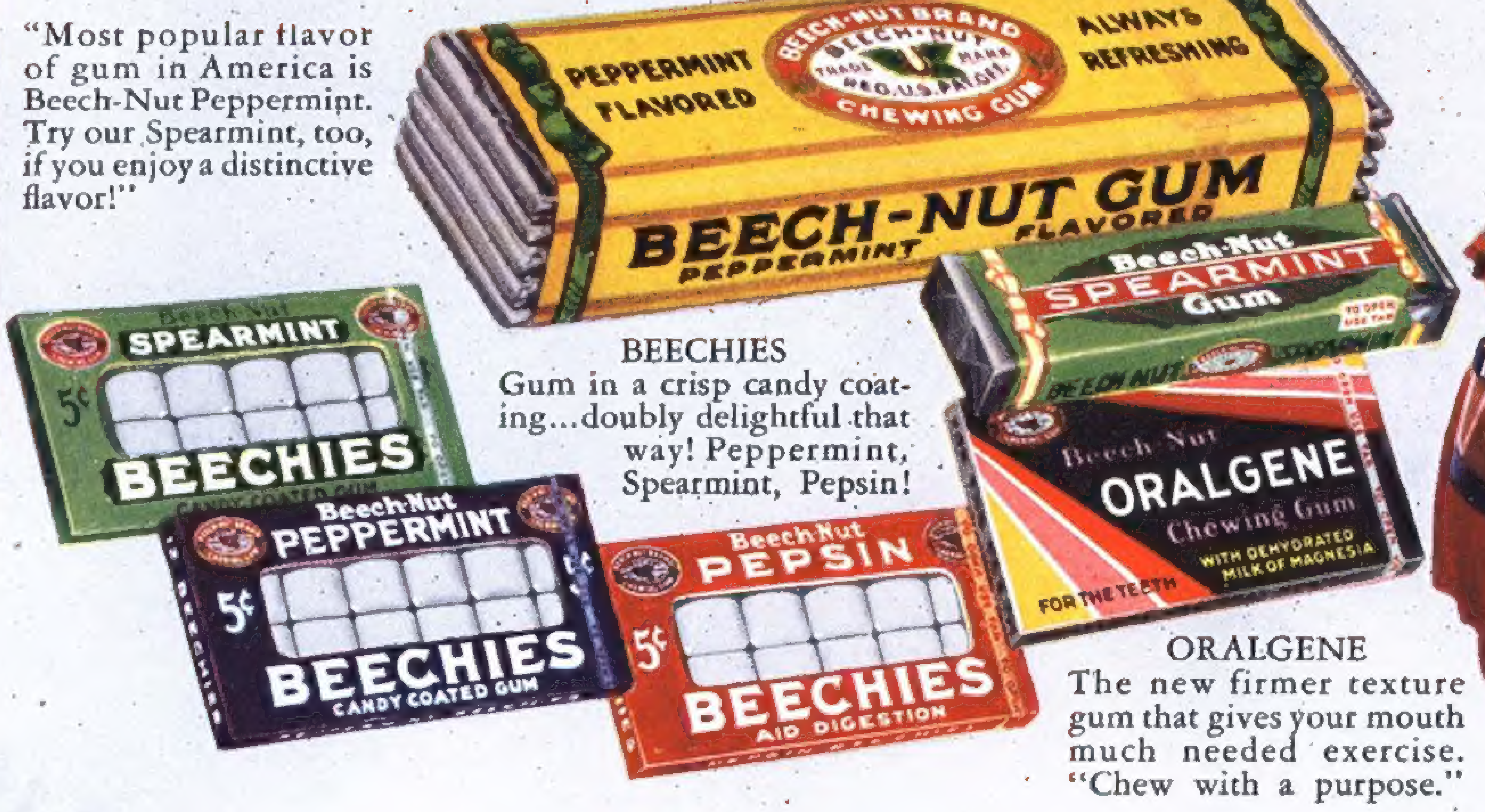
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The Beech-Nut Circus

To be killed in action

He's going to grow up to go to war?

No—he's never going to grow up at all. If another war comes, he and his mother and thousands upon thousands like them are going to "die in action."

"Impossible!" you say. "They're non-combatants." Don't be silly—there'll be no such thing as non-combatants in the next war.

Wide-cruising submarines, and bombing planes will laugh at front lines. Incendiary bombs dropped from planes will set entire cities on fire. There will be no haven, no sanctuary, no safety. *Everyone* will suffer.

And for what? *Glory*—where was it in the last war?

Victory—where was it in the last peace?

With that cruel lesson still fresh in mind, is another war to be forced upon us—a war infinitely more horrible, more futile, and more lasting in its harm than the last?

That is for you to decide!

What to do about it

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

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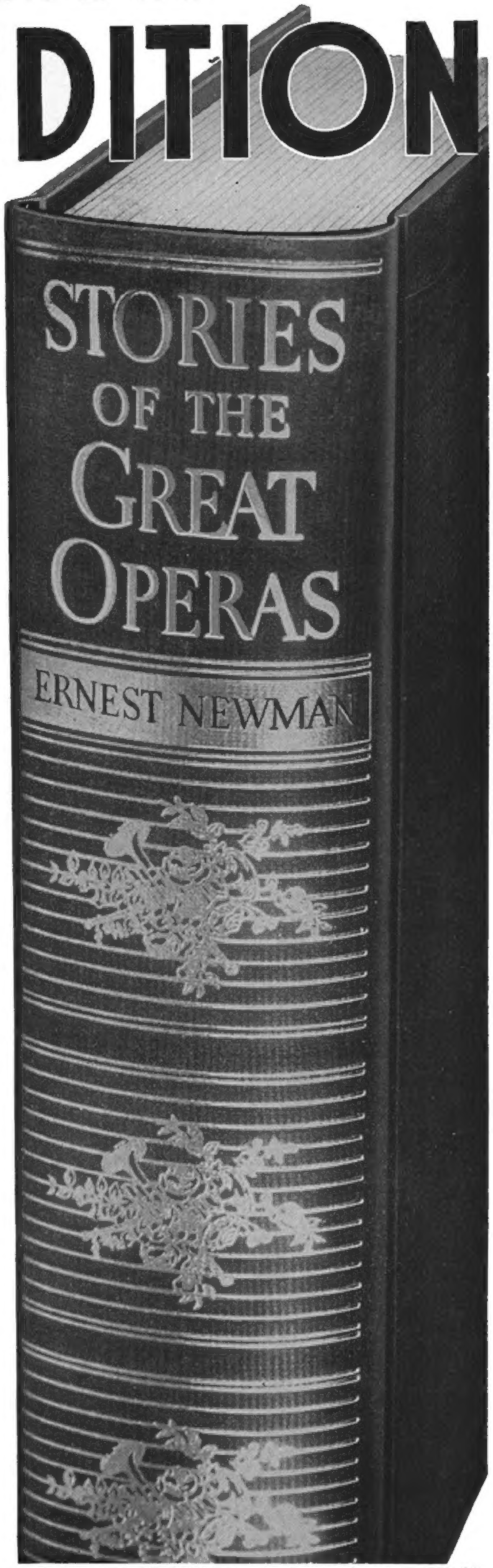

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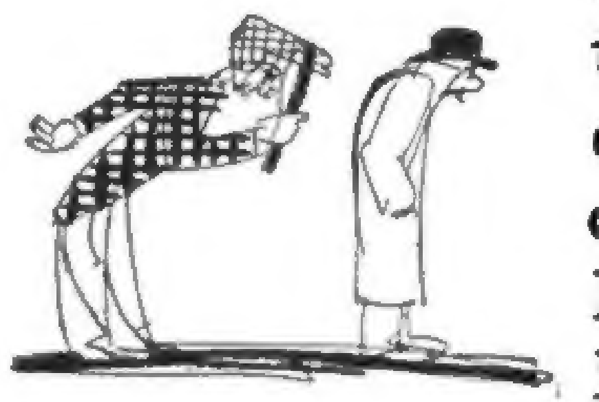


Calling All Bars. "The Skip Tracers will get you if you don't watch out." This efficient bureau tracks down all males and females who "skip town." They work with stores, whose customers run up large charge accounts and then disappear; with landlords whose tenants evaporate or with lawyers in locating missing heirs. But they also do a thriving "personal" business. If a woman's spouse gets tired of it all and quietly fades, she writes to Skip Tracers and they find him. Determined little ladies with Object Matrimony, can have a tracer put on the harassed gentlemen, who, tired of paying the freight, have made the grand scram. Seems there are a lot more missing husbands than wives. The bureau figures that if a *woman* disappears, the old man just counts it as an act of providence. Skip Tracers have a large working force in New York, and several hundred scouts over the country. Once the "skipper" is *located,* the bureau's obligations end. They don't guarantee to make the birds stay put.

Pipe Catharsis. When your wife refers to your favorite Church Warden as "that evil-smelling thing," and you want to keep out of the dog house—Brother, it's time to give your pipe a bath. We give you a new cleaning kit. Take a dropper and fill a retort with a new magic liquid. Attach retort by connecting rubber tube to pipe stem, hold retort over flame till liquid boils up into the pipe. This creates a vacuum, and the liquid runs up and down until the crust is dissolved. If you want a dry jag, boil a spot of brandy, rum or whiskey into your pipe.

Royal Ablutions. We're always curious about the private lives of public potentates. Do these gentlemen take to tubs or showers? Do they shave dry or wet? We have it that the male members of England's Royal Family prefer soaps and toiletries with an outdoor, woodsy odor, like unto a forest after the rain, a line made by an old English firm with a famous shop on Regent Street. The soaps, talcums, shaving bowls, etc., are now being imported, so that our democracy can take on a Royal Aroma.

Masculine Manna. It's a nice touch, we always think, to bring an additional remembrance to Ye Host. Poor sucker, with his house turned into a hotel every week-end, he deserves consideration. If he is a coffee addict, nothing better than a set of giant size coffee cups, about 5 inches in circumference, each holding a half to a pint at a clip. Dunker's delight. Designed in fine, rugged hunting scenes or bright plaids on porcelain. If tobacco is his weakness, let yourself go on a handsome leather tobacco jar, cigarette case or pipe stand in Havana brown pedigreed pig, boldly saddle-stitched. If he's a weight-watcher and a traveling man, whip out a new traveling scale that fits flat into a neat cowhide case with handle. Whole thing weighs only 5 pounds and holds gentlemen up to 250 pounds.

Rubber Tubbing Hits America. We've often wondered what skiers did in the summertime. Now we know—they've got the kayak craze. Europeans have been shooting about in these little rubberized, collapsible boats for years, and until recently, no authentic folding boat could be had over here. But now the sport is on in earnest. Folding boats cost well under $100, weigh from 35 to 50 pounds and can be strapped on the back of man or motor. Just ride or hike to H20, unpack the boat, assemble quickly, and it's ready to shoot the rapids, ride the waves at the shore, or remain placidly parked for a bit of fishing in some isolated spot.

GUNS

New! Completely Revised—Enlarged
STOEGER HANDBOOK—Catalog No. 28
All the new Models and latest Prices

Only manual containing recent important arms revisions & NEW prices. 320 pages, 13,000 items. (4,000 illus.). A veritable encyclopedia of all American & popular Imported Arms and Ammunition. Complete Parts & Ballistic Sections. Send 50c—Check, Coin, M.O., Stamps. — Or better still —

Visit America's No. 1 Gun Shop
A. F. STOEGER, Inc., 507 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

HATTERS

YOUNG'S HATS

Young's 29 shops all over town are putting summer in the shade with Stetson hats designed by Young's, and also Young's own creations. Straws of graceful lightness—Ventilated and Kushon-fitted—Panamas, woven under water, that come from Ecuador, the home of the finest Panamas, and supple Leghorns and Sport Hats, cool, comfortable, and correct.

HISTORICAL FILMS

AUTHENTIC 16 mm MOVIES. Complete records of current events. Professionally filmed.

ENGLAND'S CORONATION
100 feet $2.00
200 feet $4.00
360 feet $7.20

HINDENBURG DISASTER
100 feet $3.00
200 feet $5.50

RABSONS, INC.
1373 Sixth Avenue New York City

MINIATURE CAMERAS

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES
Contax III with Sonnar F1.5—with carrying case, new condition . . . $265.00
Contax III with Sonnar F2—with carrying case, new condition $210.00
Contaflex with Sonnar F2—with carrying case, very good condition . . . $225.00
Leica G with Summar F2 lens—with carrying case, new condition . . . $145.00

ABE COHEN'S EXCHANGE, INC.
"The House of Photographic Values"
120 Fulton Street, New York

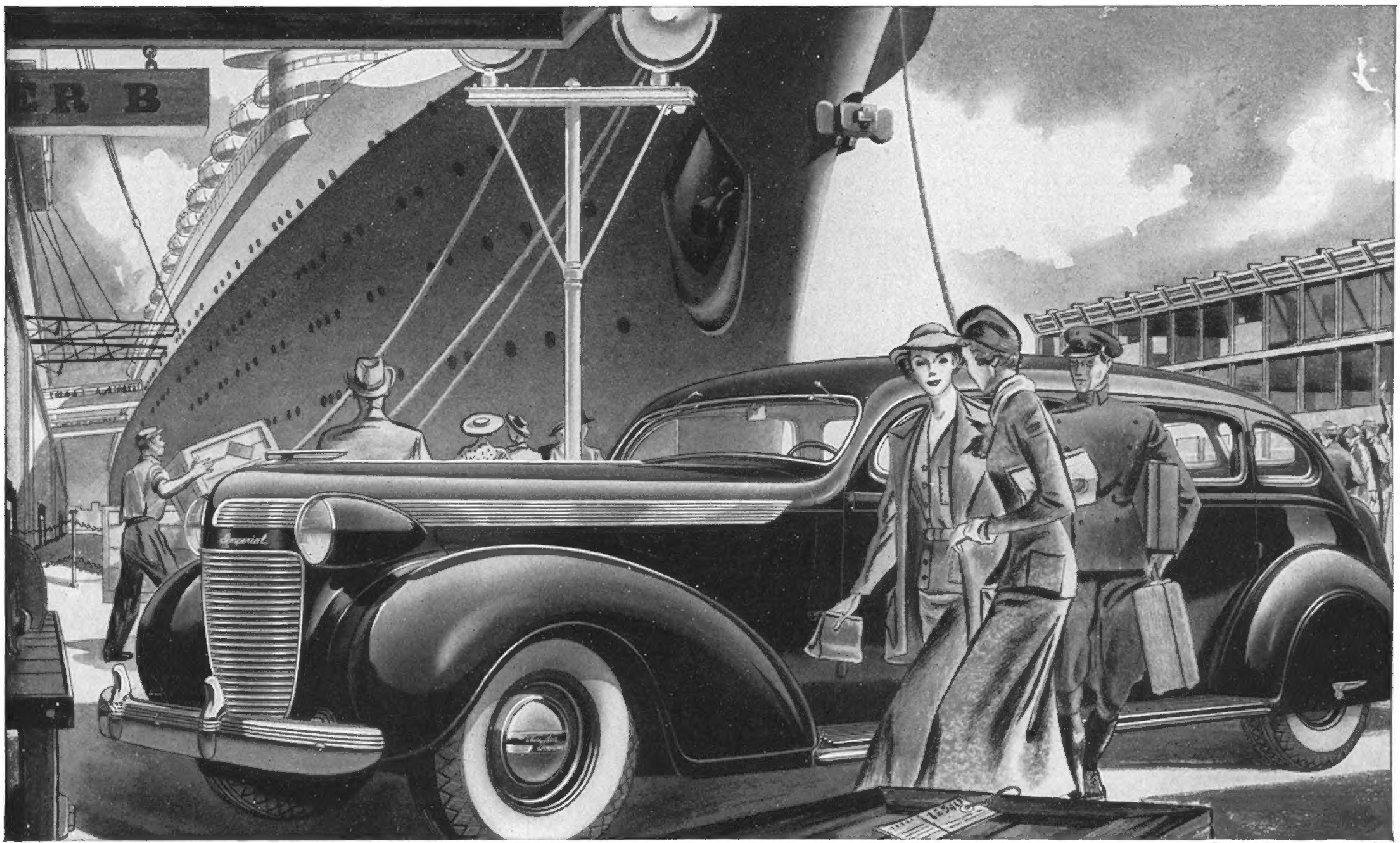
Use the Super-Baldina Miniature Camera for super-pictures. Has many unique features, such as Coupled Range Finder, Coupled Automatic Parallex Tubular View Finder, winding key with automatic stop, etc. Takes 36 pictures 1x1½ in. on any standard 35MM film. Size of camera 5x3¾x1½ in. Weight 12 oz. Has Trioplan F2.9 lens in Compur Shutter. Price $65. Eveready case $8. Mail orders filled. Send for booklet E.S.B. Willoughbys, 110 West 32nd St., N. Y.

SCALP SPECIALISTS

Visit the new OGILVIE METHOD offices exclusively for men. Consultation without obligation. Trial treatment $2, six treatments $9. Ogilvie preparations are also obtainable in leading stores everywhere. Results from first application. Further information including instructive booklet on request.

OGILVIE METHOD, 50 East 42nd Street
New York, N. Y. Telephone, Mu 2-2211

ONLY CHRYSLER GIVES YOU TRUE SAFETY IN A CUSTOM-TYPE CAR!



Chrysler Custom Imperial Sedan

If you pay two thousand dollars or more for a car be sure to ask about its safety features....

"I OWN THREE 1937 Chryslers," says a prominent manufacturer, "and while there are many reasons for standardizing on Chrysler, one stands out at the top of the list.

"As far as I can find out, Chrysler is the only manufacturer in America which builds an all-steel body for its custom-type cars.

"I see no reason why the family limousine should be less safe than my son's coupe.

"In today's traffic, I want my family to have all the protection it can get. I believe that Chrysler's progressiveness in making all of its cars safe is typical of its leadership in all phases of motor car engineering."

★ ★ ★

IT'S STRANGE but it's true that unless you buy a Chrysler, the more you spend for a car, the less safety you will probably get.

Chrysler builds a Safety *All-Steel* Body for every Chrysler car. Every Chrysler also is equipped with hydraulic brakes.

Remember to ask about these two features if you buy any car in the custom class.

Ask your Chrysler dealer to show you the magnificent Chrysler Custom Imperial... a superbly appointed car of 140-inch wheelbase. He also displays the new low-priced Royal . . . the Imperial . . . the Airflow . . . and the brilliant 1937 Plymouth.

★ ★ ★

Time payments to fit your purse on official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . *Invades the low-priced field* . . . Ten body types.

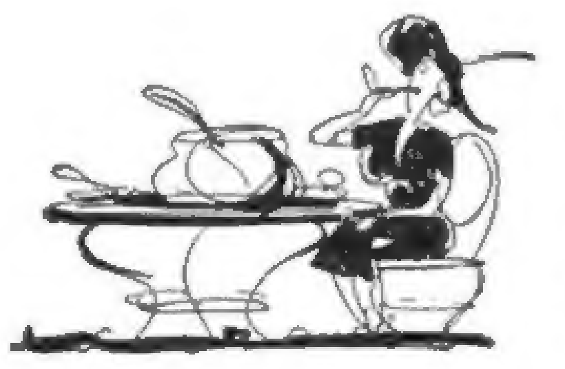
☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . *Now in the medium-price field* . . . Six body types.

☆ **CHRYSLER AIRFLOW** . . . *America's most modern motor car* . . . Sedan and Coupe.

☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . *Chrysler's finest* . . . Sedan and Sedan-Limousine.

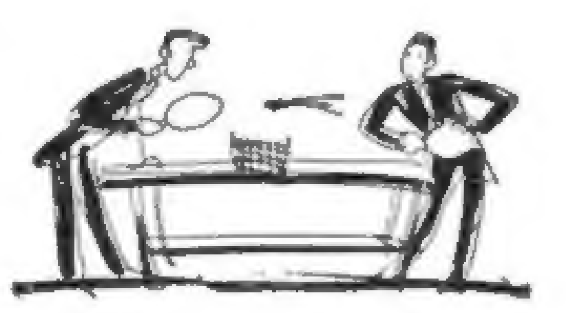
Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



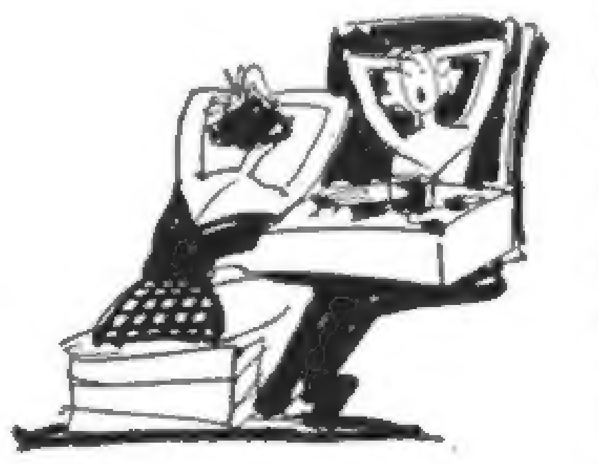
Salad Al Fresco. If your hosts are the kind of people who *love* luncheon in the garden, we suggest that you produce an imposing looking set of salad bowls. They look like a couple of large glass fish bowls, fitted one inside the other. Salad goes in the smaller one, the outer is filled with crushed ice. Get it? Complete with natural pine wood cover (flies will be flies) and circular pine tray. Of course, we said salad, but there's nothing wrong with using same for good old punch.

Noteworthy Notepaper. Nothing new about suggesting stationery, we hear you mumble. That depends, my friends, upon the stationery. You can take a facsimile of your host's own handwriting, and have *that* smeared across the top of some handsome gift paper. If he majored in penmanship in his day, this will please him inordinately. You can present your hostess with a new notepaper with a trick fold, used for informal invitations, acceptances, thank you notes, and sentiments short and sweet. The smart set, we're told, is partial to grey paper with maroon trimmings.



Give 'Em Games. Some households go in for games. The minute you arrive you get roped into some form of mental or physical torture. So if you appear with something new for them to play, you're IN! There's a miniature badminton with a couple of birds, bats and a strip of net—can be played outdoors or in, even on a table in the dining room. The feathers are too light to break up the bric-a-brac. A more sedentary form of amusement is an English gambling game. Big oak plank with nine horizontal lines about an inch apart. You play for points, and the idea is to shoot or slide disks the size of ha'pennies in between the lines. Sounds imbecilic, but you have to have the touch. For 50 cents a throw, you can load up on those diabolical little glass-covered puzzles where you try to cajole a piece of slithery mercury into little holes and grooves. Not recommended for frayed nerves, but some people like them.

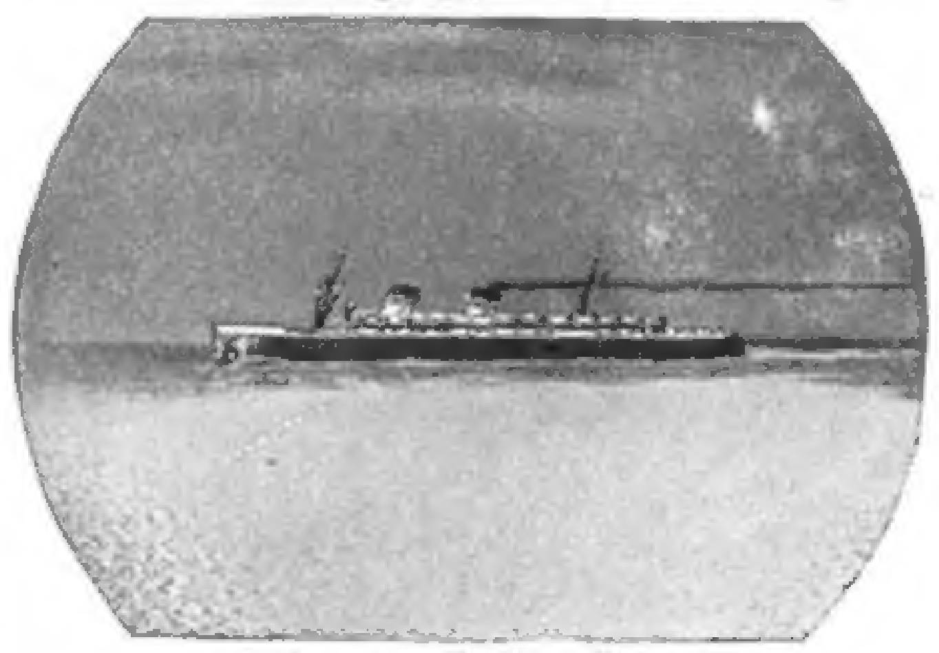
Doubling in Glass. A novelty, folks, a novelty. Someone up and designs a pair of heavy glass "whatsits" that can be any one of three things. Placed on their sides, they are bookends, and good sturdy ones, too. Laid flat, they become ashtrays, but standing upright, they turn into candlesticks. Don't get us wrong, they are really good looking and may be had for $4 a brace.



Cabana Bag. Hostesses at the shore will fairly grab at this. Another one of those obliging "either or" gifts. One way you look at it, it's a flat linen handbag, lined inside with bright oilcloth and fitted with good-sized mirror, ample pockets, etc. Down each side of the bag runs a zipper, which when ruthlessly zipped, turns the whole bag into a little dressing table for cosmetics, hair combing, etc.; whole thing hangs on the wall of the cabana, motor boat or trailer. Take it away for a fiver.

Smoked Turkey. If you haven't tried this exotic fare, you haven't lived. On a farm up yonder on the Hudson, is a turkey-smoker, the only one in captivity, and the son of the former chef of one of Europe's deposed royal families. He takes plump, young birds, cures them according to a carefully guarded continental recipe, then smokes them with loving care over fragrant green applewood boughs 'til they emerge, succulent, tender and with an indescribably piquant, zestful flavor. Smoked turkeys require neither cooking nor heating. A boon to bachelors who want to entertain with eclat, and a perfect gift for hosts who fancy themselves gourmets.

For Happier Days



Courtesy Italian Line

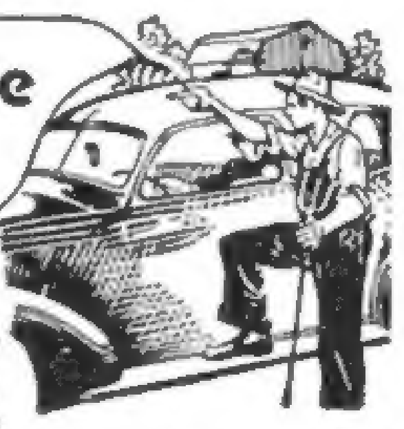
A-SEA, ASHORE, AT SPORT
Assure Your Eyes of Cool Comfort by wearing
MACBETH
GLACIAL BLUE LENSES
In Substantial Comfortable Frames
$12.00 Ground to Prescription Slightly Higher
H. L. PURDY, Inc., Opticians
506 Madison Ave., New York N. Y.

ONLY BENJAMIN HAS THE GENUINE
SAFE

COMPRESSED AIR PISTOL $7.50

For Target & Small Game - Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with **Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal.** 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50, Holster $1.75. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. **The Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistols & Rifles On The Market. Full Details - Targets - Free - Write for Introductory Offer. Benjamin Air Rifle Co. 699 N. B'way, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.**

***Turn North* at the CROSSROADS**

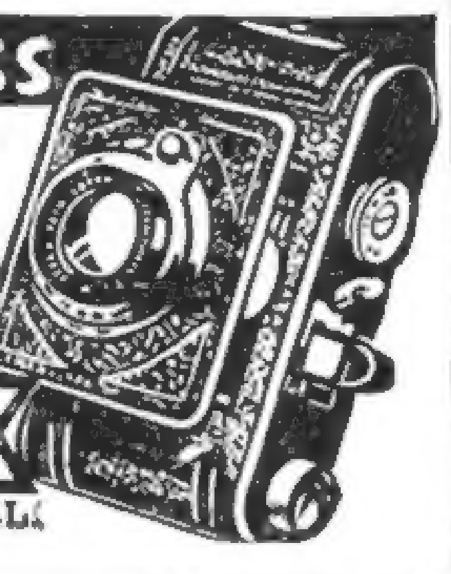


You are sure of your directions, anywhere, any time, any weather, with a Hull Auto Compass. It prevents confusion, lost miles and wasted expense. This high quality instrument for only $2.95 at your dealer soon pays for itself. Two-piece model $1.95. Write for circular.

HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G3
WARREN, OHIO

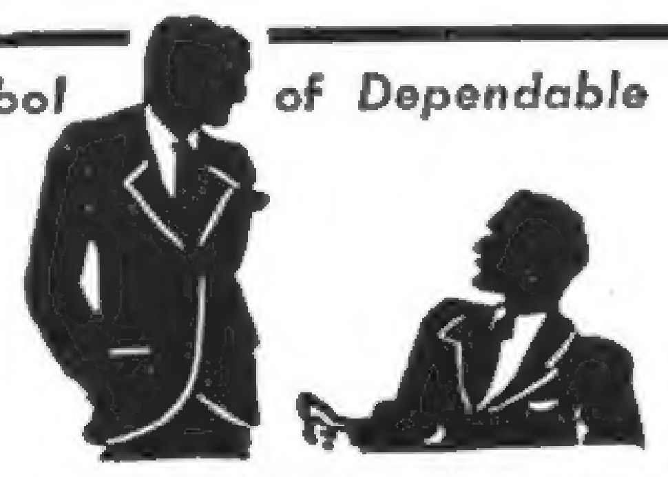
HULL STREAMLINE AUTO . COMPASS

Only $23.75 AT BASS
FOTH-DERBY
16 shots on 127 film...focal plane shutter . . . speeds to 1/500 sec.
2 inch F:3.8 lens $23.75
(with F:2.5 lens . . . . $33.50)
Write Dept. E S

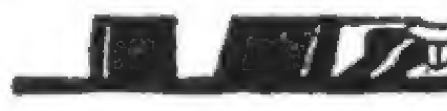


Bass CAMERA CO.
179 W. Madison St. CHICAGO, ILL.

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



★SIMPSON CLOTHES

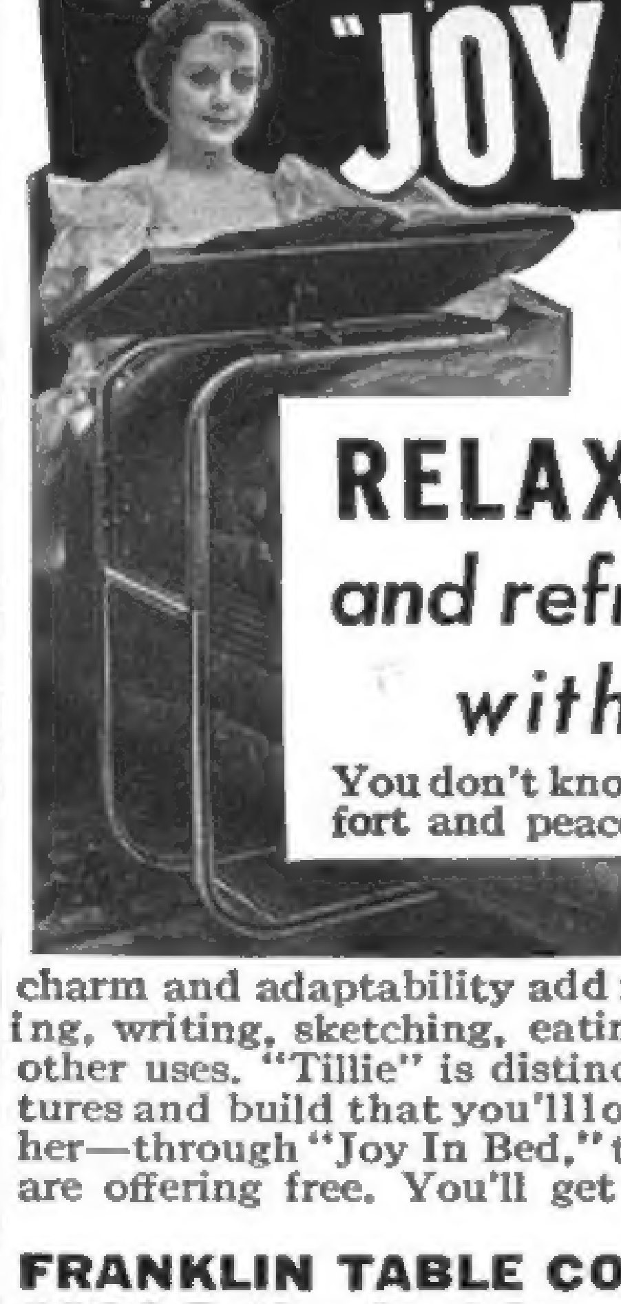


Now... for Women, too!

Esquire, introduced as a magazine for men has found plenty of admirers among women who prefer the Esquire type of man. By the same token, women who admire men who wear SIMPSON, individually tailored clothes, have expressed a desire for suits and topcoats designed and tailored the distinctive SIMPSON way. This has come to pass. SIMPSON salesmen who call direct with a luxurious display of imported and domestic woolens, will gladly measure women for suits, man-tailored as only SIMPSON tailors know how. Write for complete Fashion Brochure E, with price.

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.
Display Rooms in Many Cities

Send for FREE book!
"JOY IN BED"



Get more fun out of life! This revealing booklet tells all. It's free—write today!

RELAX *in luxury and refreshing ease with* **TILLIE**

You don't know what luxurious comfort and peace of mind are 'til you know TILLIE—the world's most useful table. Her charm and adaptability add new pleasures to reading, writing, sketching, eating, typing, and many other uses. "Tillie" is distinctly modern, with features and build that you'll love. Learn more about her—through "Joy In Bed," that unique booklet we are offering free. You'll get a kick out of it!

FRANKLIN TABLE CO. DEPT. E-2
2020 Rutherford Ave. Louisville, Ky.

***Stimulate* HAIR GROWTH**
***Improve* CIRCULATION**
★with MECHANICAL, ALTERNATE VACUUM AND PRESSURE
X·ER·VAC
TREATMENTS

Licensed for use under the methods of André A. Cueto, M. D., Cincinnati, Ohio, and according to U. S. Patent No. 2055128. Other U. S. Patents pending.

The vacuum created in the XERVAC helmet by the compressor mechanism draws the blood into the deep network of capillaries that nourish the hair cells. The following cycle of pressure forces the blood out of the capillaries and into the veins. This continuous action sends a nourishing blood supply to the hair cells, thus stimulating normal hair growth. See your barber, beauty shop operator or local Crosley radio and refrigerator dealer . . . or write direct to—

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. 837-E, Cincinnati, O. © 1937, The C. R. C

Empire PRESSER

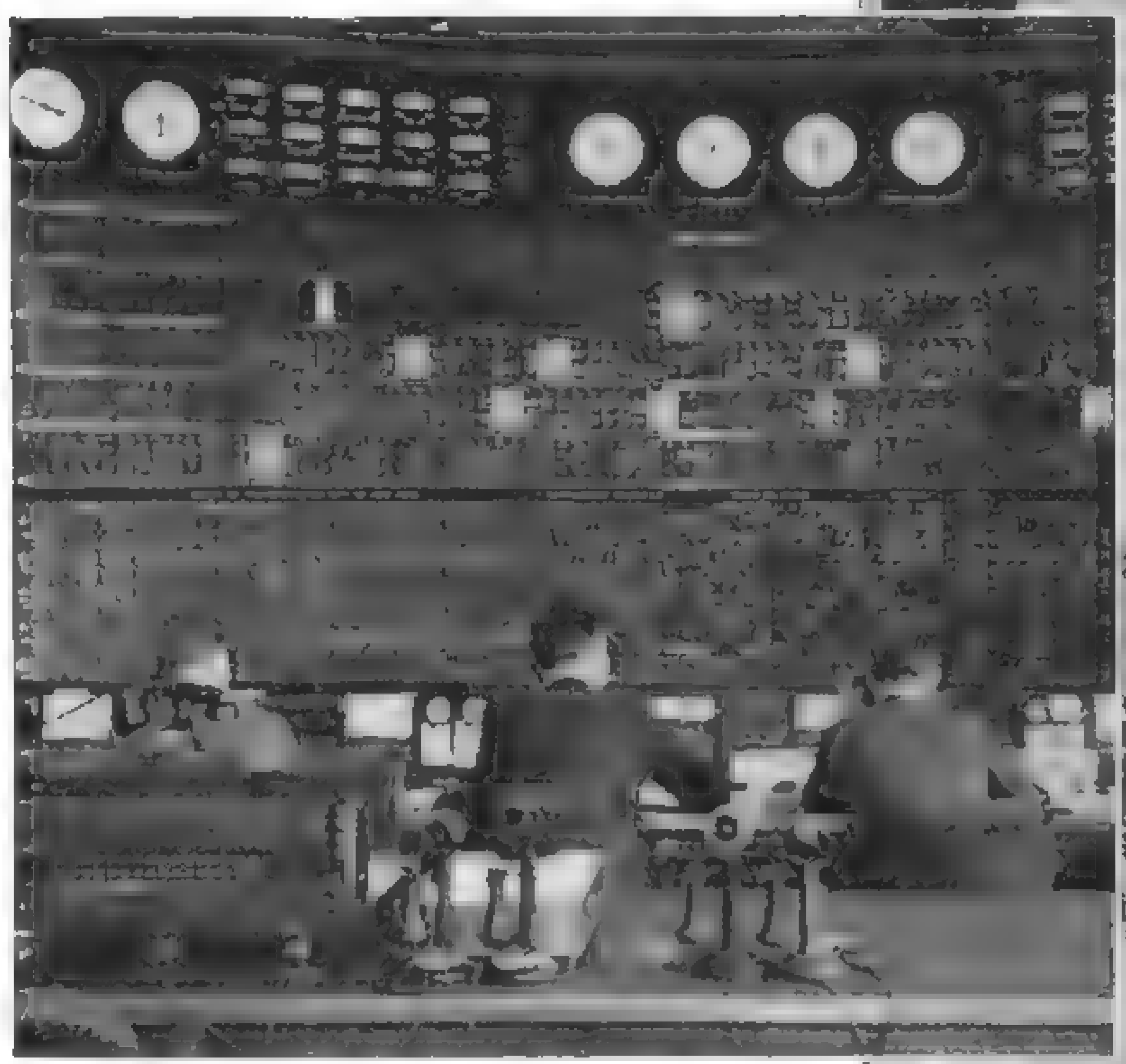
$2 at stores or postpaid on Money-Back Guarantee. Circular Free

Save time, pressing bills, wear on clothes. Press pants, coat collars, sleeves, lapels, ties, dress pleats, etc. in a few minutes at home, office or when traveling. Easy to use. Plug in AC or DC socket. No wet cloth, board or bother. Wt. 10 oz. 6-ft. cord.

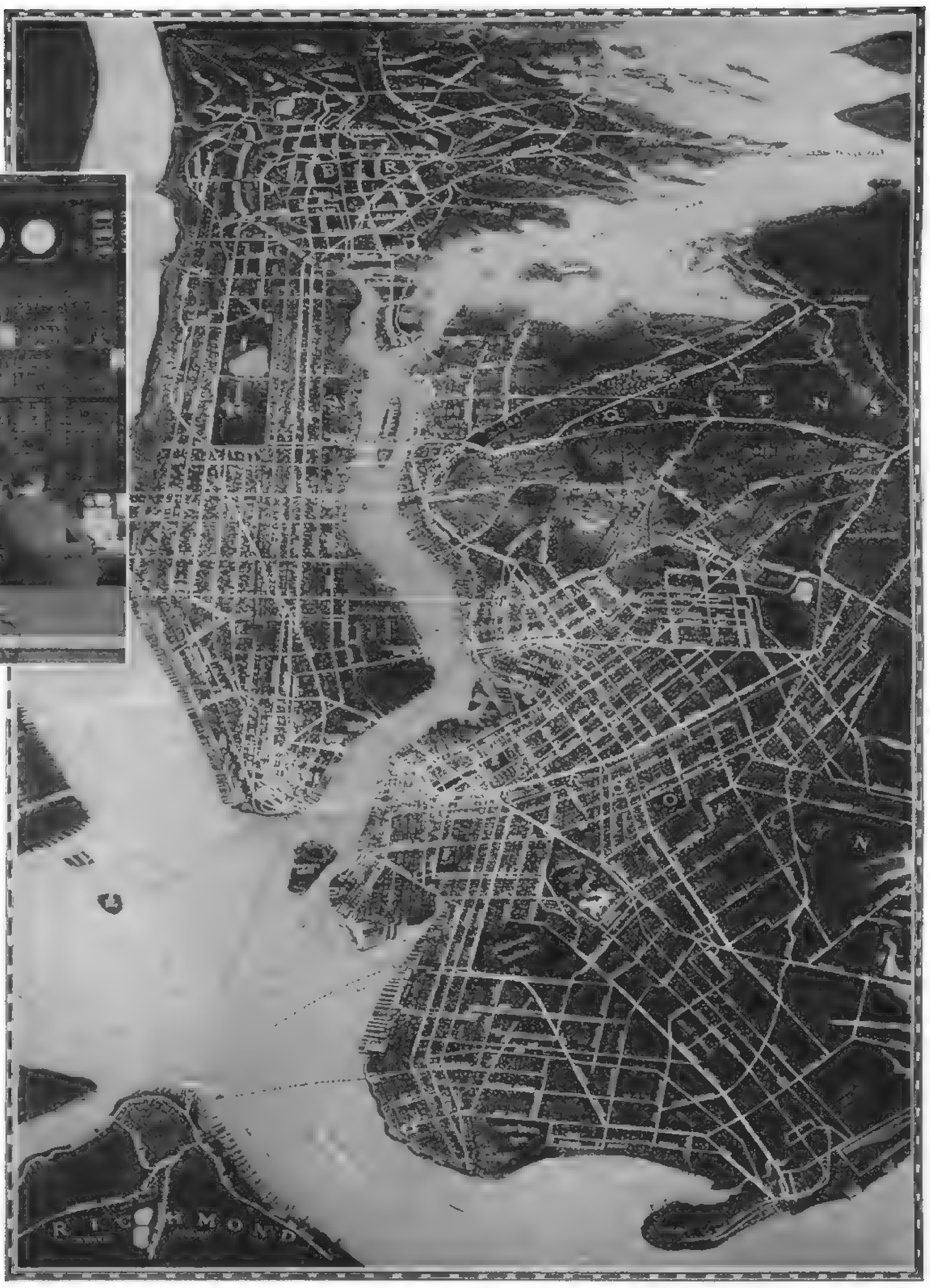
EMPIRE ELECTRIC CO.
800 Main St. Cincinnati, O.

Dealers—Sell this practical electric appliance. Over 500,000 now in use. A fine, new gift and vacation item.

Courtesy Consolidated Edison Company



The heart of the modern electrically operated Greater New York transportation system is centered in Load Dispatchers' offices. There is controlled the uninterrupted even flow of power which daily carries a greater number of people than is transported by any other city on earth.



The map of Greater New York's Transit Facilities is as important to the critically observant Sales Manager as his sales chart. Well he knows that over these multiplex routes the greatest sales audience in all the world travels every day.

Some Users of New York's Amazing Transportation Advertising Facilities:

A. B. C. SHOE POLISH
ALBODON TOOTH POWDER
ALKA-SELTZER
ALLWHITE SHOE CLEANER
AMERICAN CHICLE CO.
ANACIN
ANGELUS LIPSTICK
ARROW BEER
ASTRING-O-SOL
AUNT JEMIMA
AUTOPOINT PENCILS
BABY RUTH
B C HEADACHE REMEDY
BARBASOL
BAYER ASPIRIN
BEECH-NUT
BELL ANS
BEN GAY
BEST FOODS
BISODOL
BROMO-SELTZER
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY
BUMBLE BEE SALMON
BURMA-SHAVE
CALVERT WHISKEY
CARBONA
CASCARETS
CHATKA CRAB MEAT
CHESTERFIELD
CLARK BROS. CHEWING GUM
CLOROX
C-N
COLGATE
CONTI CASTILE SHAMPOO
DARI-RICH CHOCOLATE DRINK
DEL MONTE
DIOXOGEN CREAM
DOMINO SUGAR
DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER
EDNA WALLACE HOPPER
ESKIMO PIES
EX-LAX
FER-MIL-LAC
FITCH SHAMPOO
FLIT
FLORIDA CITRUS FRUITS
FORD MOTOR
FORHAN'S
FREEZONE
GLOSTORA
GOODMAN'S NOODLES
GRANGER TOBACCO
GREEN RIVER
GRIFFIN POLISH
GULDEN'S
HERSHEY
HILL'S CASCARA QUININE
HOROWITZ-MARGARETEN
HORTON'S ICE CREAM
IODENT
IPANA
IRRESISTIBLE PREPARATIONS
JACK FROST SUGAR
KELLOGG'S CEREALS
KERR'S BUTTER SCOTCH
KISSPROOF
KOLYNOS
KRAFT-PHENIX
KREML
LIFALCO UNDERWEAR
LIFE SAVERS
LOEW'S THEATERS
LUCIDIN
LUDEN'S
MASON'S MINTS
MAXWELL HOUSE
MAY OIL BURNER
MIDOL
MIRACLE WHIP
MISTOL
MORTON SALT
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
MUM
MUSTEROLE
MYSTIC CREAM
NATIONAL BISCUIT CO.
NEET
NESTLE'S CHOCOLATE
NOXZEMA
OH HENRY!
OLD ENGLISH FLOOR WAX
OMEGA OIL
OUTDOOR GIRL
PALMOLIVE
PERTUSSIN
PHILADELPHIA CREAM CHEESE
PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA
PINAUD
PINE BROS.
PLANTER'S PEANUTS
PLUTO WATER
QUAKER OATS
RALSTON
REIS UNDERWEAR
REM
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
SAL HEPATICA
SEALPACKERCHIEF
SEALDSWEET FRUITS
SERUTAN
612 MASCARA
SKOL SUNBURN CREAM
SLOAN'S LINIMINT
SMITH BROS.
STAHL-MEYER MEATS
STUHMER'S BREAD
SUNKIST
SUN-RAYED
SUNSHINE BISCUITS
THE THOMAS'
THREE FEATHERS
THREE-IN-ONE OIL
TOOTSIE ROLLS
TREAT CRISPS
TWENTY GRAND
UNGUENTINE
VELVEETA CHEESE
VICK'S
VINCE
VITALIS
WHITE ROSE
WILBUR SUCHARD CHOCOLATE
WRIGLEY'S
Y & S LICORICE
YUBAN
ZEMO
ZYMOLE TROKEYS
ZIP
ZONITE

LINES *of* DESTINY!

Well Marked Are The Lines, Which Foretell a Bright Business Future

Silent, alert, he gazes intently on the pulsating stylus as it traces its determined black line on the electrical-flow chart. Sharply upward is the movement as the load is totalized at the top period between 8:10 and 9:37 A. M.

The Load Dispatcher observes the record. He knows that the power peak for the morning is past. Greater New York has gone to work. The mightiest traffic movement of any city on the face of the globe is again accomplished.

In a single day a vast empire of 7,306,487 alert New Yorkers pay their fares on subways, elevateds, surface lines, buses and suburban trains. It is as though the entire population of Boston, Providence, Newark, Philadelphia, Detroit, Buffalo, New Haven, Rochester, Jersey City and Hartford, all visited us on the day we stayed home.

In one month alone we have, as Hollywood might say, "the stupendous total" of 222,238,979 riders. If you remember well your geographical populations, that figure is more than the equivalent of all France, England, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Mexico combined. The figures for one year outcount the number of human beings on the face of the entire sphere.

Staggering figures these, particularly when you think of them in terms of advertising impressions on people who travel Greater New York's transit lines.

Shrewd Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies measure this mighty flow of human energy in pertinent terms of increased sales, generated through an unfailing source of power.

It is the persuasive power of colorful car card advertising. It is the economical advertising on proven lines which creates a mighty business destiny.

CAR CARD ADVERTISING

The spot-light advertising medium in Subways, Elevateds, Street Cars, Buses, Suburban Trains and Express Systems

HEADQUARTERS: 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, ELDORADO 5-6701

SALES REPRESENTATIVES THROUGHOUT ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND CUBA

Originally the backbone of Greater New York's carrier system, the surface lines despite newer paralleling systems remain today one of the greatest traffic factors. Travelled by a more leisurely class, they read car cards as they ride.

Busy New Yorkers take to the subway almost by instinct because it measures up to their time saving desires. Colorful Car Cards and brilliant Station posters are both instructive and entertaining to this number one audience.

Famed for their "ride in the open" slogan the arterial system of elevateds offers, through car cards and station platform posters, an unusual advertising opportunity.

Bus Systems have far exceeded original passenger carrying expectations. Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies have been quick to sense the selective importance of this popular means of transportation.

The Advertising Agency recommendation which employs a correctly proportioned formulae of Suburban Railway Advertising, seems touched with sales magic. Certainly one of the most eminently distinguished audiences in the world.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Clifford Lewis

Hotels Start You With Salaries up to $2,500 a Year
living expenses often included

HOTELS, clubs, restaurants and institutions call upon Lewis National Placement Service for trained men and women. Lewis-trained men and women start at salaries up to $2,500 a year, with living often included. Good positions as Manager, Assistant Manager, Hostess, Housekeeper, Steward and 55 other different types of positions paying up to $1,500 to $5,000 a year. Government Census showing 85% more restaurants and large increase in number of hotels over 1929 clearly indicates ever-increasing opportunities for trained men and women in hotels, restaurants, clubs and institutions.

Previous experience proved unnecessary. Qualify for a well-paid position at home in leisure time. Fascinating work, quick advancement! National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Write your name and address in the margin and mail this ad TODAY for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY," which gives full details.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room PM-8777 Washington, D. C.

DANDRUFF!

Dandruff can cause more serious scalp disorders. Follow this famous method and persist with it—Glover's Mange Medicine and Massage. Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. It gives your scalp a delightful feeling of cleanliness. Glover's is sold at all Druggists. *Your Barber can give you Glover's.*

GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE

***Aid for digesting* ESQUIRE**

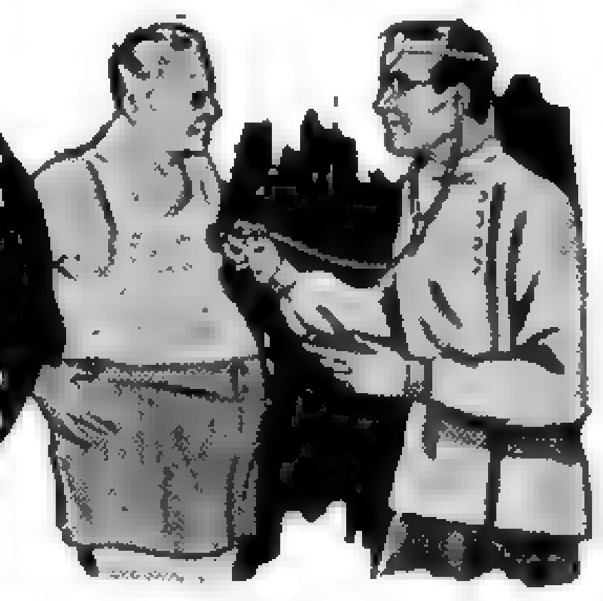
• Read, write, lunch in Comfort • In chair, bed, or anywhere

The READAN' REST

Enjoy it at the beach • In the Trailer, Camp, Canoe

Walnut or Mahogany, sent postage prepaid $5.00

READAN' REST CO., 225 B'way, N. Y. C.



YOUR BELT LINE *is your* LIFE LINE

Doctors warn against overweight. Insurance companies hesitate to insure a fat man. Statistics show that men in middle age who weigh 20% more than average have a 50% higher death rate.

■ Why not let the Weil Belt take inches off that waist line? You will appear inches smaller at once and will be completely comfortable as its gentle pressure and massage-like action remove fat with every move you make.

If YOU Do Not **REDUCE** Your Waist **3** Inches **In 10 DAYS**
...it will cost you nothing

■ We know from the gratifying experiences of hundreds of men that our claims are conservative. W. T. Anderson writes "Lost 50 pounds". W. L. McGinnis says "My waist is 8 in. smaller". Fred Wolfe says "Certainly feel like a new man".
Indigestion and constipation often result from fallen stomach. The Weil Belt supports the abdominal walls and helps to keep the digestive organs in place.

Send for 10-day **FREE** *Trial Offer!*

THE WEIL COMPANY, INC.
588 Hill Street New Haven, Conn.

NO DRUGS
DIETS OR
EXERCISES

SUMMER...IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE!

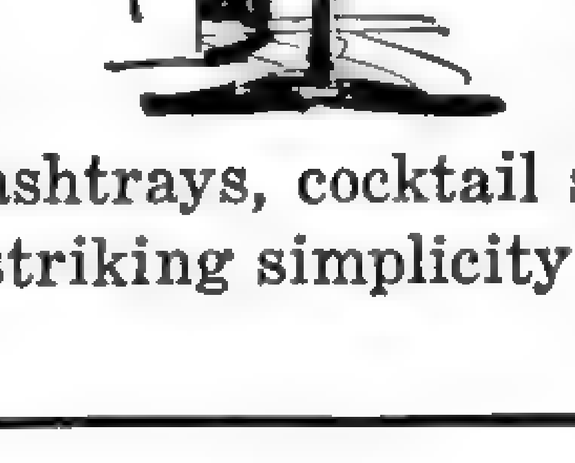
AND THE WEEKEND GUESTS SHALL COME BEARING GIFTS. It is a well-known fact that if a man does a lot of weekending, he's got to give. If he comes more than once without some small token of appreciation, he'll find himself alone of a Sunday, in a deserted city. Listed below, you will find a few gifts that strike a refreshing, new note in this quaint system of give and take—not one in the lot over $25, and the majority under $5. This loot will practically assure you a return engagement, even if you ignored that old dame at dinner, slapped little Junior, and burned holes in the spread.

SHADE, SECLUSION, SHELTER. We feel that you should know about a new portable cabana which weighs 10 pounds when folded, and is carried about like a beach bag, with plenty of room inside for swim suits, toys and stuff. But when it's opened up, it shelters four people, offering perfect protection from blazing sun, chill winds and neighbors. Made of canvas with rattan ribs that will adjust to any position—the whole thing is moored firmly to the ground by means of two hardy pegs. You'll see rows of these portables on the best beaches, around swimming pools or in gardens. We can even see them used effectively as hunting blinds.

READ AND RELAX. A reading rack and table all in one, and better than any version of the lap stand you ever saw. Has a wooden top and rust-proof metal legs so that your host can put it right in the bathtub, if he's the type who reads and soaks. Tilted, it holds a book at the right reading angle (all Esquire readers who beef about the heft of the magazine can buy a rack for a fin). Or, shifted flat, can be used for games, puzzles, bridge on the beach, breakfast in bed or to hold a portable typewriter. Folds up flat.

CLIP-WATCH. We've lived through the various watches of the day, the big gold pocket watch, the wrist watch, the leather watch that appeared in upper left breast pockets last year. Now comes the Clip-Watch, about the size of a wrist watch, but attached to a shield-shaped clip. You can snap the watch on waistcoat, fob or breast pockets, where it will grip with bulldog tenacity, even during your greatest athletic activities. Comes in black or ivory for dress clothes, or in colored enamel for summer sportswear. Smart with contrasting monogram on the shield.

LIQUOR, FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS. A gift invariably greeted with hearty huzzas is the wicker hamper, whose straw filled interior reveals several bottles of fine champagne, say, or several different liqueurs or cordials. And as accessories after the fact: lump sugar treated with bitters for cocktail use, sold in packages of twenty-five lumps, complete with wooden muddler. Or, another neat little trickster—a box of what appear to be large lemon gumdrops, but which, upon investigation, prove to be sugared exteriors filled with good sharp shots of rum, used to pack an added wallop into an ordinary dish of tea. These are $1.50 a pound, and a nice thought with tea drinking coming into its own.



THE METAL MARVELOUS. If you feel that you must have elegance without extravagance, we commend to you a modern metal that looks like a lovely, dull-finished silver, yet doesn't tarnish or stain, and never needs polishing. You may choose from multitudes of these metal gifts, such as canape plates, tea or coffee sets, trays, platters, candlesticks, fruit bowls, vases, humidors, ashtrays, cocktail shakers and glasses—all designed with striking simplicity and charm.

These Are
MEXICAN HUARACHES

The Perfect Vacation Sandal

Durable enough to hike in, yet soft and light enough to use as house slippers. Loaf in these comfortable air conditioned huaraches or wear them for the most strenuous sports. Ideal for travel. Woven by Mexico's Indians of natural unpolished steerhide and distinctive because no two pairs are ever the same design.

PER PAIR POSTPAID $3.75

ALL SIZES FOR MEN OR WOMEN

To order send an outline of foot and mention shoe size.

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SANTA FÉ — NEW MEXICO

***The* WECK SEXTOBLADE**

How many razors have you? Why? Your face being what it is, why not stop experimenting? Thousands of sophisticated men, who use only the best, are enjoying smooth, rhythmic shaving that comes only with Weck Sextoblades. Each razor is fitted with a reversible safety guard. Packed in a beautiful metal case with 5 blades. If your dealer cannot supply you, you may order direct.

EDWARD WECK & CO., Inc.
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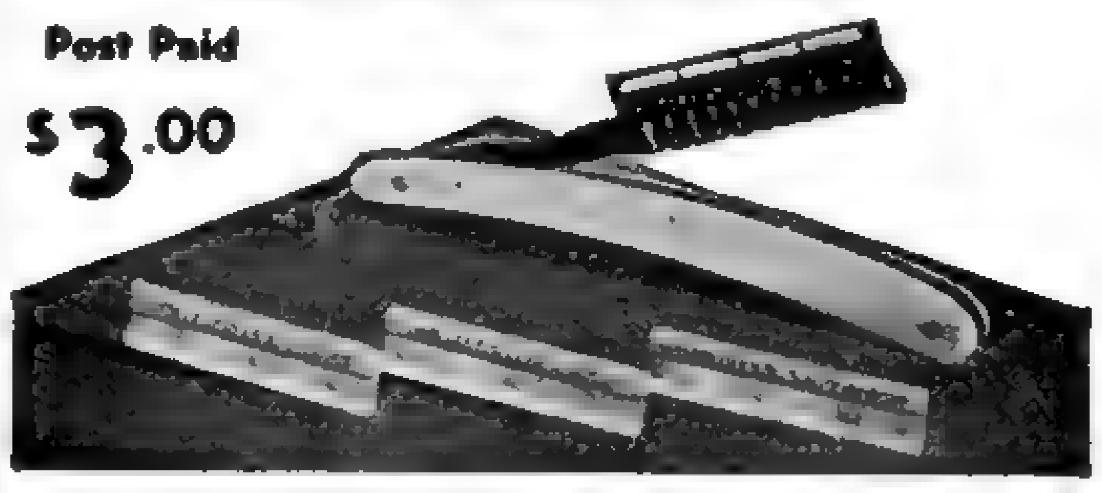
Post Paid
$3.00



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REMEDY

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Saddlery, luggage, footwear, sports equipment, upholstery—all leather articles of any color or finish—look better and last longer when Lexol-treated. Now its easy to keep leather fit with almost no effort, and safe from greasy feel or danger of staining clothing. Ask your dealer for Lexol or send 25¢ for 2 oz., $1.00 for full pint to Martin Dennis Co., 855 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J. Dependable Products Since 1893.

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Back to School—
CLOTHES ALL SAFELY MARKED
with **CASH'S** *woven* NAMES

Give a cheer for the lads and lassies who have learned that there are *no laundry losses* when all belongings are marked with CASH'S Names. Easily attached with thread or Cash's NO-SO Cement.

Order yours NOW from your dealer or us.

Trial Offer: *Send 15c for one dozen of your own first name and sample of NO-SO Cement for attaching without sewing.*

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Blended Whisky
A smooth and delicious whisky expertly blended for bouquet and flavor
One Quart
90 Proof
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Philadelphia Pa

"Keyed to concert pitch for hours on end

but after I RELAX . . .
I stick to MILD whisky"

You may never lead an orchestra—but your day, too, is packed with tension. How grand then to *relax!* If a drink steps up your enjoyment, make it MILD whisky . . . Cobbs Creek. No bite or harshness to ruffle the smoothness of its ripe, rich flavor. For as in cigarettes, pleasing Mildness lets the taste come through. Try it.

Continental Distilling Corporation, Phila., Pa.

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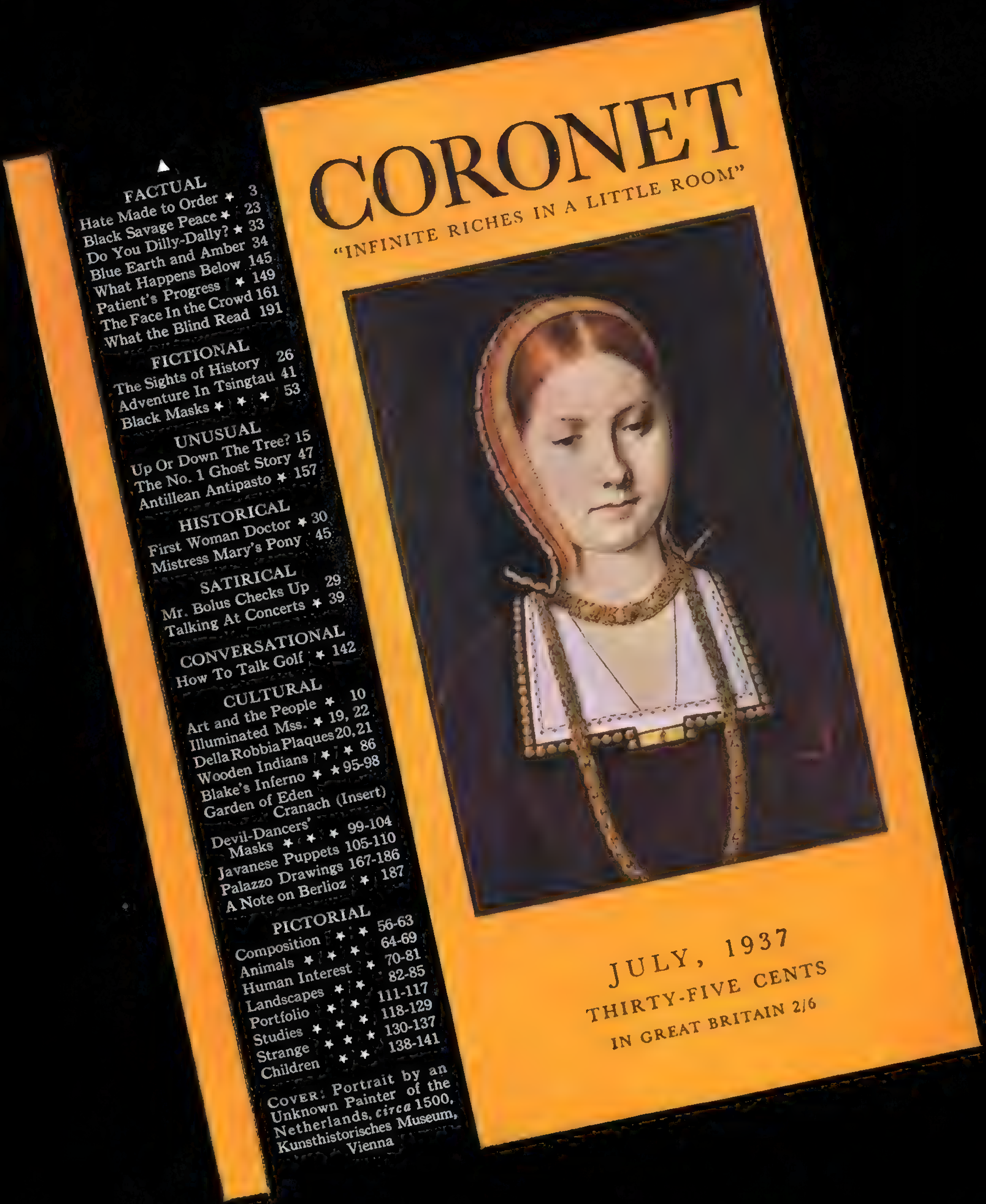
Neutral Spirits

Cobbs Creek
90 Proof BLENDED WHISKY

LIKE YOUR CIGARETTE *its Mild*



CORONET

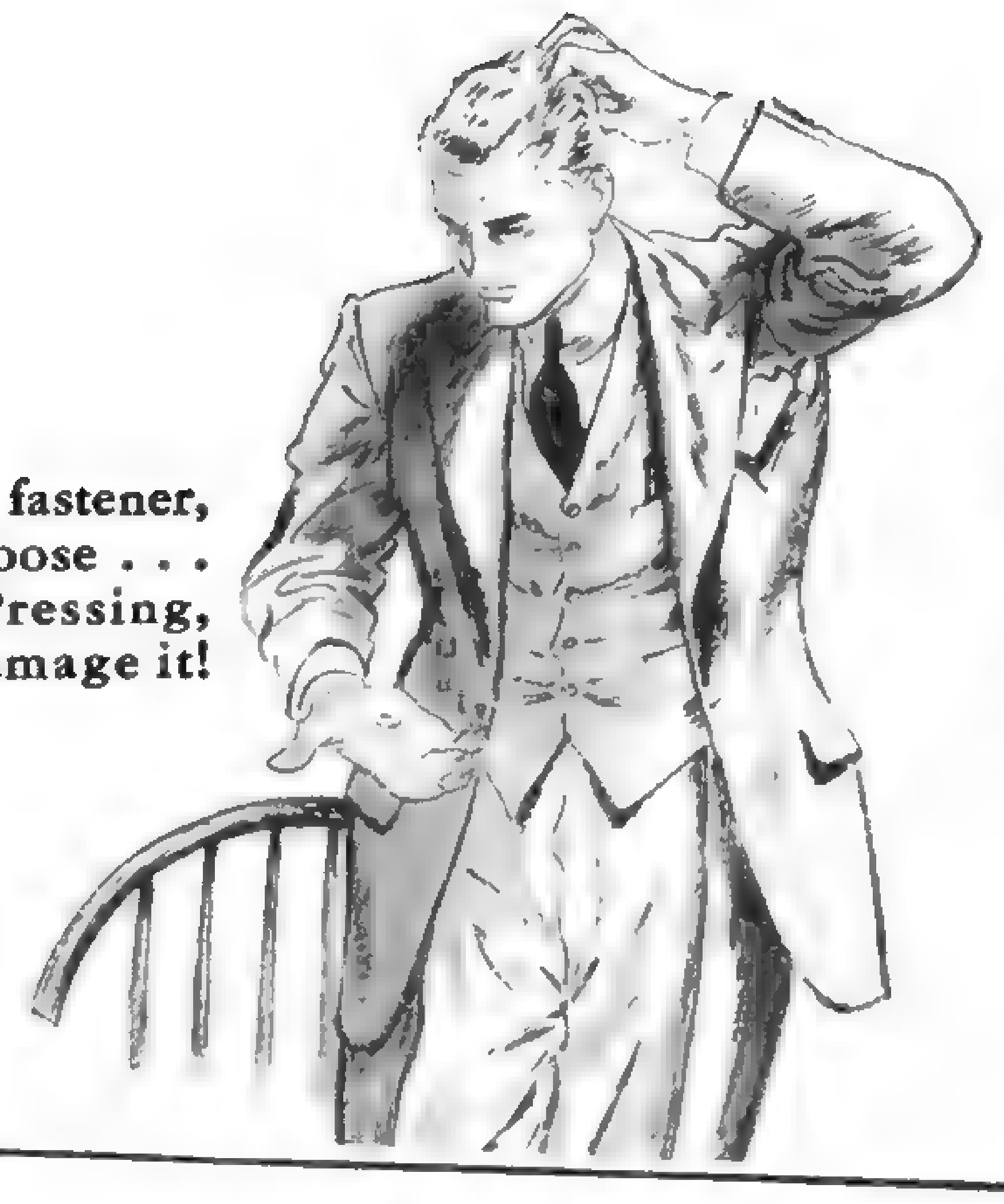
"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

JULY, 1937
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

FACTUAL
Hate Made to Order ★ 3
Black Savage Peace ★ 23
Do You Dilly-Dally? ★ 33
Blue Earth and Amber 34
What Happens Below 145
Patient's Progress ★ 149
The Face In the Crowd 161
What the Blind Read 191
FICTIONAL
The Sights of History 26
Adventure In Tsingtau 41
Black Masks ★ ★ ★ 53
UNUSUAL
Up Or Down The Tree? 15
The No. 1 Ghost Story 47
Antillean Antipasto ★ 157
HISTORICAL
First Woman Doctor ★ 30
Mistress Mary's Pony 45
SATIRICAL
Mr. Bolus Checks Up 29
Talking At Concerts ★ 39
CONVERSATIONAL
How To Talk Golf ★ 142
CULTURAL
Art and the People ★ 10
Illuminated Mss. ★ 19, 22
Della Robbia Plaques 20, 21
Wooden Indians ★ ★ 86
Blake's Inferno ★ ★ 95-98
Garden of Eden Cranach (Insert)
Devil-Dancers' Masks ★ ★ ★ 99-104
Javanese Puppets 105-110
Palazzo Drawings 167-186
A Note on Berlioz ★ 187
PICTORIAL
Composition ★ ★ 56-63
Animals ★ ★ ★ 64-69
Human Interest ★ 70-81
Landscapes ★ ★ 82-85
Portfolio ★ ★ 111-117
Studies ★ ★ ★ 118-129
Strange Children ★ ★ ★ 130-137
★ ★ 138-141

COVER: Portrait by an Unknown Painter of the Netherlands, *circa* 1500, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

There were sixty-six pocket-size magazines on the market (including fifty-seven varieties of Digests) the last time anybody bothered to count them. But there is only one pocket-size magazine de luxe, only one monthly galaxy of "infinite riches in a little room" . . . in other words, only one Coronet.

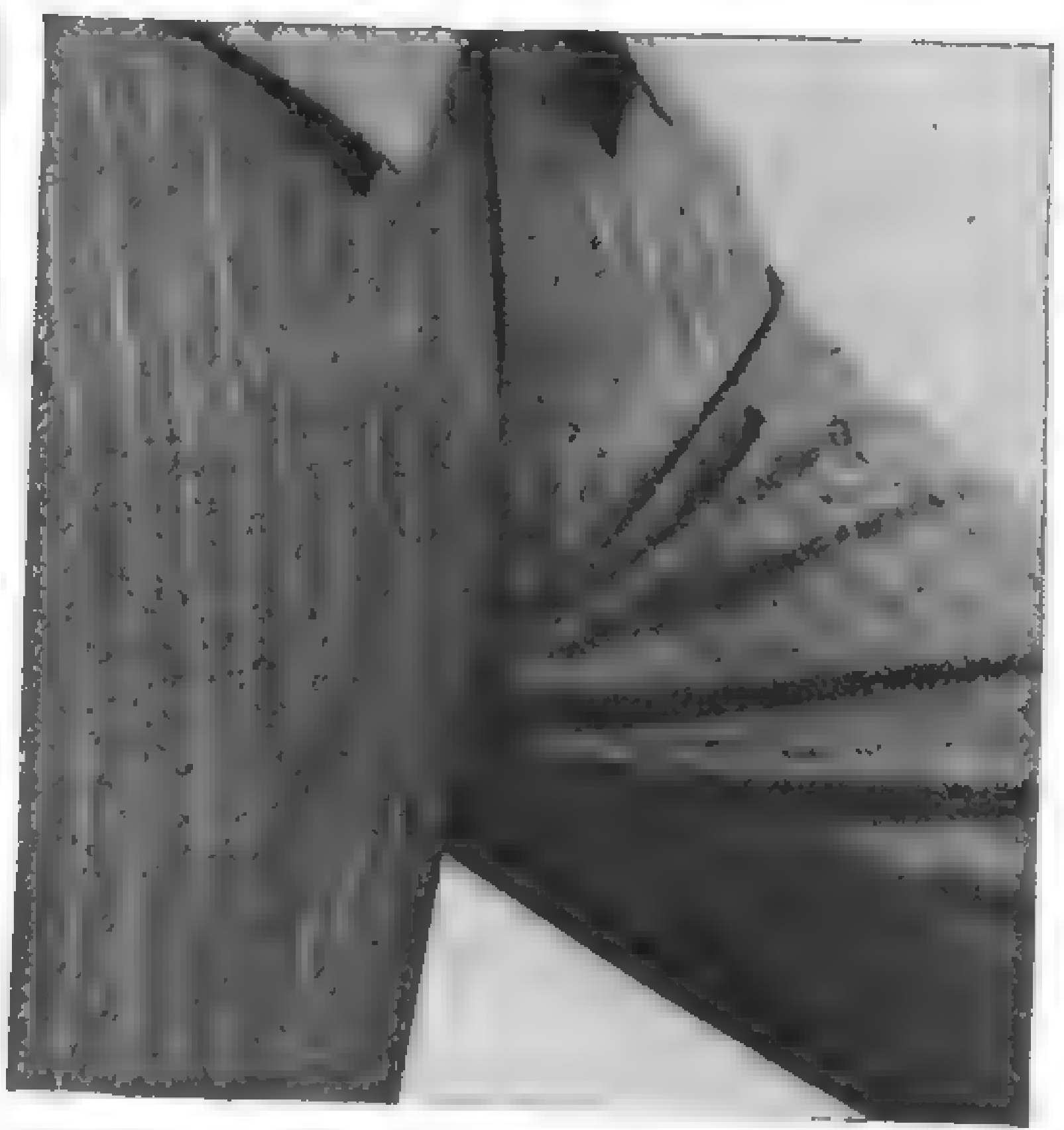


IT'S DURABLE
With the Talon trouser fastener, there's nothing to get loose . . . and finally break off. Pressing, dry cleaning do not damage it!

IT'S SAFER
A little absent-mindedness will never expose you to embarrassment. With the Talon slide fastener, you *know* your trousers are properly closed!

"You'll Wonder how you got along without it"

FORMERLY . . . How often offensive gaps result from the old closure.



NOW . . . The Talon slide fastener always gives a neat, continuous closing.

IT LOCKS
Notice that the Talon fastener is as flexible as fabric, invisible when closed, and *locks* at the top!

IT'S QUICKER
It's amazing—the "kick" you get out of the speed of the Talon fastener. Just *slide* it—and your trousers are opened or closed!

***TALON* SLIDE FASTENER**
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
FOR TROUSERS NOW WORN BY 12 MILLION MEN!

"This makes sense," is what you'll say the first time you try the Talon fastener. "Why should a man bother with five fastenings, when *one* is so much more convenient—and better-looking in the bargain!"

Today millions of men insist on the ease and speed, the security and durability of the Talon slide fastener in *all* their trousers.

Try it yourself. The Talon slide fastener for trousers now comes as an *extra value* on better-made suits of all prices.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
MEADVILLE, PA.

*TRY THE **TALON** FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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GAMES BY CADACO

STAY AS LONG AS YOU WANT MIKE, THE SMITH'S ARE OUT PLAYING . . .

TRIPOLEY The smart game of kings and queens. All the fun of Hearts, Poker and Rummy combined in one fast game. It's the life of every party! For 4 to 9 players. Editions at $1, $2, $5, $10.

TOP OF THE TOWN America's 'top' columnists agree that the new game of "ups and downs" is going to town. Played on a cubist pyramid against a skyscraper background. For 2 to 7 players. Regular—$1.50. DeLuxe Edition—$2.50.

Dept. E8

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DINNER FROM $1.50
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SUN. DINNER DE LUXE $2.00 FROM NOON
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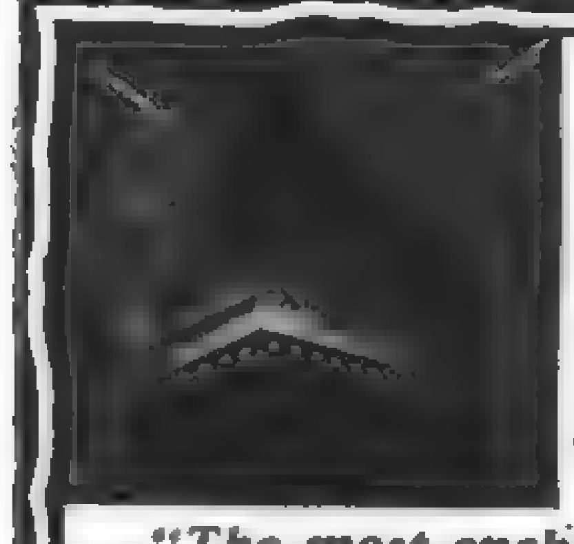
WILLIAM FARMER and his Dance Orchestra during Dinner and Supper until 2 a.m., except Sunday.

SUPPER A LA CARTE
50c couvert after 10 p.m.

ROCKEFELLER PLAZA



Walter Winchell *says...*

"The most enchanting view of the city is to be had from the St. Moritz Sky Gardens." —Mirror.

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SERVICE BY BATTISTINI
MUSIC BY RICHARDS
Intimate Divertissements

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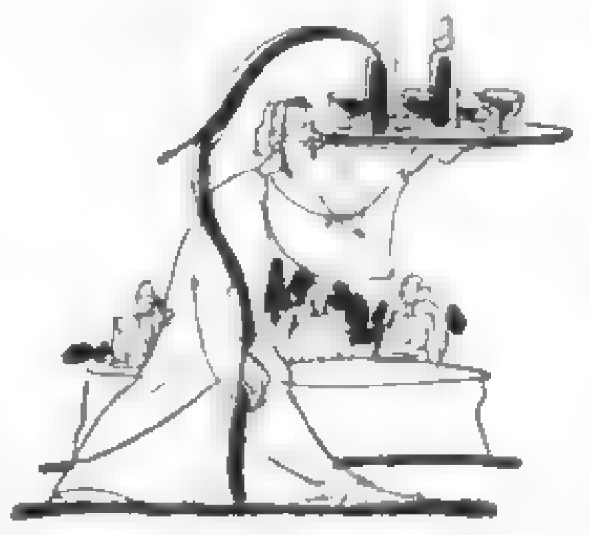
MARINE ROOF
★ BILL McCUNE'S SWING BAND
Dinner-Supper Dancing
★
★ ★ ★ ★ HOTEL BOSSERT
BROOKLYN HEIGHTS



As the memory of prohibition wanes, the drinking tastes of the populace settle down to the things hallowed by time and experience. The old ones have always known but now the younger ones are showing discrimination in drinks. We were pleased to hear that at the Stork Club there is an increasing demand for "gin and bitters." It tends to show that the lady has lived down the terrible beating and black eye she got during the bath-tub era of distilleries and has regained her old glory. Gin is swell as a straight tipple, that is regular gin, and with the addition of Abbotts Bitters and just a touch of water, it is a good bracer at any time.

The Elysee Bar, 56 East Fifty-Fourth Street, boasts of Johnny Payne, who plays the piano for fourteen hours with only neat whisky for fuel. The technique is reminiscent of the Klondike days but the awed patronage is redolent of the Junior League.

It seems to us that the Hotel New Yorker has gone in for fancier food. Along with their summer skating carnival, they have added a great variety to their menu. The food is really good, and as for their New Orleans Gin Fizz, it is the best in town. The skating is of the continental sort and a cooling diversion during the summer. In case you don't know, the ice rink shoots out over the dance floor and retreats at command.

The second largest hotel in the world (the largest is the Stevens, Chicago) is the proud boast of the St. George, Brooklyn. That borough has always been known as the place where people can stand neighbors, and the night life at the St. George carries out the old tradition. It is so much of an institution that the West Side subway has a station right in the cellar. That's well to know, as the swimming pool, fed by salt water artesian wells, is one of the handsomest in the world and we've seen some beauties. As to size, it is about as big as the one at Yale in the Payne Whitney gym; added to that are decks of sun lamps, hot dogs and all the appurtenances of an American beach. The Italian Village has good food (way above hotel standards) at silly prices with a changing floor show. Natives are given a bottle of champagne every night for the best verse to an endless sort of travelling salesman's song. And don't miss the roof, used for special occasions, one of the grandest vistas in the world.

It was at the Caviar Restaurant the other night that we encountered former Governor Charles S. Whitman, looking as a boy of fifty. The Governor's time-tested recipe for health and beauty, he states, is about as follows: sleep as late as I like, eat what I like and drink all I want, almost. An associate of the Governor in the old days affirms the formula as to sleep, not even the exigencies of politics being able to get him up in the morning if he felt like sleeping. As to dining, we can attest that he knows good food, Senor Dadone serving the best in town, both at the Caviar and at the Vendome. The former, at 128 West 52nd Street, is a paradox in restaurant business; it is about the only place that will lead the socially elect to cross the dead line of Sixth Avenue. After the special caviar we went for a bula, a green-turtle and pea soup that is delicious, a spring lamb, minced with curry, green salad and cherry jubilee. With that Dadone recommended a Clos de Vougeot, '21.

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The Tango-Rumba King
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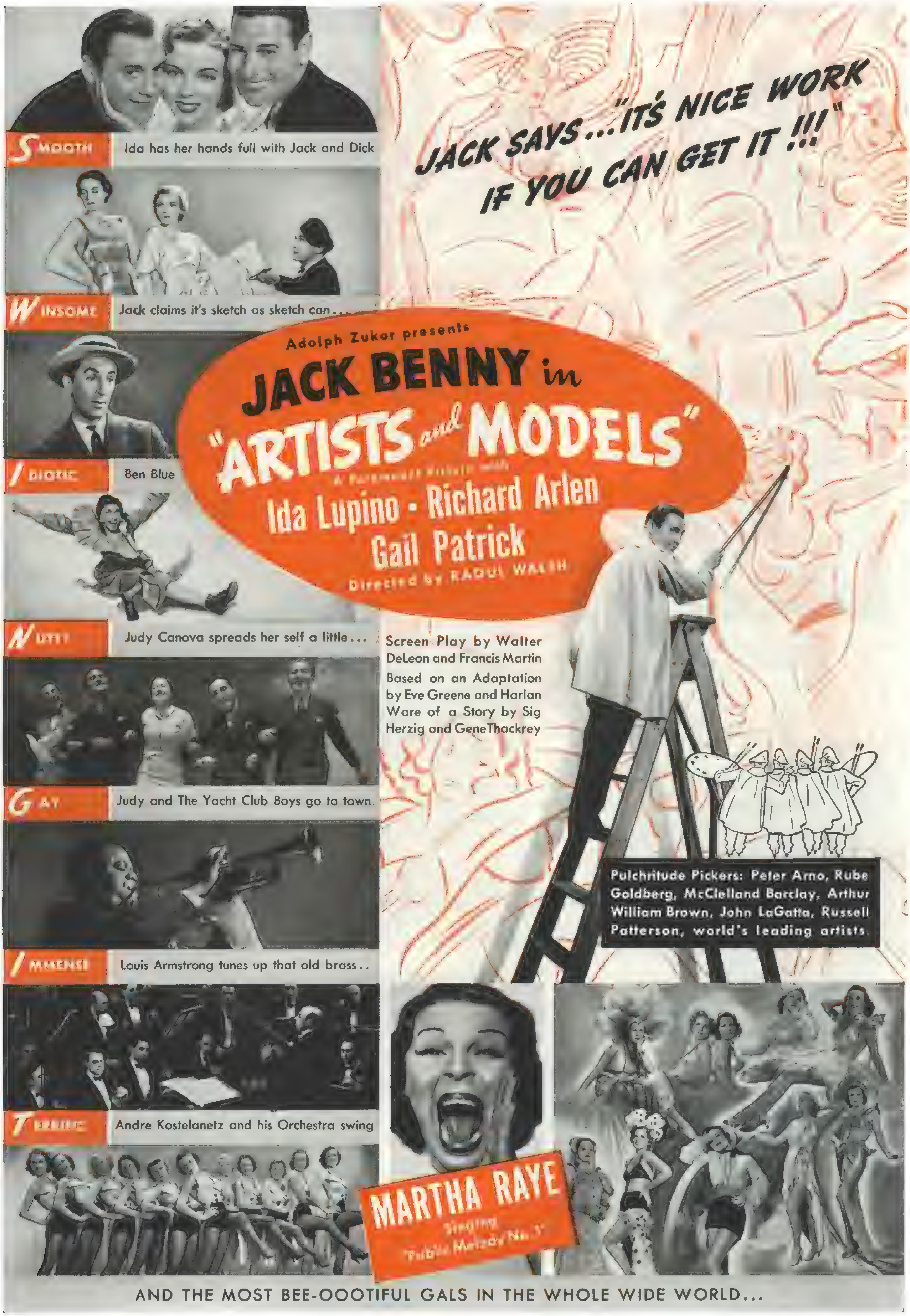

SMOOTH Ida has her hands full with Jack and Dick

WINSOME Jack claims it's sketch as sketch can . . .

IDIOTIC Ben Blue

NUTTY Judy Canova spreads her self a little . . .

GAY Judy and The Yacht Club Boys go to town.

IMMENSE Louis Armstrong tunes up that old brass . .

TERRIFIC Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra swing

JACK SAYS . . . "IT'S NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT !!!"

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JACK BENNY in

"ARTISTS and MODELS"

A Paramount Picture with

Ida Lupino • Richard Arlen
Gail Patrick

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Screen Play by Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin Based on an Adaptation by Eve Greene and Harlan Ware of a Story by Sig Herzig and Gene Thackrey

Pulchritude Pickers: Peter Arno, Rube Goldberg, McClelland Barclay, Arthur William Brown, John LaGatta, Russell Patterson, world's leading artists.

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Singing
"Public Melody No. 1"

AND THE MOST BEE-OOOTIFUL GALS IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD . . .

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Young America's Favorite
OZZIE NELSON
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Gala Opening
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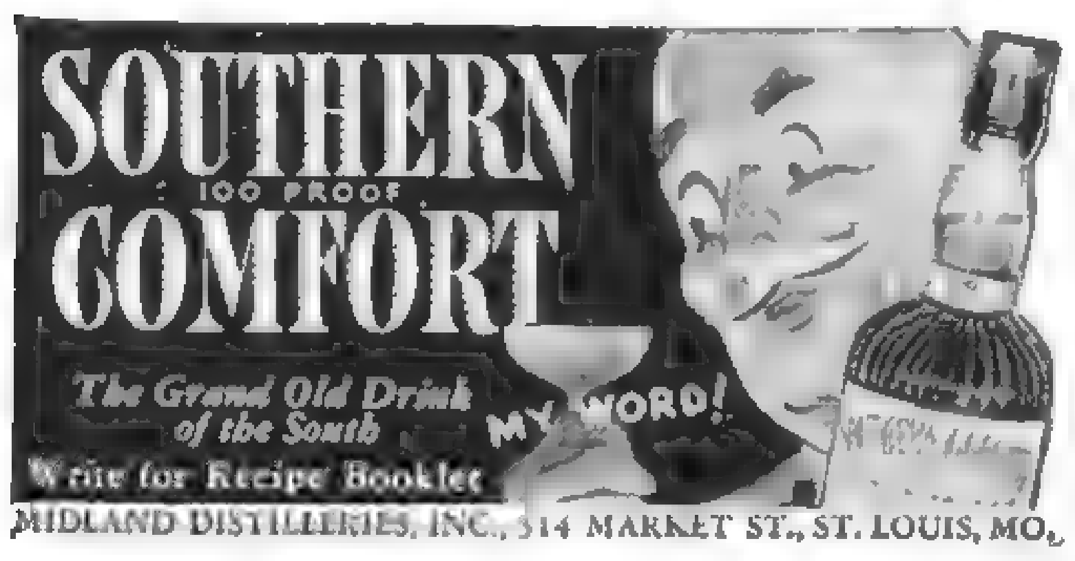
50 East 79 St., N.Y.C. BU 8-2345
OPEN AIR ROOF
for
Dinner Cocktail Hour Supper


SOUTHERN
100 PROOF
COMFORT
The Grand Old Drink of the South
Write for Recipe Booklet
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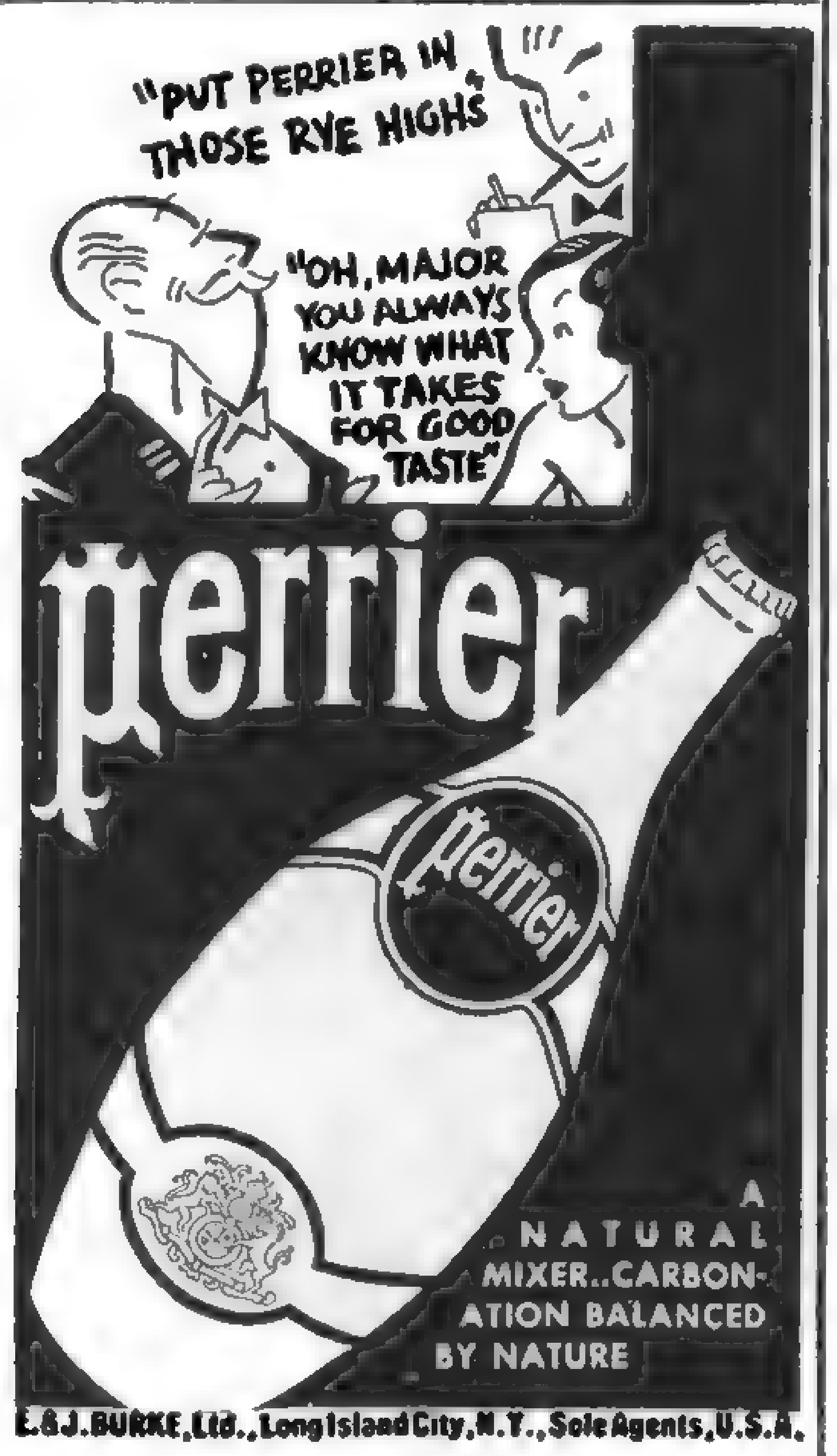
"PUT PERRIER IN THOSE RYE HIGHS"
"OH, MAJOR YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHAT IT TAKES FOR GOOD TASTE"
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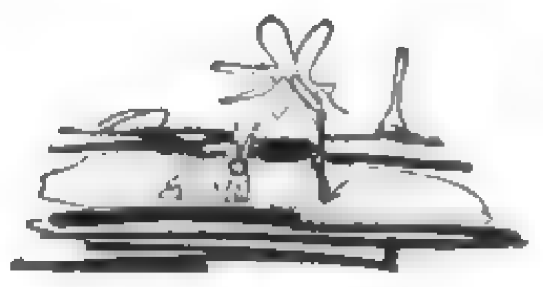
perrier
A NATURAL MIXER..CARBONATION BALANCED BY NATURE
E.&J. BURKE, Ltd., Long Island City, N.Y., Sole Agents, U.S.A.

The roofs of the town still attract your correspondent as much as they do the first-time visitor. Toward dusk, or under the brightest stars, you sit there anchored in space gazing over the most magical city on earth, softened by a chiffon veil of distance. As the continentals go to their sidewalks we of the skyscrapers go to our housetops.

One of the favorites, the Hotel Astor Roof, with Broadway's white lights at your feet, will have Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra opening August 2d for his last New York appearance before going Hollywood. Pictures keeping him busy for the next two years.

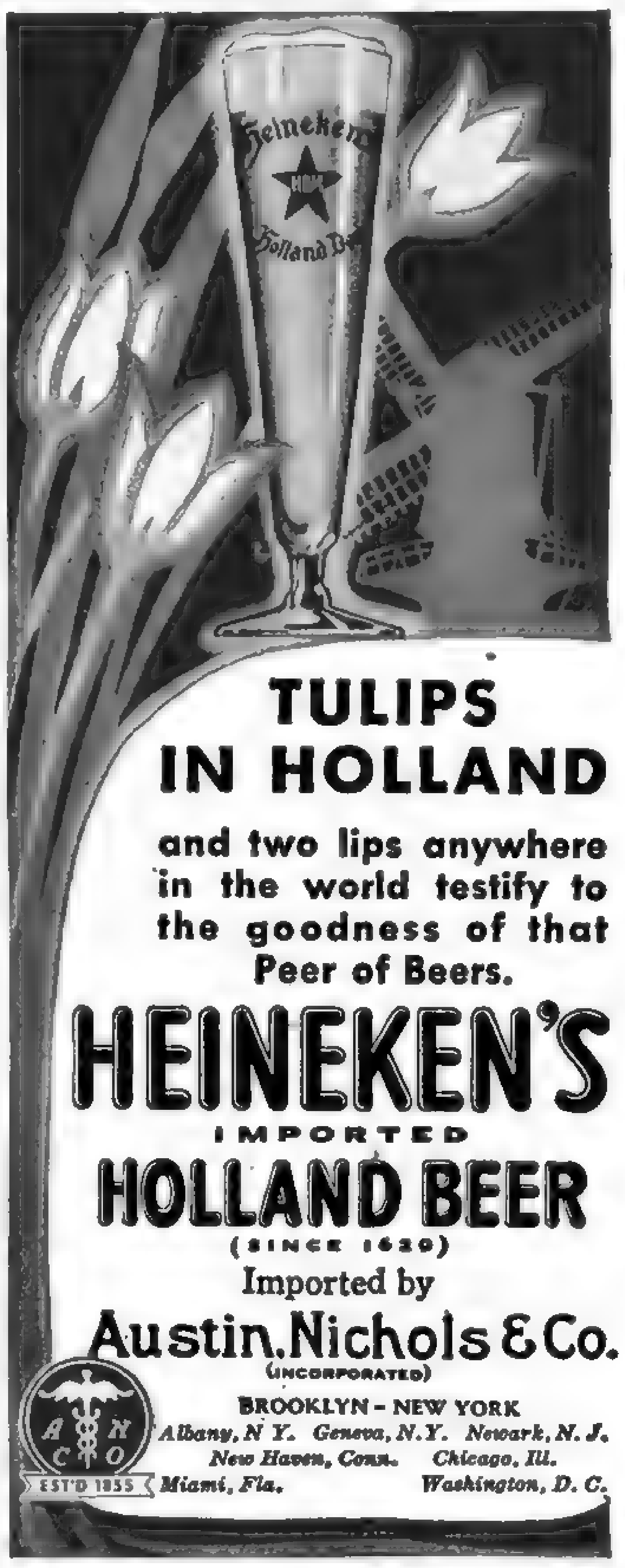
Recently, Sheila Barrett was hostess at the Rainbow Room for some sort of propaganda, we never quite found out what, the lady being as subtle as she is gracious. However, we suspect it had something to do with Drambuie as there were bagpipers about and a trace of the liquor in the champagne cocktails. On regular nights the Room is informal for the summer months with appropriate entertainment abetting the dance orchestras. At the Sky Gardens of the St. Moritz, S. Gregory Taylor, the owner, refused to talk about the excellence of his food or the exquisiteness of the view but was bent on his new possession—an island. Mr. Taylor thought life would be complete when he got his yacht but now he finds he needs an island to house it. So, in Gardners Bay, near Shelter Island, he has found the isle of his desire. At present it has grass and two rabbits (Summer Census only) but he plans for houses and things. It is said that Vincent Astor himself supervises the dance program of the beautiful Viennese Roof. If so the young man seems caught up in an early pattern of nostalgia as all the programs here are sadly out of date, smiling things in tarlatan, waltzing to old Strauss lays. The crowd, however, and the place is always packed with formally dressed men and women, represents the last word. We doubt if there is a more subtle or better balanced orchestra in town than that of Leo Reisman who plays on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria. It is elegant music without being passe; fortunate is the dance team that has Reisman playing the accompaniment. Basil Fomeen has invented some new gadget that he plays with his orchestra atop the Hotel Pierre. Mr. Fomeen says that the new rhythms require new sound sources.



The Persian Room of the Plaza runs merrily on, there seeming to be as many college youths and debutantes in summer as in the winter holidays. Pancho's superb orchestra supplies the music while Paul Draper, one of the best dancers the town has produced, gives his unique interpretations.

If you like the smell of ink and the hushed overtones of the world that shapes the news, you will like the Artists and Writers Restaurant, at 213 West 40th Street. Under a less pretentious name, the place flourished during dry years and was the solace of the great of the newspaper folk of Times and Tribune Squares. The food is heavy, excellent and reasonable and nearby you may see the notables from Ogden Reid to Lucius Beebe and hear the murmurs and echoes of life in far-away capitals.

No. 1 Fifth Avenue has had a gland operation and the result is gratifying. Some alterations and a good deal of paint have obliterated the original errors of the architects and now the place sports an attractive sidewalk cafe and inner bar. It is a good corner and the centre for much of the cocktail life of the neighborhood.


TULIPS IN HOLLAND
and two lips anywhere in the world testify to the goodness of that Peer of Beers.
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HOLLAND BEER
(SINCE 1620)
Imported by
Austin, Nichols & Co.
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LUNCHEON $1.00 · TEA 50c · SUPPER A LA CARTE
JOLLY COBURN and his Orchestra
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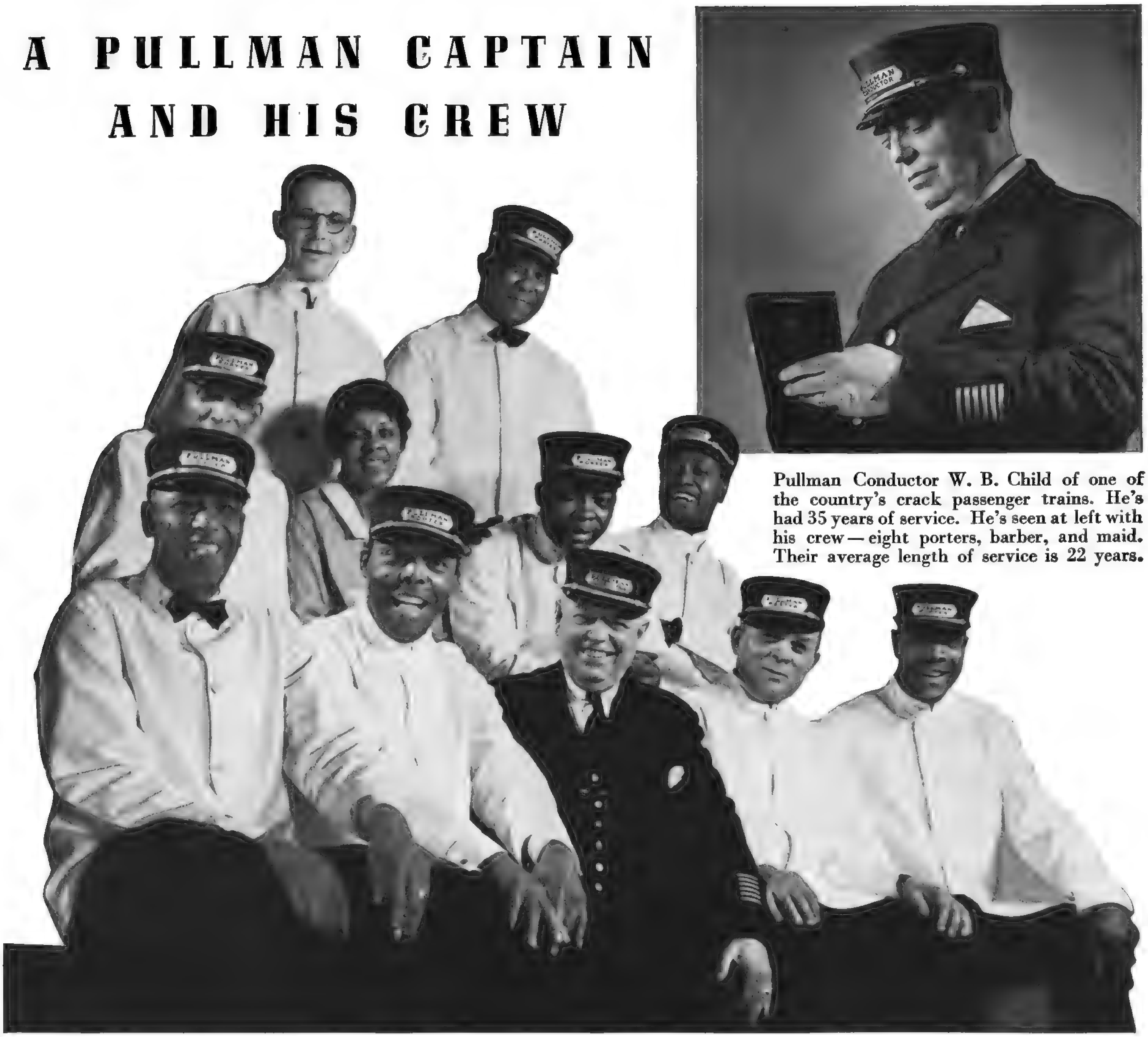
A PULLMAN CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW

Pullman Conductor W. B. Child of one of the country's crack passenger trains. He's had 35 years of service. He's seen at left with his crew — eight porters, barber, and maid. Their average length of service is 22 years.



● This "captain" won those stripes on his sleeve not on a liner's wind-swept bridge but up and down the carpeted aisles of the Pullman car, seeing to the welfare of thousands of passengers who have traveled in his care. He's captain of a crew whose fame is recorded, not in sea-going story books, but in thousands of appreciative letters received annually from Pullman patrons. If you would know why folks like to travel by Pullman, part of the answer lies in the courtesy and thoughtfulness they experience at the hands of the Pullman conductor and the Pullman crew. ¶ Pullman service—invitingly comfortable beds by night and quiet, spacious, clean lounging quarters by day—is made doubly enjoyable by the trained and competent people who put you at your ease when you travel this way. It's the *safest* travel in the world... and economical, too. Anywhere in America, and on various lines in Canada and Mexico. For full information on the various types of Pullman accommodations, ask your ticket agent, or write

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Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

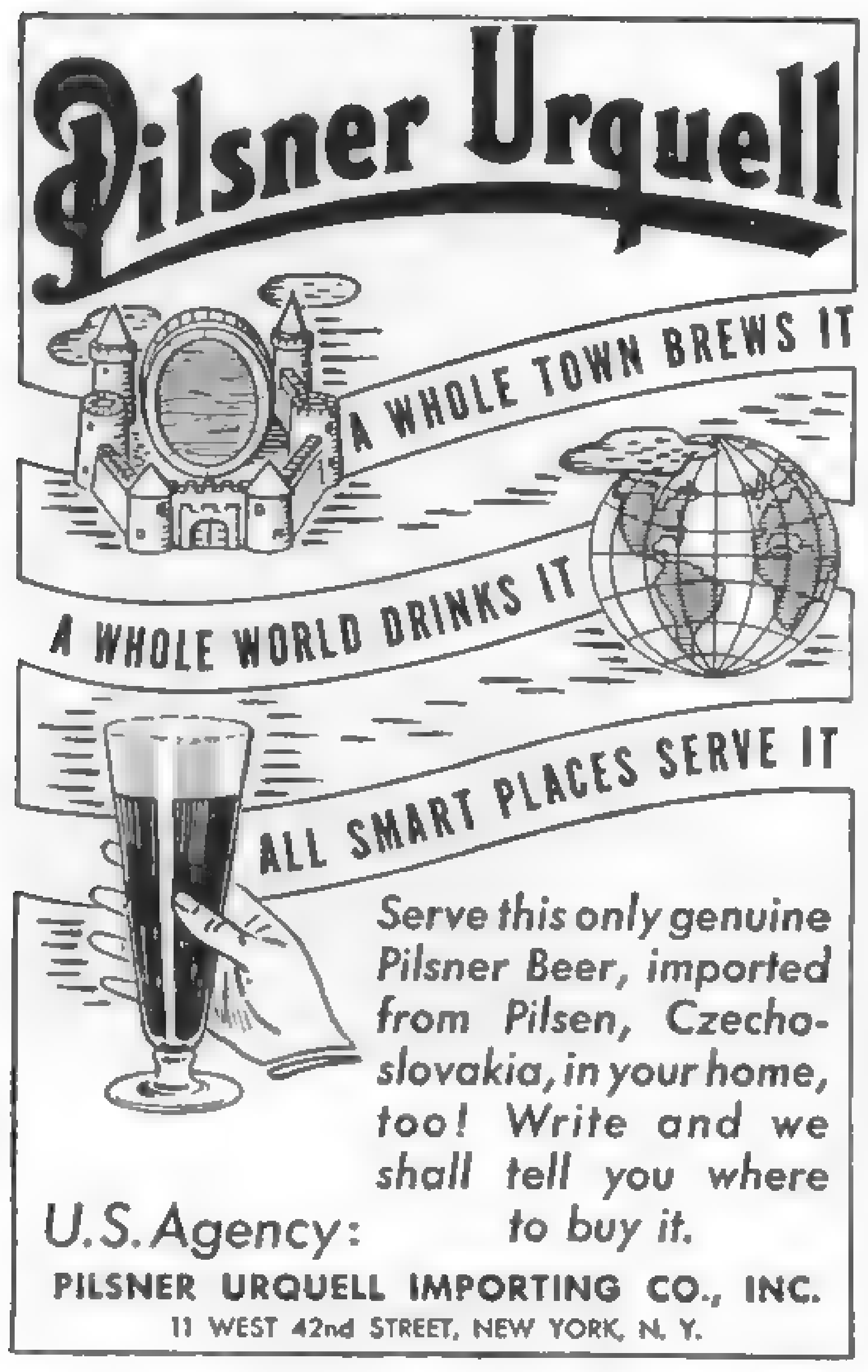
Brother Moses has corrected the evils that dwelt in his sheep-fold and unless he goes on another pout and padlocks the joint, you can get good food under the stars in one of New York's few park restaurants. The Savarins run it now, and run it well. Under the guidance of Earl Vosburg who used to conduct one of our favorite spots, Sherry's, on Rond Point, Champs Elysees, the Tavern on the Green, in Central Park, has taken on the air of a professional dining and dancing place instead of an Elks picnic for children—first come first served.

We met Alexander Woollcott at Voisins, just returned from a visit with Lord Tweedsmuir, where he had caused some consternation and uneasiness. Upon his arrival the official Gazette had announced that he had "come to stay." Before any international complications could ensue Alex left for Vermont where he is rebuilding his favorite house on his favorite lake, to make it winter-proof. He goes into exile or hermitage next fall. Voisins, at the corner of Park and Fifty-Third, retains the lead it gained during the war and is still about the best restaurant in the city. We were fortunate to lunch with Mr. N. Fromm, Bingen on the Rhine, who knows the proper bottles for every course. After a light Moselle to start we went to a substantial Deidesheimer Herrgottsacker, '34 and ended with Liebfraumilch, Kloster Doctor, '34, one of the fine wines of the world.

A New York summer includes the beaches. And the community has the best in the world. Oddly enough, one of the best, physically, is that owned and run by the State —Jones Beach. If what you are after is white sand and a fine surf, remember that the sea has no class consciousness; hoi polloi may be admitted but the tireless ocean is magnificent. It is also a relief not to have to pass by hot dog and taffy stands or look at gyp games. The restaurant facilities are limited, the parking space ample. It is better to bring your own lunches and potables. Of the swankier beaches, the Atlantic, near Long Beach, is open to members, though strangers may get in with proper introductions. The affair is more like the European bathing places with the emphasis on the shore and terrace phases or bathing. . . . In a like category is the Bath Club at Sands Point, Long Island, where the elite congregate of a winter as well as the summer.

Under the management of Dick Jennings, the famous old Tumble Inn, Croton on Hudson, has been rescued from its long illness. Two decades ago it was the dining place of the great and the politicians of Westchester. Then sad days came. We are glad to see it on the road map again. The ample house sits on one of the most beautiful spots in the world and from the terrace you can see up and down the Hudson for thirteen miles. Nothing can be done about the cute name, it seems. But an orchestra has been brought in for the young folks and the place flourishes in spite of the "waysidee" tag.

Al Long, who feels that the diners become tired of crepe suzettes in the warmer months, has cooked himself up some seven fancy desserts, to offer in lieu of the crepes in his Mirror Room at the Hotel George Washington. We have sailed through two of them with great success but wouldn't dare recommend them for home making. Mr. Long's Cafe Brule, however, can be made with patience and is a noble end to a fine meal. In your chafing dish put the peel of one orange, one lemon, one bay leaf, several whole cloves and a dash of cinnamon. Then for each person add one lump of sugar, ½ ounce of brandy, ½ ounce Curacao, ½ ounce of rum. Mix this for twenty seconds then add coffee and let it come to a boil, then serve.



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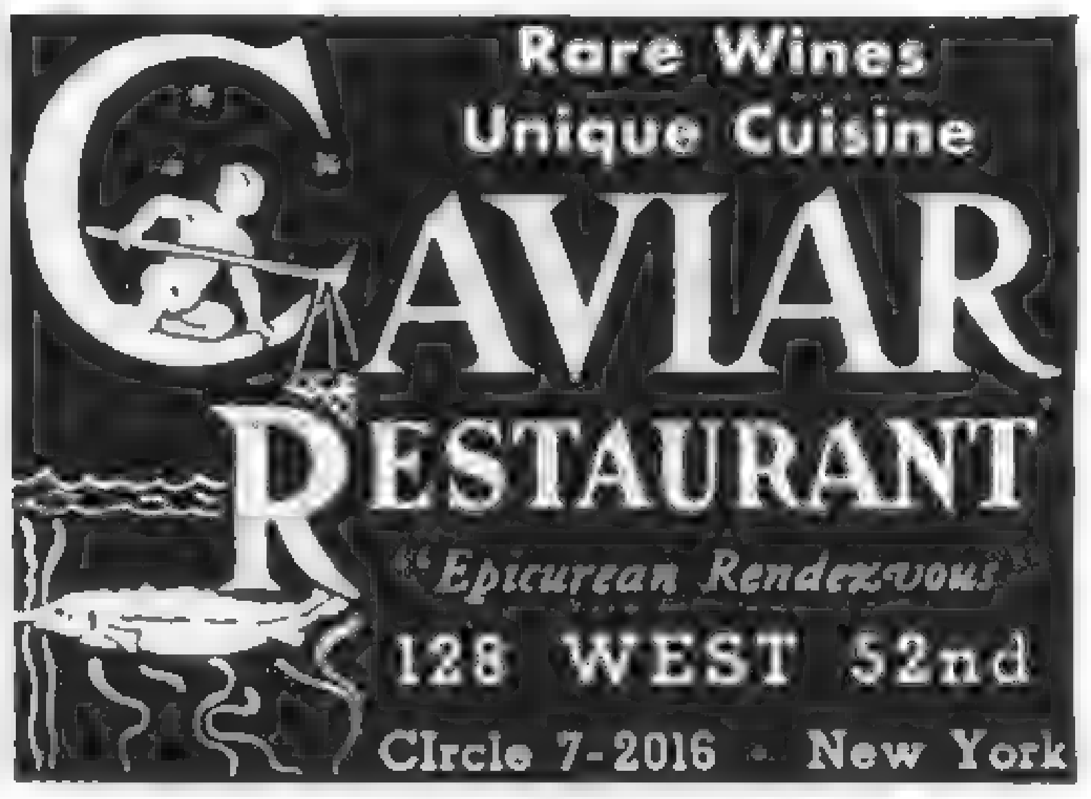

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Merry Christmas shall we print a million?

●

Forgive us for busting in, at this season of sailboats and surfboards and golf balls and gambols on the green, with sordid thoughts of what you ought to give your Uncle Eddie for Christmas. But right now (in all this heat) is when *we* have to begin thinking about it. For the December issue of Esquire, so bountifully big, so breathtakingly beautiful, so Brobdignagianly—well, anyway, it's in preparation even now. ¶ And calling to mind that last December's Gift Issue of Esquire, a poor pathetic little thing of only 324 pages, was a practically instantaneous sellout in a 600,000 edition, we're wondering whether a million copies will be enough this year. As a matter of fact, it will have to be enough, as production problems make it impossible to prepare more than that round number of this enormous special issue, which is calculated to make all previous Christmas issues or "annuals" look like so many remnants in a rummage sale. Devoted as we are to understatements, the foregoing far-flung sentences are seriously intended as a warning that now is, really, the time to reserve your copy of the Christmas, 1937 issue of Esquire, if you want to be sure of getting one. ¶ SEND NO MONEY, but write, right now, for complete information on how to get your copy of this giant gift issue of Esquire at the special holiday rates. Address: XMAS SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., ℅ ESQUIRE, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

John Angel Thompson

John Angel Thompson says he's just a mining mug and that *The Bonanza Strike* (page 65) is purely fiction—but that the component characteristics of Elmer Bates are taken from half a score of old prospectors he's met in mining camps scattered all over the western hemisphere. "For the past ten years," he says, "I've been writing weekly mining articles in popular pulp magazines, making the rounds of mining camps to see what's going on and doing a snatch of prospecting here and there myself. To help out a suddenly desired grubstake, or re-roof the barn on the little farm in New England in which I periodically stifle myself, (it's my farm, but for God's sake don't ask me why) I have in the past committed pulp fiction. Quite a bit of it. Swell blood and thunder, shoot-'em-up Pedros. And am still doing it. It may be that's all I can do. And I don't say it disparagingly either. Perhaps being just a journeyman writer (there's five years on New York newspapers thrown in too—*Daily News* and the New York *Evening Journal*) is tops for me. Still I like to keep on trying."

•

David L. Cohn, who wrote *The Ordeal of Abe Spiegel* (page 80), was born in Greenville, Mississippi, a town called by the local Chamber of Commerce, The Queen City of the Delta. He went one year to the U. of Missouri, three to the U. of Virginia, in the Law School, and two to Yale.

David L. Cohn

His education was interrupted when he enlisted in the U. S. Navy in 1917. Afterwards he returned to Yale, studying law under William Howard Taft, and took his master's degree. Then he entered the importing business, traveling all over the United States and Europe. He became the friend of Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, while he was in England, and owns a number of Epstein bronzes including a head of himself. He enjoys poetry, Greek literature, and the moribund art of conversation. He likes exotic food and plenty of it; he likes simple food and plenty of it. He likes, in short, food. He loves to go to Negro churches and says he talks exactly like a Negro unless he turns on his beautiful Oxford accent.

He describes his first book, *God Shakes Creation*, as a *tour de force*. He maintains that if anyone could write a book, he could. For after all, his ancestors, for 430 years in Egypt, made bricks without straw.

•

A Field of Clover is Hobart Lewis' first published story once removed—his first one appeared in the July issue of *Story* magazine. He was born in New York City in 1910 and has lived mostly in Philadelphia and in Princeton, New Jersey. Most of his life, excepting for summer vacations, has been rather academic. He was graduated from Princeton in 1934, and since that time has been teaching in Mercer Junior College. He is married. He wants to write good modern prose and to be an old-fashioned country squire.

Hobart Lewis

•

Jesse Stuart was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship, last March, and this was the way he felt about it: "I expect to go to Scotland in June and spend the winter in the Scottish Highlands, the home of my father's people. I expect to visit Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland and Russia—Holland, France and Germany, while I'm in Europe—write two novels and fifty short stories and keep a record of my escapades. I can't tell you how glad I am to get this fellowship. My people have not been what you'd call 'fine people.' They've been the rough-and-tumble type. If I do a family novel it will be an honest one. If one stole a horse by-hell he stole a horse and it'll be in print."

Henry Anton Steig was born in New York in 1906. He started to study engineering, but quit at nineteen because of a sudden interest in art, to attend the National Academy of Design. Four years of that, then three in advertising art (posters, etc.,) then humorous drawings under the name of Henry Anton (to avoid confusion with his famous brother, William Steig). He has played the saxophone on and off with dance bands and with vaudeville revues since he was seventeen. Two years ago he began writing and intends to stay with it.

•

William Arthur Breyfogle is unmarried, a guy who likes to fish for trout, six feet, two inches tall, and blue-eyed. He was a Phi Beta Kappa at Dartmouth, and later studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, and at the University of Munich. He was born in Toronto but hastens to add that he is an American citizen. His story, *The Road from Santa Ines*, is on page 45.

•

Louis Paul, who recommended his fiction so enthusiastically in the *Sound and Fury* last month, has broken into Satire with *The Customer Is Never Wrong*, on page 53.

Jaro Fabry

Constant readers of this department, if any, will remember our characterizing Jaro Fabry as a serious student of New York night life. Well here he is, for instance, as photographed at El Morocco by the peripatetic Zerbe who (if you follow all the text of *Glamour Girl You Bore Me*, on page 31 of this issue) seems almost to haunt the place.

•

Alfred von Kolnitz was born in Charleston in 1893. After graduation from the University of South Carolina, he went into big league baseball in spite of moans and groans from his family.

He played with Cincinnati in the National League and with the Chicago White Sox in the American League. Quoting from his letter: "A war intervened and I could not figure that any form of sport was in order so I went into service. I came out as a Major of Infantry, aged 25. Think I was the youngest major in service; certainly the only big-leaguer who became a field officer. After the war I did not return to baseball, but started business in Charleston. I've been Chairman of the local Board of Parks and Playgrounds for the past fourteen years. I am married, with two children and a tolerant wife who frequently asks if I have a fishing license, a hunting license or a marriage license. Like all Southeners I never let business interfere with my hunting or fishing. I also like to delve into Confederate history. I have had one book published: *Crying In De Wilderness*." His current sports article is *The Beach Vendetta*, appearing on page 67 of this issue.

Henry Anton Steig

•

Social Note: Helene Richards, whose relation to this magazine's editor is roughly that of the ventriloquist to the dummy, got married recently, throwing the joint into considerable confusion until she was prevailed upon to keep on working.

•

William Reichenbach, author of *Masters of Pistolcraft*, page 74, attributes his success to laziness. He once shot game in India but now he confines himself to mere targets that don't spit back and to writing books, (*Sixguns and Bullseyes* and *Automatic Pistol Marksmanship*), besides earning a living. He says his enthusiasm for shooting misled him to initiate the members of his family into the intricacies of the sport, with the result that he is now kept busy practicing the quick draw.

William Reichenbach

Continued on page 28

A. M. ANDREWS, a pioneer of Electric Shaving in America and associated with its merchandising in its earliest days. As a manufacturer, he has contributed many scientific improvements. Now President of Progress Corporation, the Distributors of Packard Lektro-Shaver.

MORNINGS BECOME ELECTRIC

The Saga of Electric Shaving

For nineteen years the world had been offered electric and mechanical dry shavers. But few were sold. Then, in 1936, Packard Lektro-Shaver entered the field. Nine months later it reached a production peak of 13,900 a day. An old shaving gadget had become a new shaving gospel, and an industry was born . . . Twelve brands were being made this January. Now twenty-five or more clamor for your attention. The common sense of electric shaving is in the air. This year you, too, will probably buy — and help to form the $100,000,000 of expected sales. When you choose, we suggest face-comparison-shopping. Shave different parts of your face with two or three leading brands at your favorite store. We are confident of the verdict because 20% of those now buying Packard Lektro-Shavers previously owned other makes, and write of their preference for ours. Packard Lektro-Shaver is sold everywhere at $15.00.

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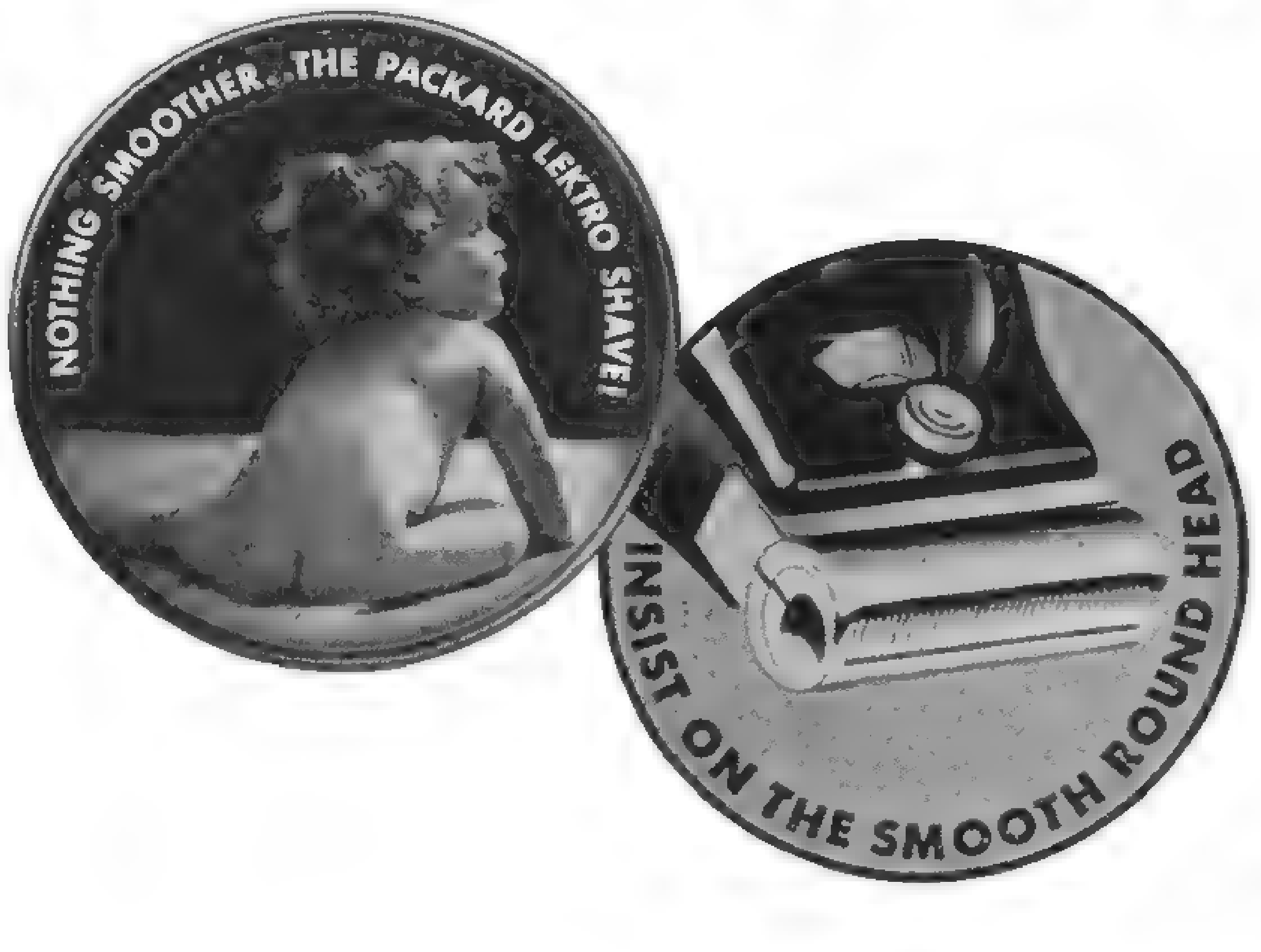
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Father Tyler Turner

Father Tyler Turner, author of *Railroads on the Floor*, once contributed an article to Coronet called *Less Wagner, Please*, which caused some of the more militant Wagnerian fans to suggest, rather rudely, "Less Reverend Tyler Turner, please."

He was born in Norwich, Connecticut, and has been Assistant Sales Manager of the Wilte-Mignon Corporation, Organ Architect and designer of the organ in the Society for Ethical Culture in New York, an executive of the Fellowship of Faiths in New York, and an organizer of Maha Bodhi (Buddhist) Society.

He is a priest in the Holy Orthodox Catholic Church, and has contributed to such magazines as *Harper's*, *New Music Review*, and *American Music Lover*.

•

P. Jefferson Packer says that when he recounted the incident on which *Tooting Wanderlust* is based to his mother, she hardly remembered it, which demonstrates that mothers cannot understand why boys leave home.

He was born thirty years ago in London, of Russo-Jewish parents. The three R's were pounded into him at a London board school. He has worked in a Canadian copper mine, a Montreal insurance office, and in village market places, peddling ladies' hosiery. He has lectured on medieval rugs and tapestry at county exhibitions, and written in earnest for seven years, mainly lean, he laments. Once he languished in Rouse's Point detention cell (reason: Limies and Foreigners).

P. Jefferson Packer

Carleton Smith is in Europe, hearing music festivals in every country but Spain, including the Scandinavian. He expects to visit Sibelius and Richard Strauss, and to attend the twentieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution (it doesn't seem possible, does it?) and is broadcasting his findings to the home folks over NBC.

•

Lawrence Fellows, one of our fashion artists, is proud of the fact that he once had six of his paintings hung alongside *one* Matisse in the Salon d'Automme. Fellows formerly drew cartoons for the old *Life*—then men's fashions for *Vanity Fair*.

John O'Hara gave him a plug in *Butterfield 8*—saying, in effect, that no other cartoonist could draw upper-class flappers quite like the Old Maestro. He lives in the wilds of Connecticut and likes to wear old clothes while he draws new ones.

•

And while we're on the Fellows Family, Walter Fellows and his wife, Caroline Whiting, are responsible for most of the photographs in the fashion department. Walter is a son of Lawrence. He attended Yale for about a year and a half. The photographing Fellows have been married three years, have no children, and no hobbies outside photography. They like Mexico and Manhattans but make excellent Martinis in a pinch.

Walter Fellows and Caroline Whiting

•

Burton Rascoe recently published a book of memoirs, *Before I Forget* (Doubleday Doran & Co.) which, to put it conservatively, is a without which nothing. It begins with his boyhood in Kentucky and contains remarkable excerpts from the diary he kept at fifteen. In those days, Burton was reading voraciously, going to dances with a girl named Chloe, and boxing. While he went to school he worked evenings as a newspaper carrier, a typesetter, and a copywriter. He admired the versatile Leonardo da Vinci very much, and didn't want to get into a rut doing these few things, so he learned picture framing. He also did farm work which he thought was lots of fun, but not very profitable. He attended University of Chicago for awhile but found the professors were too busy horsing around with mediocre students to be of much use to him. So he quit, and learned Greek from two restaurant men who taught him to read and speak the language instead of memorizing paradigms. Then he went to work on the Chicago *Tribune* under Walter Howey, the city editor who was later caricatured in *The Front Page*. It was during this time that he discovered James Branch Cabell. The book contains estimates and character sketches of the literary giants of the day—F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken and Carl Sandburg, to name a few. Rascoe got the bucket when he referred flippantly to a religion held dear by some of the *Tribune's* subscribers. And there the book ends. It's the first of a trilogy. The second book of the series will come out in a short time—probably January.

•

We hail Hubbell Robinson, Jr., who has dared to come right out with *Glamour Girl You Bore Me*, as our Discovery of the Month. He says: "I am thirty-one years old, born in Schenectady, New York. Went to Phillips Exeter Academy for three and a half years. The 'powers that be' at Exeter thought I'd be happier if I went somewhere else and knew they'd be. Graduated from Brown in 1927. Most memorable feat as an under-graduate was taking freshman mathematics for four years and getting the lowest mark in the class each year. Came to New York after college, fired with great zeal and ambition to be an advertising copywriter. Found my eagerness to get into advertising was equalled only by advertising's complete disinterest in me. Was offered a job as a messenger boy by BBD&O but felt I was too good for that. Spent a year as publicity man for a man who was opening a school for organists, reviewing stage shows in the Broadway movie houses, and working as a reporter. In the Fall of 1928 came to work for Young & Rubicam—as a messenger boy. For the past eight years have been in the radio end of the agency business associated with such shows as Jack Benny, Phil Baker, Fred Allen, Helen Hayes, etc. I am unmarried and after years of thinking I'd just never found the right girl have settled down to the melancholy conclusion that I've just never been the right boy. *Glamour Girl* is based on no one woman. It is the pain-wrought overflow of many such nights which approach, in varying degrees, the misery of the one described. My chief concern is that if any of the glamour girls read this piece they'll like it. They would."

Hassoldt Davis

Hassoldt Davis, whose current story is *Designed for Death*, confesses: "I went to Harvard for two and a half years, leaving when my alternate choice was taking the required subjects. Boxing, I found, could be taught; writing couldn't be. Most of my adult life has been spent in foreign and mostly primitive countries close to the equator, in Africa, the West Indies, Tahiti, the Marquesas, New Guinea, New Hebrides, Java and Borneo, all good lands where you can breathe clean air, live in shirt sleeves, sleep raw and write honestly beyond the influence of literary bores. And 'Society.' And the pretentious. And the people who make a point of the difference between Martinis stirred and Martinis shaken. And the people who tell you flatly that the Chinese don't eat Chop Suey. And all city mankind exclusive of its pretty gals. So far my writing has been largely hack, scenarios, book reviews, translations etc., though I have written one book of travels in the tropics, *Islands Under the Wind*, and contributed to *Mercury* and *Scribners*."

•

Jean Hrolda was born in the Bronx and is now in Philadelphia, out of Los Angeles. He's traveled twice around the United States. At the University of Pennsylvania he was regarded by the faculty as a precocious brat; he got D's and C's in English Composition. He is nineteen, and says that while *The Eight Mistresses* is his first accepted story, another may be printed first. He's now working on a volume of juvenile poetry.

Jean Hrolda

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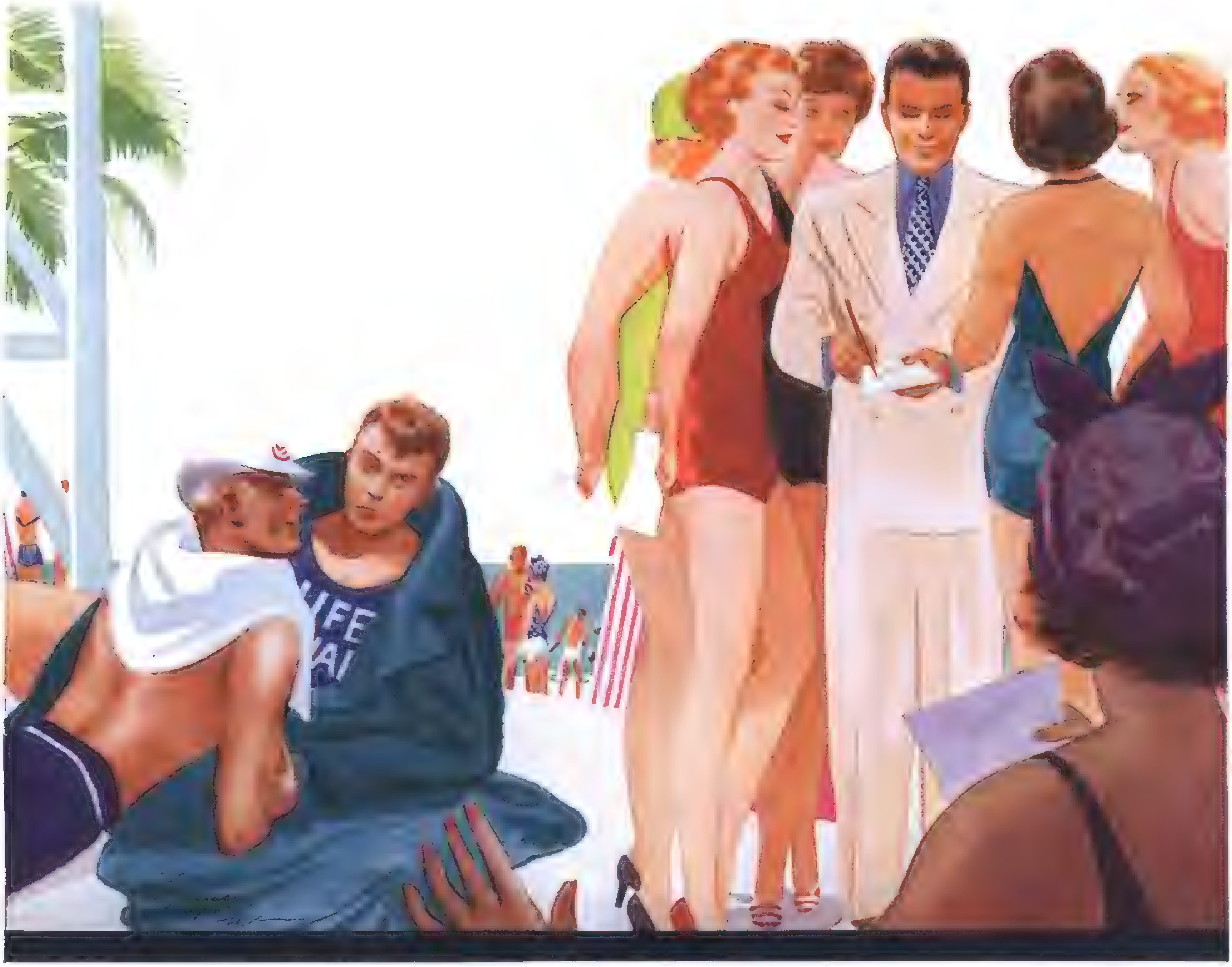


"Wait 'till one of those gals yells for help . . . I'll throw her a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit!"

This Summer—Stay Cool in

Silkool

WE DON'T know what these two college seniors had in mind when they gave up their summer to be life-guards. But if they thought they might attract a lot of feminine attention it looks as though they could have done a better job in a Silkool suit instead of a bathing suit!

They'd be just as cool, too, in Silkool! Cooler, perhaps! For a white suit actually is the *coolest* suit on hot summer days. Not only does it look cool but it definitely deflects the rays of the sun. And this new Hart Schaffner & Marx white suit is one of the most unusual fabric developments of the past decade. Come in . . . feel the fabric . . . slip into one of these new Silkools. You'll want several at the price!

Here are the Winners in the NATIONAL CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

(Wins a wardrobe of 5 suits of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes.)

The caption used on this cartoon was written by RAY ROONEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

NEXT 4 WINNERS

(Each wins a wardrobe of 3 Hart Schaffner & Marx suits.)

Paul V. Miskovsky, Elyria, Ohio
E. J. Blackall, Fort Edward, N. Y.
W. W. Moseley, Pensacola, Fla.
Johanne Thomas, Spokane, Wash.

NEXT 9 WINNERS

(Each wins a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit.)

M. W. Hendley, Norwood, Ohio
Comar P. Fincher, Atlanta, Ga.
Richard Dunn, Lombard, Ill.
M. K. Gidley, Dallas, Texas
Manny Blumenstock, Winnetka, Ill.
W. M. Rodes, Dallas, Texas
Lester Weintraub, Newark, N. J.
B. S. Goldberg, Augusta, Ga.
Hans Hjermstad, Minneapolis, Minn.

NEXT 20 WINNERS

(Each wins a year's subscription to ESQUIRE.)

Already have been notified by mail

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

Glamour Girl You Bore Me

You're sure that all the hurly-burly isn't of her choosing and she shares your desire to get quietly plastered

by HUBBELL ROBINSON

• ARTICLE •

Their sleek faces stare haughtily at you from the public prints. From the somewhat less public prints such as *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Town and Country*, they allure you with less formal poses. Well-tailored hair, full liquid lips, a dash in their clothes and the way they wear them—all these compose an aura of élan which cannot fail to prod the imagination of the young and roving male with a spark of desire.

For these are the glamour girls—fabulous creatures—twentieth century naiads. You'd like to know one. And if you don't dribble your drinks or have a passion for spats or wild neckties or quaint little places to eat or drink, you probably will.

And here's what you get.

You get a gal who says, "Of course, it would be divine to have dinner with you sometime." You call. Not too soon afterward—you don't want to press—and not too long afterward either. Smothered in all that chi-chi she won't remember if you wait too long. So after a decent interval you phone and she doesn't remember you anyway. You explain, "I was the guy you met Tuesday night at '21.' Remember the night all those awful people from Syracuse wouldn't stay in the backroom and Noel and Gertie left it was so awful."

That cinches it, whether she remembers or not. If you know the legend of the backroom at "21" and know Mr. Coward and Miss Lawrence well enough to know that their friends call them No-el and Gertie, you're worth a whirl. You get in the arena, you Christian slave. The lions are waiting—and hungry.

You palpitate. You feel so much achievement that you don't even tell your friends. It would be bad taste like telling them you got a raise. For you're going to spend the evening with one of those girls that can touch a guy's life with gayness, excitement, with the charm of lovely and knowing women. You're going out with a glamour girl.

You call for her. You get a message from the butler, or the doorman, or the man at the desk, in her apartment house, to call her at Regent 4-3393. You do. The line is busy. You wait. You call again. It's still busy. You wait. Same answer—busy. That spark of manhood begins to smolder its way from your chest to wherever your pride or your knowledge of good manners are. The fourth time—it's twenty minutes later and, boy, are you dying for a drink—you get the number. "Is Miss Winford there?" you ask.

While the answer pauses on its way back you wonder how the person at the other end can possibly answer at all. The din that comes over the phone sounds as if the Texas Democrats had all gathered in one room and were getting straight with themselves. But the answer does come. It says she's there and who wants to talk to her. You drone your credentials. The voice says vacantly, "Oh, just a minute," and you hear the receiver thump on the table and you take up your vigil.

Presently—and the way you want that drink now makes the first time practically a binge—a voice answers. It's she. And it's the same swell voice. She says, "Hi, darling, I'm up at Susie's but I'm all ready to leave. It just couldn't be a more awful party. Where'll I meet you and when?"

Well, of course, the friendliness of the "Hi" and the pleasant shock of the "darling" do it. The fairly obvious fact that the time and place of meeting had all been set flies out of your mind with the greatest of ease. After all there must be a lot of people in her life and she certainly has a right to see them.

You suggest a place that you know, that has fine food, a pleasant room to eat in, that has perfect service and makes you pay for it. And that's quiet enough to be delightful without being quiet enough to let you down.

She says, "Well look, darling, that sounds fine except I told Ruth and Gordon we'd probably be at '21' and we'd have a drink with them there. Do you mind?"

Of course, you don't, you dope, but, then, this is your first experience. And after all "21" is a pleasant place. That is, till you face it with a glamour girl. But you don't know. Well, you're going to learn. You get to "21." You nod to Jack as you check your coat and walk into the bar, a pleasant glow of expectancy warming you. You may even, if you're a normal guy, think a bit about your own entrance. You needn't. She isn't to be seen. Your glow dies a quick death. A vague irritation replaces it, as you pivot to the bar.

That long postponed drink looks awfully good. It looks so good in fact that you have a double Scotch and soda. You've a lot of time to quench. You're half-way through that drink when you hear a lovely voice that's warm and cool, both at once, say, all in one breath, "That is you, isn't it? I thought I'd never get here. I just had to stop at Jane's to say hello to Eberhard. He taught us all to ski you know, this winter, up at Pecketts and he just couldn't be nicer. He's sailing tonight and just couldn't be more depressed. And, of course, Jane's been perfectly awful to him. Do you know Jane?"

With a feeling of inadequacy you admit you don't know Jane and you ask her what she'll have to drink. She says she'll have a Jamaica rum cocktail. She adds she never needed a drink worse. And she tells you what a relief it is to get away from a herd of dull people and really just have a hoot and relax. This sounds fine. You realize quickly that all the hurly-burly of the last two hours hasn't been of her choosing. You think how swell it'll be just to be alone with her and get quietly tight together and tell her how lovely she is. And your glow returns at the companionship you feel aborning between you. As the last thought trails across your mind and you hand her her drink you say, "Well, I'd begun to think you were just something I dreamt about. But right now I have an unsettlingly sure feeling that the waiting was well worth it."

As she raises her drink she looks you full in the eye. And her glance is warm and gay. And warmth and gayness climb into your heart with it. As you set your glass down you have a fine feeling that this is going to be a dandy, gorgeous thing. But you don't get much time to reflect on it—or to tell her so. For the missing Ruth and Gordon materialize at your elbow. At least it must be they, you guess. They greet your pal and she calls them Ruth and Gordon between darlings and sweeties as they all cover the same ground she's already covered with you. You begin to feel as though you'd been at that cocktail party. You have a few moments to

Continued in center of page 165

Independent Research

His job was done, all but a few loose ends he could easily pick up tomorrow—or the next day

by OLIVER LA FARGE

• FICTION •

He woke in the full heat, feeling *Oh Lord!* as he stared up into the shadows of the high-pitched roof. Then he remembered, today the mail comes. A pulse of excitement rose, calming his jangled interior, and he swung from hammock to earth in one motion. The too sudden change of position sent pain shooting through his head. Drunk last night. Ugh. He poured cool water from the earthenware jug into the basin, dowsed his head, drank from the jug.

He brushed his teeth, thinking that he'd have to send out for a new supply of brushes and paste soon, then remembering, if the letter comes, if Sheffield . . . Hope and excitement stirred in him. He stripped off his pyjamas, washed himself with a free sloshing of water, and dressed in white shirt, khaki trousers and sandals.

Hearing him, Paquita came in from the other room. She wore nothing above the waist. Her figure was still good, but maternity had spoiled her breasts.

"Art thou ready to breakfast?" she asked.

"Yes. Coffee and oranges, no more."

He considered shaving, but his hand was too unsteady. The coffee and fresh fruit helped him. He stared across the room at his desk, where a bottle and glass stood by the lamp. That wouldn't do. It was the way the fever weakened one, partly, this business of feeling poorly a lot of the time, and bored. But it would not do. By God, I've got to clear out of here, he thought.

In his lowered physical condition, self-confidence took flight. He saw himself stuck forever in Chancuén, bound forever to Paquita, to poverty, heat, malaria, taking more and more to drink. A kind of inland beachcomber. One knew the sort of thing—old Stornheim . . . Hell! He finished his second bowl of coffee, lit a cigarette and rose. Not me. I have work to do, that keeps one sane. He put on his hat and went out.

The straggling village was shady with trees, save for the little plaza which civic pride kept bare and glaring. He followed a habitual path, under mangoes, banana and coffee groves, down to the river. Standing on the bank, he stared at the clear water, the tangled jungle wall opposite. Out of the green mass a pair of brilliant parrots darted, crossing diagonally towards him. There was peace here, the illusory best of the tropics. He turned back. The few Indians he passed spoke to him respectfully, and he answered them in their native tongue. It looked bad, not having shaved.

Six weeks; yes, the letter should come today. Two weeks to get to Talvert, a week for Sheffield to talk it over with his committee, two weeks for the answer to get here, a week for accidents and delays. Right.

In front of his own house he stopped and looked about him. He felt a sense of possession towards this village, the palm-thatched houses, the people, the fields and jungle around it and the blue line of the mountains to southward. He'd been up there. He'd encompassed all this, the job was all but done. Folk-lore, religion, daily life, language, crops . . . Comparative Ethnology of the Highland and Lowland Rashti, a monumental work. All this country he held within his head and his writings. Wait till Sheffield sees it.

He turned and looked at his own house, thinking that he'd be sorry to say goodbye to it, and delighted to leave it. Palm-thatched, it was a sizable building of wide, upright boards, whitewashed. The south side, facing the street at the corner of the plaza, had two doors, leading to his room and the kitchen. At the corner a wide opening with a counter, and shelves behind it, was the store. When he bought the place from old Stornheim, he'd intended to let the store go, but he saw the job would last longer than he thought, and Paquita wanted to run it, so he'd invested all of thirty dollars capital . . . He looked at the stock with some amusement; candles, two bolts of bright cloth, a couple of machetes, some needles, nails, vermouth, malaga, kerosene, native salt, tobacco, thread, onions, perhaps two dozen kinds of goods. If he left her the store and house, and twenty-five dollars cash, she'd feel herself well treated.

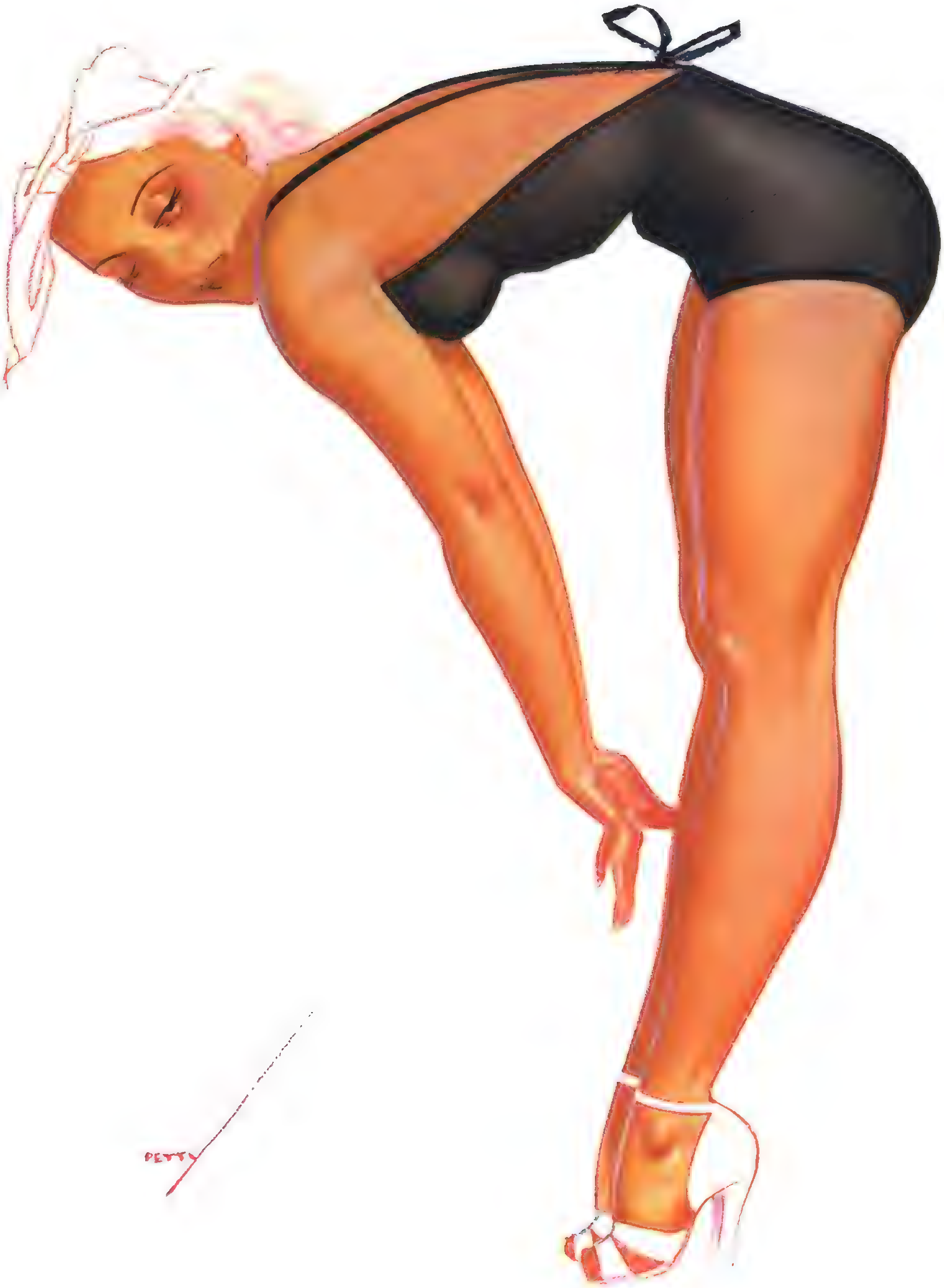
He wondered what had come of Stornheim. The German had had the wholesale agency for Benedetti when the chicle-gatherers were working out from here. When their camps left this section, he was ready to sell out, knowing that without that little extra balance of money, the power to employ, to be generous, a white man's position here was intolerable. With it, he was a sort of king. The scientist strolled back into the house, thinking of his predecessor, a hard-headed man, elderly, completely disillusioned, completely sunk in the tropics. Tipsy every afternoon, drunk every night, and each six months or so another girl from the village employed to—as he said—help in the kitchen. The young, golden-skinned girls with yellow flowers in their hair, part of nature's system to ruin a northern man.

In the north wall of his room was a big window, closed by two shutters with small, diamond-shaped panes in them. The diamonds annoyed him—Teutonic taste. He had thought of replacing them, but about the only way to get new glass up from Puerto León unbroken, would be to go there himself. Looking on this as a merely temporary home, he'd given up the idea.

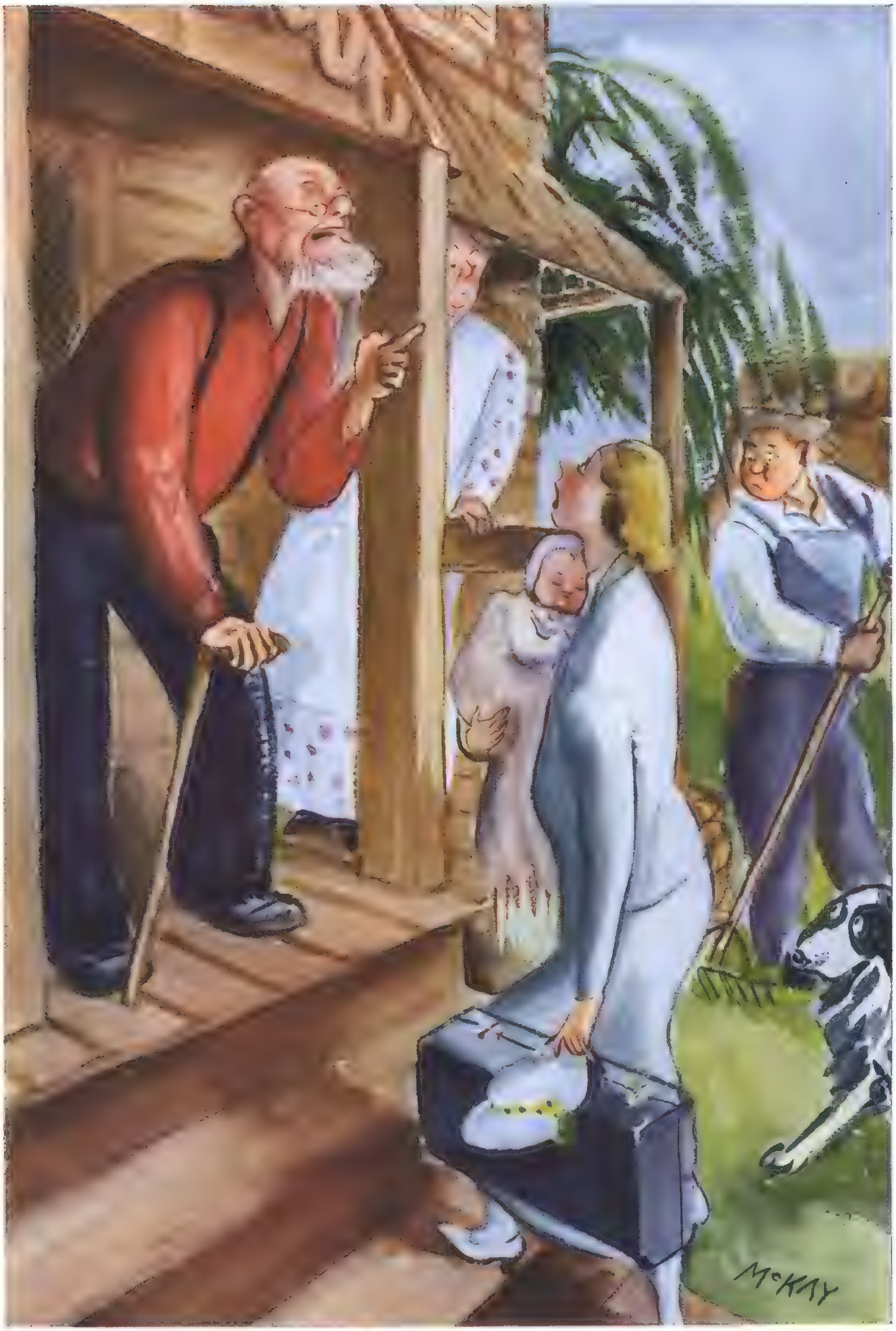
He settled at his desk. The layout was interesting. Everything was in the most meticulous order. On the wall just within reach of his arm was a sheet headed "unfinished business," carrying a list of passages to be completed or corrected, data still unsecured. A few items had been checked off. In front of him stood a dozen scientific books, mainly on Mayan ethnology—Sapper's *Nördliche Mittel-Amerika*, Seler, Brinton, Landa's *Relación*, Starr, Vernier and MacDougal's *Highland Survey* and so forth. Slips of paper, numbered, marked passages which would be needed. His field notebooks were handy on a shelf, the one now in use lay at his left hand, also marked for reference. Two boxes held his manuscript, *The Highland and Lowland Rashti* by Thomas Cowning, the magnum opus. There was a box labeled "Miscellaneous," and another labeled "Correspondence." Writing and drawing materials were in order; the whole layout called to work. He took out, as he had often recently, the copy of his letter to Sheffield.

It was a good letter, it restored confidence. At the end he had remarked that the fever was getting him down, and he had had a bout or two with dysentery, but saying so did no harm. The rest was what mattered—that having lost his position at Talvert in so inauspicious a manner, he had found it hard to get another. So he had taken his savings and settled at Chancuén; operating from there as a base he had, he believed, made and written the definitive study of the Rashti tribes. The work was ready for the printer save for a few details, and he had run out of funds. He asked for $500 to enable him to clear up some small matters for which travel was needed, and return to the States, where he would hand over the finished report to the Talvert Department of Anthropology. If the work satisfied them—and he was sure

Continued on page 203



"Now, none of your tricks, Everett!"



"I told you, you couldn't learn nothin' at College that you couldn't learn right here to home!"

The Facts of Life

How and when they are acquired as shown by further statistical study of average case histories

ANONYMOUS

• EDUCATIONAL •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With eleven charts, in the July issue of* ESQUIRE, *the author tabulated the findings in 138 case histories (selected as being "average," that is normal in all respects) out of a much larger number of case histories available for study, giving the answers to the following questions: "At what age did you have your first date? Your first kiss? Your first proposal? Where? At what season of the year? At what hour of the day? How old were you at the time of marriage? Were you a virgin? With how many men (if any) had you been intimate before your marriage?" The questions, and the resultant statistical tabulations, are continued in the following columns, leading up to a summary in which, on the basis of the information obtained in this study, the author generalizes upon the average girl's relation to the acquisition and practice of what are commonly called "the facts of life," concluding with a plea for further information, indicating that this study, like its subject, will never cease.*

XII

FROM preceding data it will be recalled that approximately seventy-five per cent of the entire group relinquished maidenhood before marriage. The chart at the top indicates the ages at which the incident occurred. It will be noted that seventeen is at the top of the pyramid, and that the period between fourteen and twenty is by all odds the most hazardous.

There is, however, a group at ten, eleven, and twelve. These cases generally occur before the acquisition of moral intelligence, and are not necessarily or even generally accompanied by passion. These are the cases which would be legally classed as rape, although no physical force may have been necessary. This is indicated by the fact that in almost all of these cases the circumstances and the age of the man lead one to the belief that excessive skill and experienced persuasion were responsible. The average of all cases in which virginity was abandoned before fifteen years of age, shows the age of the man to be thirty-two.

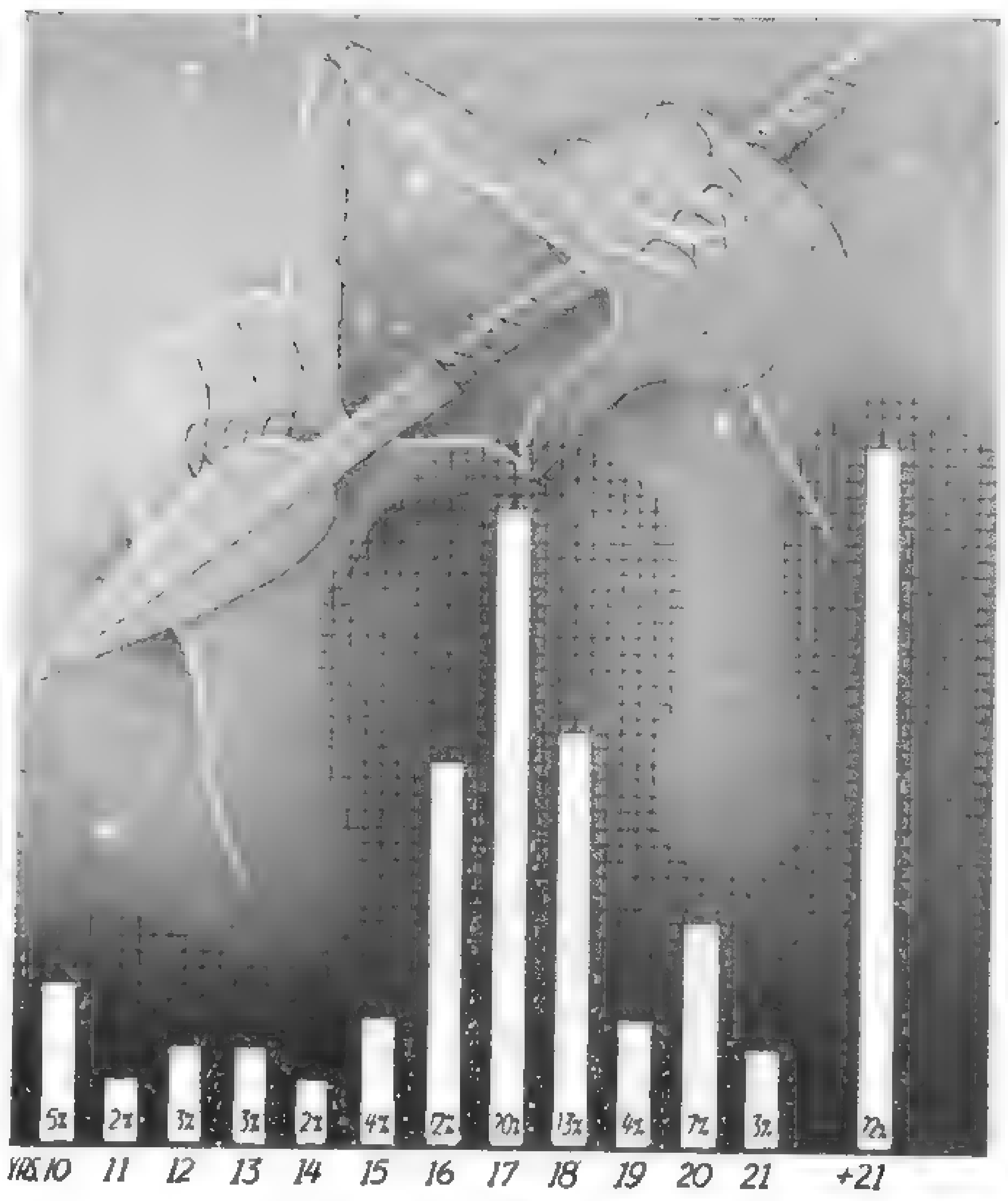
A comparison of this chart with the charts in the previous issue showing the age at which dates began, also indicates that the risk is in direct ratio to the opportunity, as might be expected.

XIII

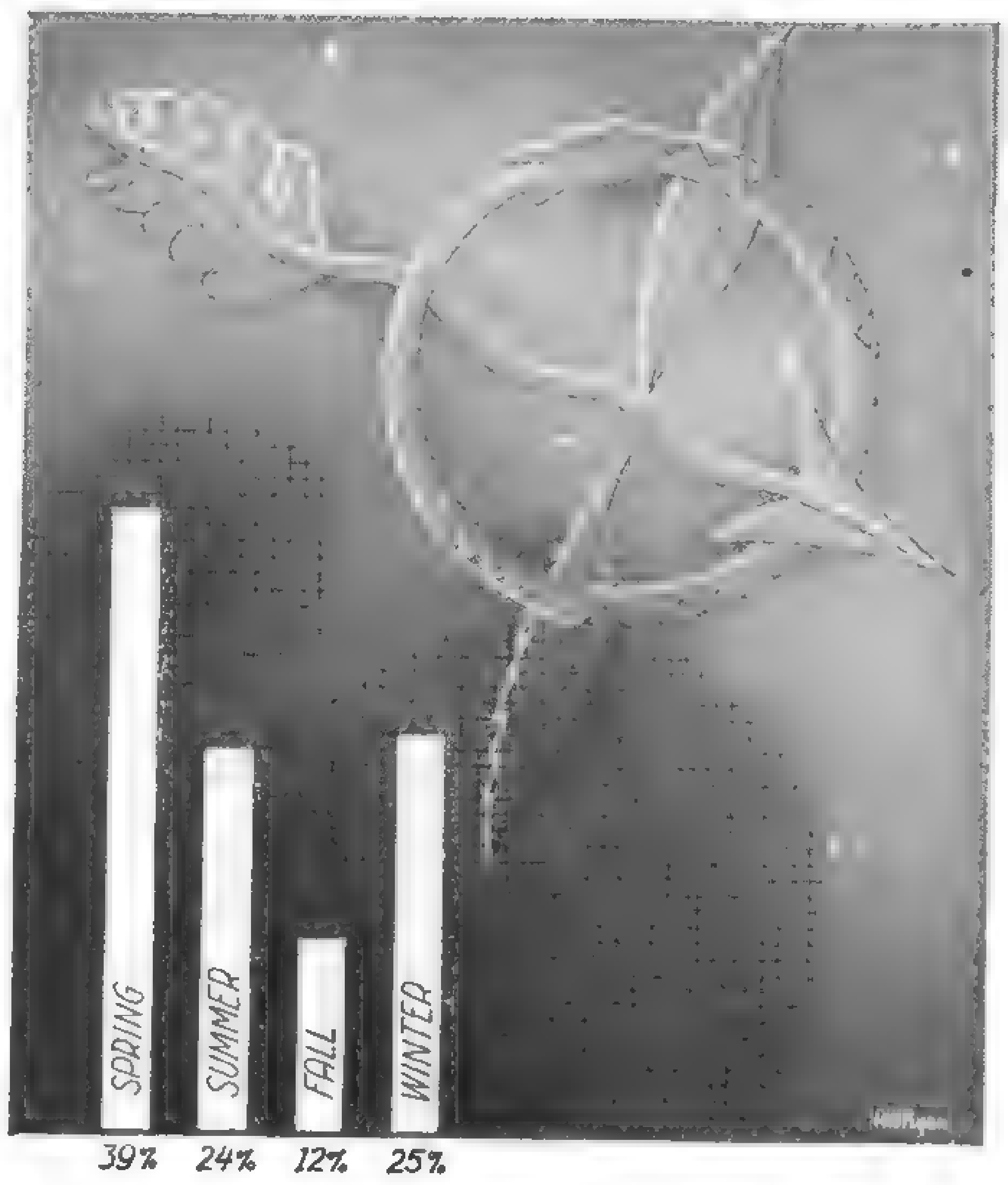
The chart in the center indicates the seasonal losses of intactitude. A comparison between this chart and the one showing the seasonal gain of proposals is so strikingly similar that one senses a relationship between the two. Some very profound conclusions can be drawn from the inferences. What they are, we leave to your own indiscretion. We believe that every man should be his own profound-conclusion-drawer.

XIV

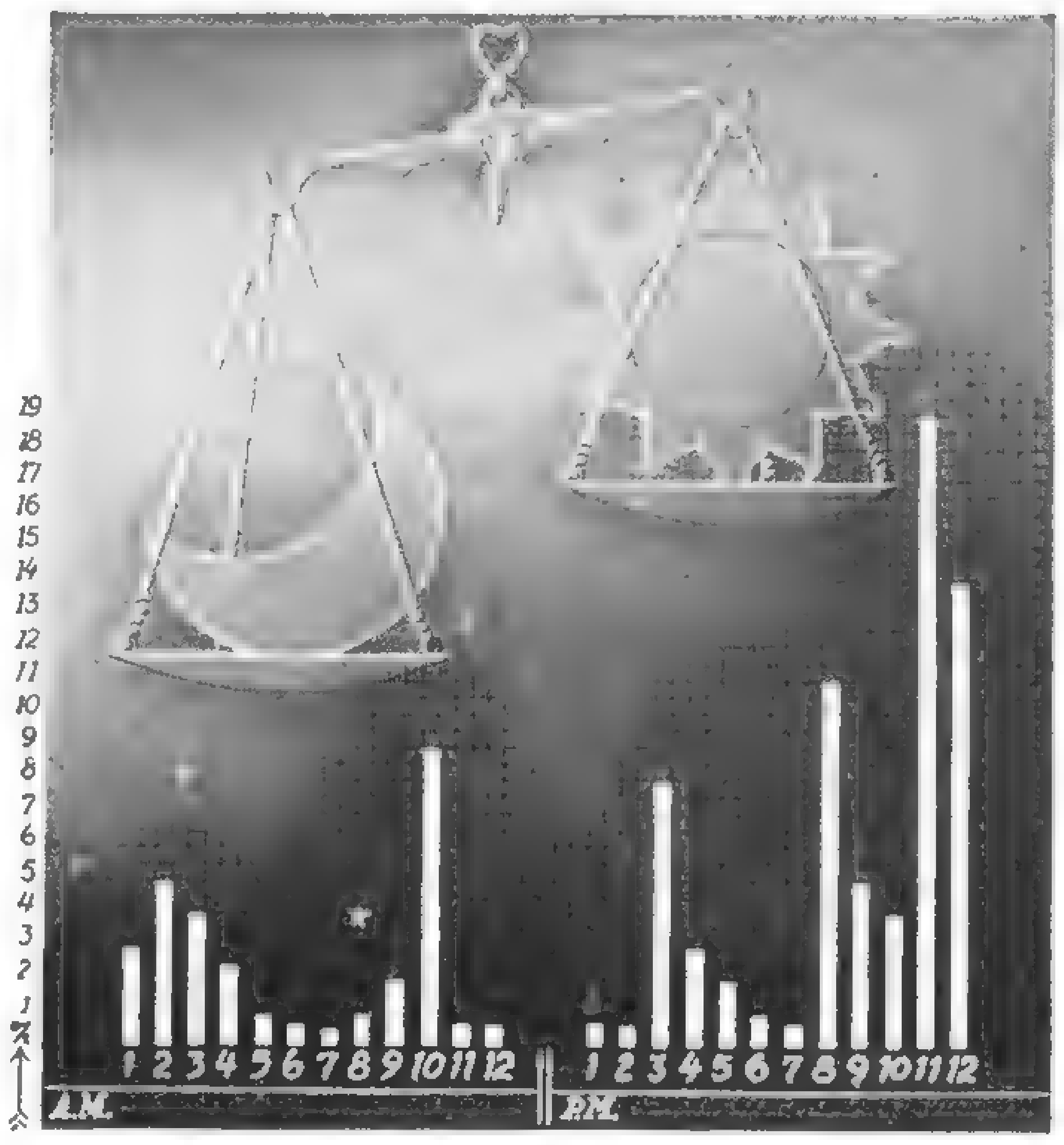
The chart at the bottom of the page indicates the time of day at which the termination of maidenhood occurred. The general trend is what one might reasonably expect, with a few variations. Eleven and twelve o'clock at night are the hours of greatest activity.



Ages at End of Maidenhood



Seasonal Losses of Intactitude



Hour of Day at Which It Occurred

It is rather surprising to note that after midnight very few cases occur. This can be explained either by the fact that most social affairs end about that hour, or that so many affairs are culminated by midnight that it leaves very few for the following hours.

That nine and ten o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon should contribute any case histories is attributable to the adaptabilities of the race. Certainly one would assume that ten o'clock in the morning would be almost zero hour, but some souls seem to possess a degree of adaptability that inspires wistful wonder.

XV

The following list indicates the places at which achievement of nubility occurs in the order of frequency. Here again the automobile is the greatest offender, followed by the living-room. Hotels come in for their share, with the woods being the runner-up; and incidentally, the ordinary barn seems to have its share of illicit romance.

Automobile
Living-room
Hotel
Woods
Apartment
Barn
Bedroom
Kitchen
Vineyard
Cellar
Alley
Canoe
Public Park
College Campus
Mountains
Haystack

Except for these few indications, it is not possible to rate locations in the order of their hazard. Certainly, convenience and security seem to be a minor consideration. Comfort is a factor which seems to be of importance only to the more adult: as either Mencken or Nathan may have remarked, "When you begin to consider the relative comfort of a Ford and a hotel room, you are getting old."

It is probable that the luxuries of such spots as Atlantic City in a measure make up for the loss of the novelty and excitement which dominate the more youthful affair. Oh . . . hush our mouth.

XVI

The tabulation on page 110 indicates the relative ability of blondes and brunettes to retain their natal chastity.

In spite of all the common opinion to the contrary, it appears that blondes are quite as virtuous as brunettes; in fact, there seems to be little choice between the two complexions, irrespective of the viewpoint from which one approaches the subject. The personal opinions of men, however, would leave one with the belief that there are definite

Continued on page 110

Huey, the Engineer

Everyone for thirty-six miles would run to see Huey pullin' the throttle on the old E-K

by JESSE STUART

▪ FICTION ▪

CAN'T you hear that whistle still—can't you hear it! Can't you hear the tee rails popping and the flat cars lumbering around the curves and the big-bear engine—fat as a bear—huffing and puffing like a tired horse up a hill with an over-loaded express—that humpy-dumpy old E-K engine with her pistons screaking and the long line of black smoke laid back from the stack—following the way the wind was blowing—can't you see it all and the long train of seven cars—two for the passengers—two for coal and two for logs and cattle—maybe I don't remember the two rusted streaks of tee rails running south through the Plum Grove hills—two streaks of rust fastened to the decayed and cinder-buried crossties—rotted at the necks where the tee rails kissed the crossties. Maybe my Pa and my Pa's Pa didn't help make the crossties and my Pa's Pa helped lay the big tee rails in them days—rails that three men could lift—yes, they helped to put the thirty-six miles of track over these Kentucky hills back to the coal, crossties, chickens, and the ore—maybe I haven't heard about it all my life—maybe I don't remember the first time I saw that train and ran away through the sassafras sprouts like a scared rabbit.

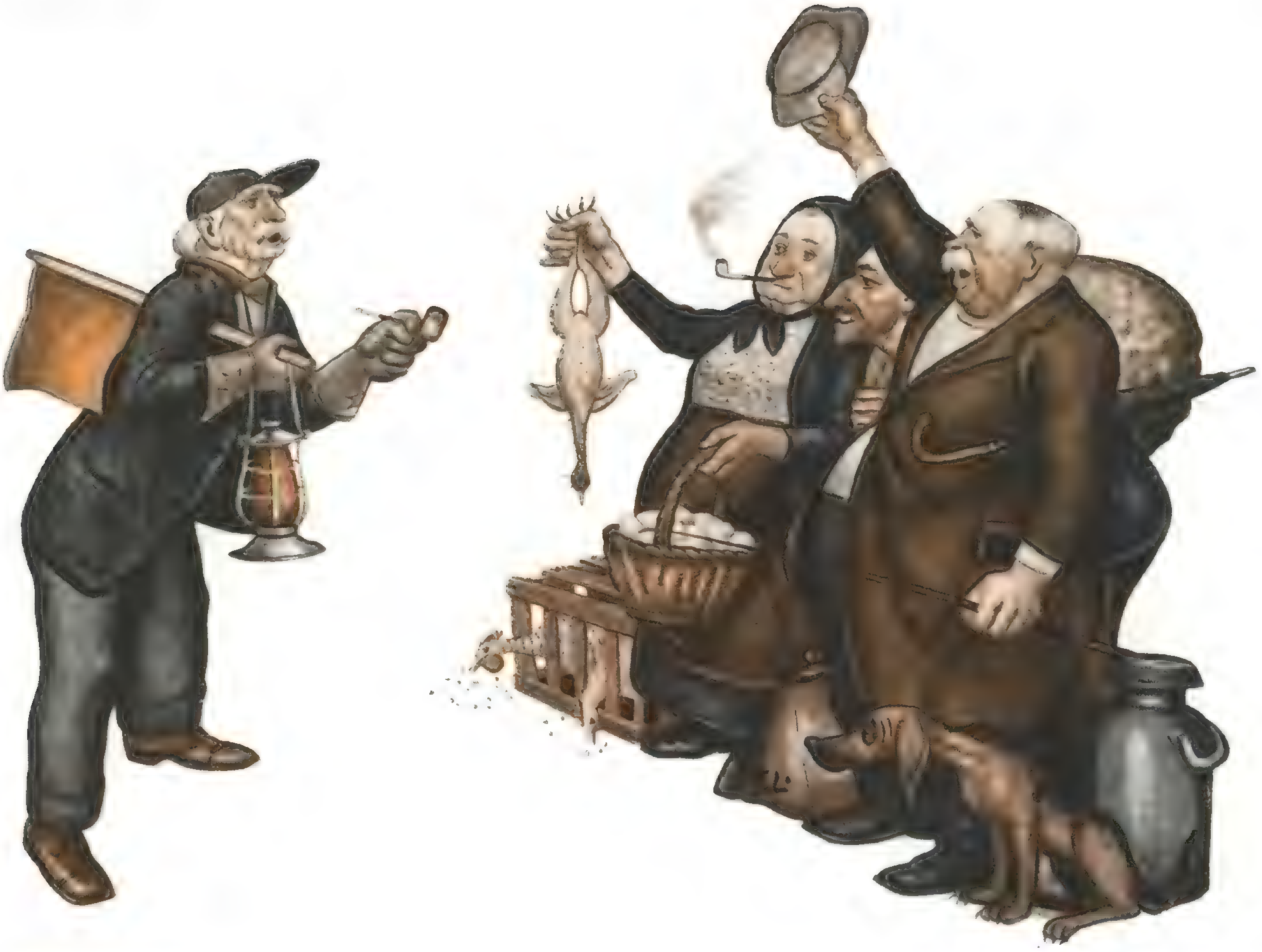
My Pa will tell you. He was taking me to school. I was a big shaver for the years on my head—for the seven springs and six autumns we'd had—for we start to school in Kentucky in July to save a coal bill in the country school—coal all around us too—coal in the high hills and the low hills under the shaggy tough-butted white oak roots—fire clay there too and that's why the E-K run wild over the hills for thirty-six miles—that's why we saw the big engine pulling seven coaches over the road just a snorting and a huffing and a puffing and sometimes on this seven coach train the engineer would reach his hand out and try to shake hands with the conductor who rode in the back coach. Oh, you couldn't quite do it you know but he just tried and the people would laugh. Once John Isom saw 'em do that. And John said he did and he said he hollered at 'em among all that noise: "Watch you don't break the train's ribs pulling stuff like that." He said he didn't think they heard him. That was all. Wind a blowing in the corn along the train—an autumn wind and apples falling from the apple trees. A body could see just loads of them in the Sandy bottoms. God but falltime along the E-K—Don't you remember—train huffing and puffing like a bull coming right out of a hole in the hill—eight of them big holes on thirty-six and one-half miles of track.

After I saw the E-K Pa used to say to me: "Son what do you want to do when you get to be a man—teach school, run a big store, run a big farm—Son, just what do you want to do?" And I says to Pa: "I want to be a man like Huey—sit up in that engine and pull the throttle and let 'er fly. Pa that's what I want to do. Want to have white hair like Huey too and let it fly to the wind when the engine rocks and I want my hair to be long and follow the wind like Huey's hair does when he's pulling that engine. I want to be an engineer."

Pa would look at me as if to say: "Engineer—huh—w'y the train is a ghost against the wind now—the big train—the C & O has come to the big valley and people don't come out to see the E-K pass like they used to come in for miles and watch it before there was another railroad around. The old E-K is a dead duck trying to swim. The old E-K is a goner—w'y I've worked on the section and don't you think I know a sick track? The E-K track is not only a sick track but it is a dead track." That is what Pa kept trying to say. But Huey stayed right on that track. Huey kept pulling the throttle and don't you know people rode that train. A lot of them said it was dangerous to ride it. But Huey said it was not. People believed Huey. People liked Huey for thirty-six miles—they all knew him and when they heard his whistle moan they would pull out their watches and get the time. One would say: "Here comes Huey. Set your watches. Never over thirty minutes off unless a tunnel fell in, or the cut caved in, or a tree fell across the track—a trestle fell in or a bridge washed out—" No, never, never—Huey at the throttle and that engine always rode the rails—over the two rusty streaks that run to the north to the Ohio River and to the south—Ah—let me see over the hills—no, under the hills—eight of them, people! And the bridges and trestles—ah let me see fifteen miles of them? No that is not right when there are eight miles under the ground or something near that. That would leave only thirteen miles of easy sailing track. The way you count it you add the holes in the ground plus the bridges and the trestles and subtract that from thirty-six and one-half miles of the old E-K. The lord knows I can count for I have been to school. When I used to go to school—I used to see Huey every morning. Just one place on the patch to school we saw Huey. We waited for him. Hid in the willows by the track and jumped out and waved our dinner buckets at Huey to surprise him. But he always had his eye on the spot where the willows were so he could wave at us and rare back at the throttle and laugh—don't think I don't remember how we used to quarrel over who was going to be like Huey. Walter Felch used to say he's going to be like Huey when he got to be a man—sit up in a train and ride and have everybody watching him pull at the throttle—never the brake—And I said I was going to be like Huey too and then he said only one of us could be like Huey. And I told him that Pa told me that Huey learnt a lot of the men that was out on the main line to pull a engine right on the old E-K. They tried to get Huey to go out and pull an engine there and he just laughed. He wouldn't leave where he'd been for years for no strange track. He wouldn't leave the people and the curves, the tunnels and the stores along the tracks. God no, he wouldn't leave all this and the bridges. Huey was in many a wreck but he never got a bone broke. He knew where to take it easy and where to take it fast. He'd been over the bumps and the bridges and in and out the holes under the hills enough until he ought to have known what was what along that track.

He knew the patches of sprouts along the track and the barns and the apple orchards. W'y Huey knew who owned the bulls along the road and who had in this patch of tobacco and that patch of cane. He knew all about the boys along the track. And you can just see honest Abe Johnson over there now in his corn knee-high to a grasshopper—without a shirt on his back plowing in the hot sun. That's the way Abe went most of the time. And he'd stop his mule and rest between the plow handles till Huey went by. He'd wave at Huey and holler and Huey would wave. And the wind would blow down the corn if it was a windy day along the Sandy bottoms. Smoke from the engine would blow back across the fields like a ribbon in the wind when sister Mary is running against the wind. Huey would just wave at everybody. W'y old Winston Leppor said he believed Huey could be elected President of the United States because he knowed so many people. Thirty-six miles long and God knows how many miles wide for the people used to come in to see the train—all the people knowed Huey.

"Good old days they used to be," said Grandpa, "good old days. Not back in the Rebellion. It was a bad time then to ride the train. But later on through the days of Grant, Garfield, and Hayes—w'y they's more butter and eggs and crates of chickens come in on that train then than you could shake a stick at if you stood and shook a stick all day. Train stopped at every station and loaded on chickens. Everybody raised chickens along the E-K. It was a chicken country. People had to have salt and soda and coffee for their tables I guess. Couldn't very well raise them here in Kentucky. Let the hens pay for them. And calico and per-



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

cale for dresses and silks and satins. Had to have some of them to go along for the well-dressed people and the girls getting married. Wasn't married at all unless she was married in a silk dress. Let the hens pay for that too. Well—you'd be surprised what a flock of hens can do in the spring and by grabs they don't do it—up and sell the hens and get you some that will do it. That's what Mom always done. Pa was always for giving the hens the second chance if they didn't do any good one spring. But Mom just give 'em one chance. She said that was enough when there were other hens just waiting for the chance. And she'd up and crate the old hens that perhaps didn't find any gravels for their craws Pa said—well gravels or no gravels—Mom just up and crated them and we hauled them to the station and waited for Huey. That's what we done with a bunch of lazy hens. And lord how mercy—you ought to have just seen the turkeys that come down that E-K in the fall. Lord how mercy—it was one more sight—it was a plum sight. John Anderson would pass and he'd say: 'If Huey don't quit hauling so many turkeys w'y people going to call him "Turkey" Huey.' Great loads of turkeys—a whole carload a day all through November and a bunch of wagons and them old fizzling automobiles at the other end of the track to get the loads—them old automobiles that scared the wits out 'n the people and made the horses break the tongues out of the wagons. Well, a lot of women had to quit driving the mules and horses after them things come into use. That's just exactly what happened. Who was going to run the risk getting a leg, arm, maybe a neck broke over them infernal automobiles! Big things waiting for the turkeys. Yes—and they'd haul them to the Produce House in Greenupsburg too—a town that never did grow much—has had about a thousand people since 1816. No place to build and when it did build baby by baby—w'y they always told me when a baby was born in Greenupsburg two men left the town. That's what I always heard. Pa told me and his Pa told him. But that's where the turkeys went. And a lot of people would just ride the train in to get to see a Darkie. Never had any back in the hills. They all live in town you know. And they'd drive them automobiles that hauled the turkeys. They all had the prettiest teeth—white as a hen egg laid by a white leghorn and just dropped in the nest. They'd sweat and lift the big crates of turkeys and the white men would just show 'em how to do it. They done the work. Honest to God they did. Smokey-Bill, Abe and Honest Jim and old Uncle Dick and all that bunch of Darkies. And you ought to hear them sing too. They just sung away and the turkeys would stick their necks out the crates and go 'plop—plop—kirt—kirt—kplop—kplop—kirt—kirt' and old Abe would laugh and show his big white set of teeth and say: 'You's goin to kplop when that ax am on your neck. That's what you am—turkey!' And he would laugh. Turkeys wanting back to green fields on the Sandy River—back among the hills where it had the big fields to run over—not just crowded in a little crate a sweating and sweating—a huffing and puffing like the engine that pulled them there. But let me tell you when the engine is going toward the north—it don't have to do much pulling the last fifteen miles of the way. It goes down hill—just nearly has to lock the wheels and it blows like a blowing viper snake all the time like 'sssssssssssss' and there's just a little stream of smoke that goes up from the stack. And in the winter that train always brought two carloads of coal from the mines in the low hills and they said on the other end of the track it hauled six or seven carloads from the Hammertight mines down to Grayson. Yessir—I've heard it but I never got to 'tother end of the E-K, more than twice or three times in my life. Just went there then to ride the train the first time and the next two times to see about some cattle. I know they hauled a lot of ties. Grandpa said when he was a young man it was a sight what they hauled down to Greenupsburg and there they took it on the Greyhound. That big boat that used to run on the river—and he said there's a lot of other boats that hauled from the E-K too. Huey could tell you. If Huey was here he could tell you a lot that happened in the half a hundred years he was a hold of that throttle. He could tell you about the cattle too they hauled in the fall and in the spring—two carloads of cattle a week—sometimes four and five and they always had four or five crates with bawling calves in them—veal

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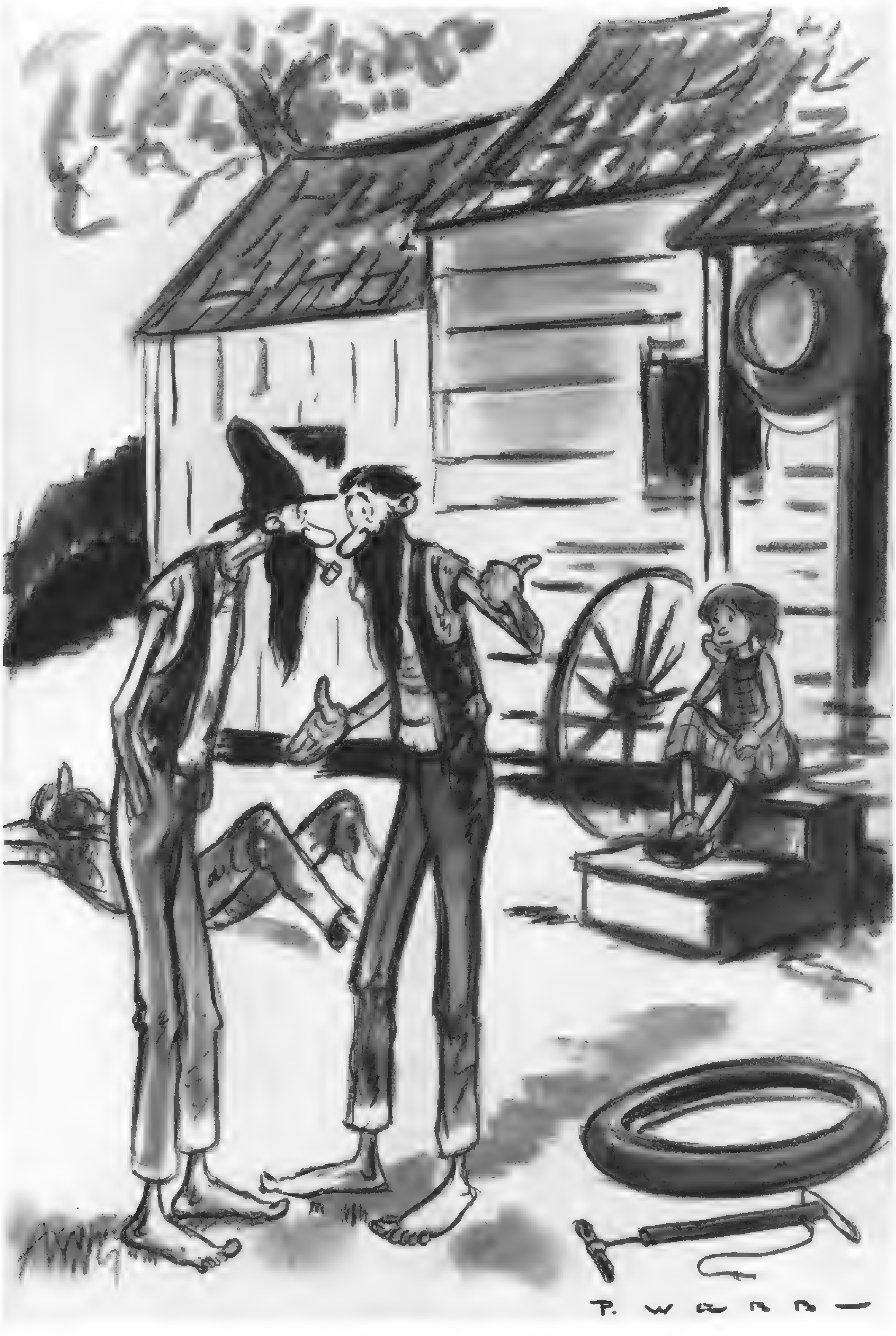


"Cousin Ruby May's turned twelve year old yesterday—Oncle Cad's worried fer fear she's goin' to be an old maid"

The Odyssey of a Bogeyman

It's amazing how the Great Powers tremble when Leon Trotsky and his little family plan to make a visit

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

• ARTICLE •

THE world has had bogeymen before that scared it half to death. There was Tamerlane, and Attila the Hun, and Genghis Khan. What hell raisers they were in their time! The trample of their armies shook the world. They dealt in pillage and rape, torture and massacre. They tore down cities and left a howling desert in their wake.

They were great bogeymen in their day, but not one of them had the stuff that Leon Trotsky has—Trotsky born Braunstein fifty-seven years ago, now a greying man of professorial aspect, with thick lenses and a goatee, who with no army, without a country even, has for seven years shaken the world in its shoes. In that time, the normal life span of a notorious itch, Trotsky has cast a pall over Europe. The mere rumor of his coming spread consternation. Official wires buzzed. Scissors-like, the ministers of states stalked about on worried errands. The cabinets of mighty nations trembled. Police raids filled the jails with suspected plotters, until Trotsky, in boat, train, or motor car had passed the frontier.

In a sense the odyssey of L. T. (his wife addresses him as if he were a Babbitt) has been one detour after another. He has been passed around the map gingerly as if he were dynamite or essence of cobra or a jar of typhus bacilli. Men disembark at docks, but Bolshevik Braunstein, by order of Star Chamber, Inner Court, or Military Council, is spirited off steamers in police boats. He is pried out of sealed sleeping cars at lonely jerkwater stations to be whisked across country at dead of night in police autos with drawn curtains. When his train stops at a platform a sanitary cordon of gendarmes springs out of the first, second, and third class cloakrooms to protect whatever it is that is so delicate and prevent a baleful breath from withering civilization.

Tamerlane without a horde, Genghis Khan with one wife, two secretaries, two servants and two couriers, Atilla whose partisan Huns mostly inhabit the world's political jails, Trotsky is the potential scourge of the planet, its No. 1 Bogeyman. This is one of the developments Karl Marx failed to predict. Had he foreseen it he might have expired in guffaws, rolling in the aisle of the British Museum Library amid the notes for *Das Kapital*, that bearded Santa Claus of the revolution who slipped the unwanted gift of communism down the world's chimneys.

I

Twenty years ago in November, 1917, the world first shook itself together to ask "Who is this Trotsky?" The answers were many and most of them wrong. He was the leader of an international Jewish gang bent on shattering society in the interests of Anti-Christ. He was a German agent conspiring with another oriental named Lenin to upset the war for democracy. A more realistic picture is that of Sholom Asch, the novelist, to whom Trotsky was an ex-journalist from the Bronx who fantastically enough had become Bolshevik premier. Over a cup of coffee in an East Side Bohemian hangout Asch would tell the story: "I am honored with the burden bequeathed me by the Russian premier. I must pay the $200 on the premier's furniture which he bought on the installment plan for his Bronx flat. His Excellency, answering the call of his country, left New York and me with a debt—which I had guaranteed."

Twenty years ago Trotsky had already been kicked out of many countries. At twenty-one, a mere revolutionary apprentice just out of an Odessa jail, he starts on the first leg of a strange thirty-six year odyssey compared with which the trip of Ulysses was a Mediterranean sight-seeing tour. Strictly speaking, it is a double odyssey—1901 to 1917 and 1928 to 1937.

They take him out of the Odessa jail to exile in Ust-Kut on the Lena River in far eastern Siberia. He escapes, takes part in the 1905 revolution, and on its collapse is re-exiled, this time for life. He steals his jailer's passport (and with it the name of Trotsky), appropriates sleigh and reindeer, and gees and mushes his way back to civilization over five hundred miles of snowy waste. While resting he writes a humorous book about it—*My Return Trip.*

So early it was evident that the man would leave his mark on something.

With the czarist police warm on his trail Trotsky moved across the border into Vienna. He plotted. But the other, the "civilized" gang, was plotting too, in France, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Russia. The result was world war which shoved Trotsky around from one country to another. The French, who had liked Trotsky in Germany, conceived a low opinion of him when they caught him peace-propaganda-izing the Russian troops bound for Verdun. They escorted him over the border into Spain, where the Spaniards locked him up, then moved him to a stronger lockup in Seville; and finally the country that shipped us the influenza germ sent Trotsky to New York. The United States received him. In 1917 the Brave New World was not yet as jittery as the old.

Trotsky was met at the dock not by Bomb Throwers Local No. 72 but by the Hebrew Sheltering and Aid Society. The New York *Times* in a four-inch story quaintly described him as a "follower of Karl Marx, the German Socialist." (How ancient those times seem!)

Revolution broke out in Russia; Trotsky responded to the call. At Halifax the British took him off the boat and interned him in a detention camp. After a while, tired of seeing him around, they shipped him.

In Russia Trotsky became foreign minister and war commissar, and the first half of the odyssey ends. An incident reveals him as clever as the original odyssey man, the Ulysses of the wooden horse trick. Two Russian revolutionists were interned by the British government. Trotsky remembered Halifax and demanded their release. England refused. Resorting to strategy, he appointed one of the prisoners ambassador to Great Britain and the other counselor to the embassy, thereby transforming a police-blotter case into a national incident. The detention of its ambassador, wrote Foreign Minister Trotsky to No. 10 Downing Street, would be regarded as an unfriendly act. They were released.

The world could no longer put Leon Davidovich in jail or kick him across borders. It did the next best thing. It *wished* him dead. Few men have been assassinated as often as Trotsky, who was bombed by Semi-Official Sources in Warsaw, poisoned by Responsible Circles in Bucharest, and shot by Well-Informed Quarters in Stockholm. In between assassinations he was Jailed according to "officials of the state department," Planning Flight according to "government and diplomatic sources," Already Fled according to "reports reaching here," At His Rope's End according to "keen observers," and legging it for the frontier with co-conspirator Lenin (with the czar's jewels in a handbag), according to "unimpeachable authorities" corroborated by "veterans of Bolshevist intrigue."

Assassinated, jailed, and scattered by the power of the press, "L.T." did not rest on his laurels. According to Persons High in the Confidence of the Kremlin, Trotsky recalled ruefully that journalistic ingenuity had failed to spin some good yarns about how he and Lenin, heading for the border in the caboose of a slow freight, had shot craps all

Continued on page 189

The King's Testimonial

When our literal-minded, missionary-eating little brown brothers start reading ads, let the seller beware

by WALTER BROOKS

• SATIRE •

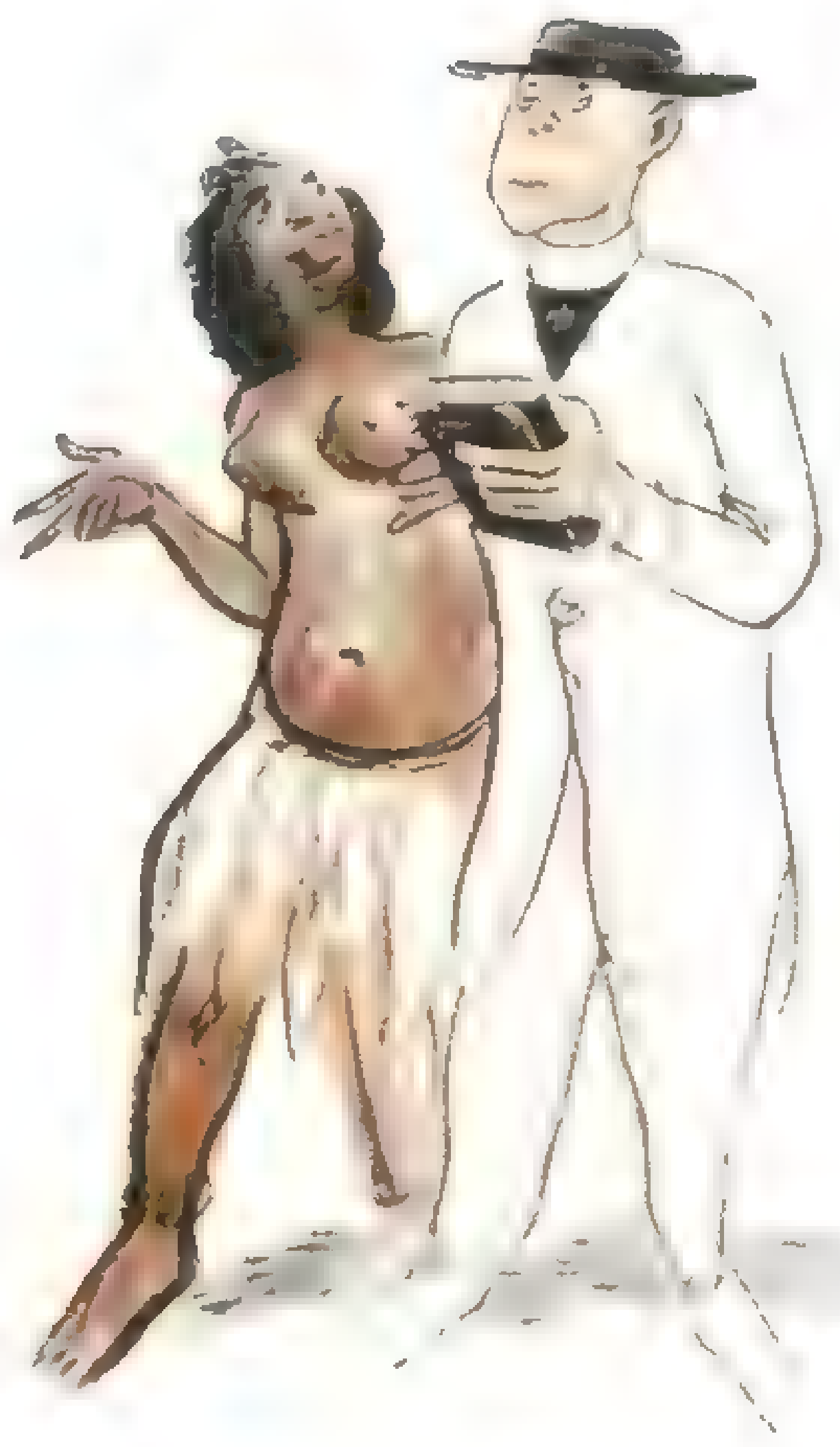
Once upon a time there was a South Sea trader named Mackintosh. He had a little schooner named the *Flora* and in it he plied to and fro and hither and yon among the islands and made a nice living and enough over for an occasional debauch. Once a year very regularly he came to the island of Nukahui which this story is about what happened there.

Well Mackintosh was always glad to get back to Nukahui first because the natives were excessively fond of peppermint lozenges which cost him about $7.50 a barrel wholesale and second because the native beer had a muzzle velocity approaching the speed of lightning. Also he had a wife there though there was nothing very novel about that. Still it was pleasant to see her standing waiting on the beach in her brief grass skirt surrounded with little Mackintoshes and a jar of beer under her arm. So year after year Mackintosh called in at Nukahui and then one year he dropped his hook inside the reef and not a native was on the beach to greet him. There was no music and no deputation and no hibiscus-wreathed dancers and no wife and no beer. There was nothing but one very small man in a black frock coat.

Looks like the missionary we dropped here last year, said Mr. Edgar Teddy the mate. It is said Mackintosh peering through his glass and there's not much to him so I suppose they haven't bothered to eat him. They'll not get another till they do said Mr. Teddy and laughed. For the Nukahuans practiced cannibalism in a small way—that is they never raided neighboring islands or put themselves out much but a plump missionary who could be knocked over without any fuss was no harder to dress than a pig and boiled with young taro shoots made a pleasant change from their usual pig-and-yam diet. Tough and stringy missionaries and missionaries who could do parlor tricks lasted longer than others but in the end they all went into the pot. Mackintosh had brought out seven or eight in the past fifteen years and their passage money made a pleasing addition to his income. He was a little disappointed to see the Reverend Mr. Gilmore on the beach.

Well he went ashore and he shook hands with Mr. Gilmore. What's wrong? he said. Where's old Kolanaki and the rest of the gang? Mr. Gilmore raised his hands to heaven and let them fall again. Alas brother he said all my work here has been brought to naught. For our brown brothers have fallen into grievous error. O cheer up reverend said Mackintosh the brown brother is always falling into error but he can be coaxed out again with a lump of sugar or a bottle of gin. Not this error said Mr. Gilmore frowning at the mention of gin which he had not tasted for a year. No brother for this is the great error of modern times. Won't swallow the Bible eh? said Mackintosh. It isn't that they don't believe anything that is written in the Bible said Mr. Gilmore it is that they do believe anything that is written in magazines. Magazines! said Mackintosh.

And then Mr. Gilmore told him that a few months ago a yacht had visited Nukahui and on leaving the owner had sent the king as a present a large bundle of American magazines. The advertisements had interested the simple natives immensely. At their request Mr. Gilmore had thought it no harm to translate the text under some of the pictures into Nukahui. Too late he realized his mistake. He had tried to stop but the king had ordered him under threat of death to continue. And the results would have sent an advertising man mad with joy. For fear greed and envy which it is the business of the advertising men to rouse in the public now filled the minds of the once happy and carefree Nukahuans. The king old Kolanaki was down with a bad case of traffic nerves complicated with pink toothbrush. His favorite wife had committed suicide because she feared she had Sahara skin and had lost her lip appeal. Acidity was rampant and the fear of offending with B.O. was so great that many natives ventured out only during a gale. Halitosis-conscious Nukahuans had taken to wearing little veils over their mouths when they appeared in public. And what was especially discouraging to the Reverend Mr. Gilmore as a result of a general armhole test the native women had all discarded the bright Mother Hubbards into which he had coaxed them although they had put on shoes for fear of contracting athlete's foot.



But the worst feature of the whole situation as Mr. Gilmore pointed out was the absence of the advertised goods. The impossibility of getting the lift that accompanies a Camel or of obtaining such necessities as dated coffee or the product so indispensable when nature forgets had reduced the natives to despair. Their hope said Mr. Gilmore was all in Mackintosh and what was he going to do about it?

Well it was going to reduce Mackintosh's profits considerably if he had to barter with trademarked goods instead of the inexpensive peppermint lozenge. So he went to see the king. Kolanaki was holding court. Mackintosh had to wait while he sentenced two subjects suspected of being carriers of athlete's foot. When the two criminals had been led away to the block Mackintosh shook hands with the king and squatted on the mat beside him. Look here Kolanaki he said what's all this nonsense? Do you mean to tell me he said that you take all this advertising stuff seriously? That's right the king grunted. True talk. True your grandmother said Mackintosh why it's all made up just to get you to buy things. Sure said Kolanaki I buy 'em. You bring 'em we trade. But I can't bring 'em said Mackintosh. Can't get 'em way out here. Besides he said I've brought a cargo of these to trade. And he pulled out a gaily colored box of peppermint lozenges.

But the king pushed them away. After some time he made Mackintosh understand that there was no stamp on the box showing that they were approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Then he pulled a lot of clipped advertisements from under his mat. Get these he said then we trade. O hell said Mackintosh. Look Kolanaki why I never heard of some of these things. Why I haven't ever used any of them myself. Sure said the king. What do you mean Sure? said Mackintosh and the king said maybe that's why. Then he grinned and pulled out a picture of a bright-toothed girl. Maybe so you use Blancodent he said you look like him.

Well Mackintosh argued but he didn't get anywhere. The king had been a push-over for indorsements and for pictures of satisfied users and he was as full of fears as a commuter. So finally Mackintosh gave up and he said OK king you win. I'll see what I can do. And then he thought he'd like to see his wife before he sailed and he said, Where's Oona? She too had very sick said the king. She got corn-on-the-cob smile. Good God! said Mackintosh and he went back to the *Flora*.

Well it was two months before Mackintosh made a port where he could buy any of the advertised goods desired by the Nukahuans but when he did he set about stocking up at once. He was in a store buying a couple dozen tubes of Blancodent toothpaste when a tall man obviously a tourist stepped up and said with a dazzling smile, Pardon me, but I noticed that you were buying quite a supply of Blancodent and as I am interested in the product I was wondering if there was some special reason for your using it if it is specially adapted to the climate or something like that? I expect it to do a lot for me said Mackintosh and he looked at the man and said, You say you are interested in it? I am George Pildrick advertising manager for Blancodent, said the man.

Well Mackintosh looked thoughtfully at Mr. Pildrick for a moment and then he said, Well that's interesting. And he said you have a wonderful set of teeth yourself sir. To tell you the truth, said Mr. Pildrick deprecatingly these are not my own teeth as no doubt you noticed but I hope they will not influence you against Blancodent. Certainly not said Mackintosh for no intelligent man would feel there was any connection and your teeth are your personal affair and have nothing to do with your business. But he said I think I may have something to tell you that will be of great interest and come have a drink with me.

So they went into the bar and had a couple of shots of the local venom and Mackintosh told Mr. Pildrick something about the Nukahuans and of their desire for nationally advertised products.

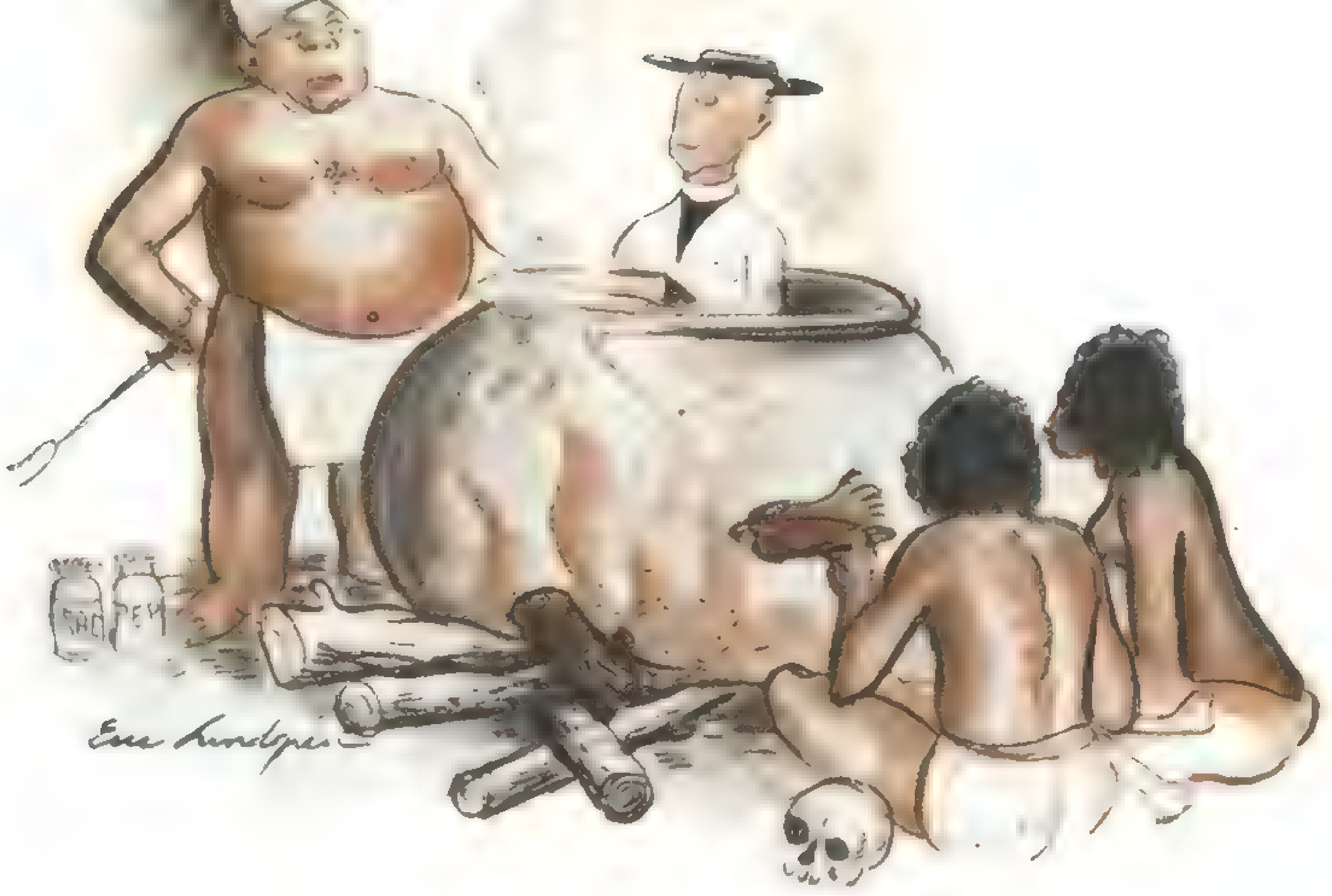
And it occurs to me he said that if you want a real bang-up testimonial there's one waiting right on your doorstep. The testimonial of a king he said. Think of that caption—the Dentrifice of Kings! The Dentrifice of a Nation for that matter. With old Kolanaki's photo grinning at you. He's got teeth like a shark and he'd sign anything for a bottle of gin. And luckily for Blancodent I'm sailing for Nukahui tonight.

Well it didn't take Mr. Pildrick long to make up his mind. He had his stuff shifted from the cruise steamer to the *Flora* and six weeks later he went ashore on Nukahui with Mackintosh.

They went up to see the king who rubbed noses with Mr. Pildrick and danced for joy when he heard who he was. A big feast was ordered for that night. And free toothbrushes and sample tubes of Blancodent were handed out to all the natives and the sound of the brushing was like the swishing roar of the waterfall that fell in a silver veil from the cliffs of Lona Pau.

While Pildrick was getting acquainted with some of the girls Mackintosh went back aboard the schooner and had a conference with Mr. Teddy and the cook and when he came ashore again he had a big basket of cakes for the party that night.

Well the feast started quietly enough and everything was very savage and ceremonious. Mackintosh had instructed Mr. Pildrick in the etiquette of such affairs and had particularly stressed the necessity for biting at once hungrily into any tidbit that was offered you. So Mr. Pildrick bit successively deep into a yam and a fritter of cocoanut and fish and a chunk of pork and then Mr. Teddy handed him one of the ship's cakes.



And Mr. Pildrick bit deep into it and his teeth stuck. For in the center of that particular cake Mackintosh had planted a large wad of well worked chewing gum.

Well they got Mr. Pildrick loose after a while but his teeth were still imbedded in the cake. And at that there was a terrible uproar.

The enraged Nukahuans mobbed Mr. Pildrick but the king leaped to his feet and shouted to his guards who rescued the impostor and brought him to the royal mat.

Then the king made a long speech in the old ceremonial language of Nukahui which Mackintosh did not understand. But he knew that it was only used in time of war or disaster and he was in little doubt of the king's intention though he nodded reassuringly to Mr. Pildrick for he felt that was the least he could do. Mr. Pildrick evidently recognized the seriousness of the situation and attempted an apology but his words without teeth to guide them only seemed to be performing a dreadful parody of the liquid speech of Nukahui.

Then the king made a gesture and the guards dragged Mr. Pildrick into the outer darkness where there was a sound of squabbling and then a sinister silence.

For a minute no one spoke and then the king sat down and pulled the sheaf of clippings from under his mat and tossed them into the fire and all the Nukahuans followed with the toothbrushes and paste.

And then he nodded to Mackintosh and said, You right.

Sure I was right said the trader and he brought out a box of peppermint lozenges from his pocket and passed them, and the king and all his chiefs solemnly took one.

And then the king said, You wait. Little while have big feast.

But Mackintosh had an idea about what the feast would be and he got up hurriedly and excused himself and said, See you in the morning. And he and his lot went back on board.

Until long after midnight Mackintosh and Mr. Teddy sat on the deck and watched the revelry on the beach. It was some revel.

In the excitement someone had thoughtlessly rapped the Reverend Mr. Gilmore on the conk and so they slid him into the pot too and there was more than enough for everybody and even the women and children who seldom got the breaks when the missionary was on the fire were able to boast in later years that they had once tasted *pot au feu* mission style.

And when in the morning the barrels of peppermint lozenges were rolled up the beach the natives were in no state to drive a hard bargain for a good dose of peppermint was just what they needed.

And Mackintosh was pretty pleased with the whole affair.

All this happened a long time ago. But still today advertising men on pleasure cruises shudder when they see the dark cone of Nukahui rise like a cloud from the empty horizon.

For up among the rafters of the dark palaver house on the island hang the gleaming false teeth which commemorate the only martyrdom in the annals of their profession.

But few advertising men care actually to visit that shrine. ⌗

Beliefs Across the Atlantic

Ain't it discouraging, after all the Y. M. C. A. and the visiting Elks have done to promote better understanding?

by LUIGI BARZINI, JR.

• ARTICLE •

What the average European believes about the United States deserves an investigation by the Department of State. Some of these bewildering bits of information must go back to the time of Giovanni da Verazzano's first trip to New York Bay, and probably invented by him, or to the time of Charles Dickens' horrified discovery of American real estate technique, like the hoary one that every Frenchman learns in elementary school, that "all Americans have some Indian blood in them." New ones pop up every month from nowhere. Their source is as secret as the origin of smoking room sagas. Some maintain a vague relation to reality and can be traced to the adventures of Nick Carter, detective stories and Wild West yarns, which have a great public on the Continent. Others are as industriously fanciful as Alice's travel experiences.

Nothing but an underground organization, spreading from the Urals to Gibraltar, whose members have sworn eternal enmity to the United States, for one reason or another, could make up these stories and broadcast them so thoroughly. Everybody, in the British Isles and on the Continent, swears by them. Writers collect them before compiling treatises on American Life and the Menace of Fordismus. Travelers who return to the love of their dear ones after a trip to the United States remember nothing else. Their tales deal with gangsters, divorces and millionaires with such unfaltering regularity that you suspect they spent all their time at the movies or listening to other Europeans.

Nothing seems to budge anyone from his convictions. Take the moss-covered idea that "America has no spiritual life," that "Americans are realists, materialists, unscrupulous money chasers, offering their eternal salvation to the highest bidding Mephisto."

It is one of the easiest to contradict and demolish. You point out that nowhere else in this world is so much money spent for charity, for scholarships, churches, symphony orchestras. Furthermore, you patiently explain, Americans are the only sentimental people left on the face of the earth: prizefighters greet their mothers over the radio, and champions always do things for the "wife and kiddies." People yearn for Romance, and problems like Can Real Friendship Exist Between a Man and a Woman? Or Is Physical Love Important? keep thousands of people awake at night. Newspapers dedicate one-half of their columns to Love in all its forms, from the Juicy Murder on the front page to the Advice to Lonesome Hearts. Americans really believe they can shape their destinies, improve themselves, make a success of their lives. They believe that War will be abolished and Peace reign supreme on earth. Listen to American songs, you tell them, made up of musical sighs. Look at American moving pictures. Read American magazines, proclaiming the bold theory that Nothing Can Stop the Course of True Love. Can those be the expressions of a country without a heart?—you ask them.

And do you convince your European friend? Do you see his convictions slowly crumble into dust? No. Ten minutes later he'll be telling somebody: "America, being as she is a country wholly dedicated to—what shall I say?—materialistic aims, cannot understand . . ." Does he ever convince himself of the simple truth that a French bourgeois, an Italian peasant or an Austrian count needs more shrewdness and realism to pilot his life in the intricate European milieu than an American banker to conduct his business in Wall Street? No. His strange hereditary beliefs are as solidly part of him as his name.

European misinformation about the United States would cover a good portion of the Manhattan and Bronx telephone book. We have gathered only some of the most important bits, including some of the latest ones, without attempting any comprehensive survey of the field. Here are some of the things Europeans believe about the United States:

That no American ever ate anything that did not come out of a tin can.

That most Americans live on the hundredth floor of a skyscraper.

That American women are difficult to seduce because they are self-centered, egotistical and really love only themselves.

That American women are easy to seduce because they abandon all ideas of ordinary morality when traveling.

That a war between Japan and the United States is inevitable in the near future. (This is a very old myth. Has been going steadily for the last thirty years and it is still as good as new.)

That one learns practically nothing in American colleges because football and flirtations take up all the time.

That street battles between cops and gangsters are so common that, after a while, you are not even disturbed in your sleep by fusillade and musketry reports. Cops invariably chase gangsters' cars at top speed pumping bullets into passers-by. Occasionally one sees a bullet-riddled corpse thrown out of a passing car. Nobody pays much attention.

That America fought Spain to conquer Cuba.

That America has no art.

That no American woman knows how to cook, and that, if she knew, she'd only waste her time because nobody understands good cooking, anyway.

That the only wine drunk by Americans is champagne.

That American automobiles are so cheap that it doesn't pay to have them repaired. One throws them away, as one throws an old newspaper. The cost of a general overhaul is usually higher than the price of a new car.

That American newspapers are filled with picturesque lies.

That, when they arrive in Venice, Americans really believe the town is flooded.

That Americans love work above everything else. That they would much rather work than loaf, read, fish or swim. That if they have no work to do they become unhappy and restless.

That American boys are chaste until their marriage.

That there is Indian blood in most Americans.

That American husbands are glad to slave in the offices to provide their wives with

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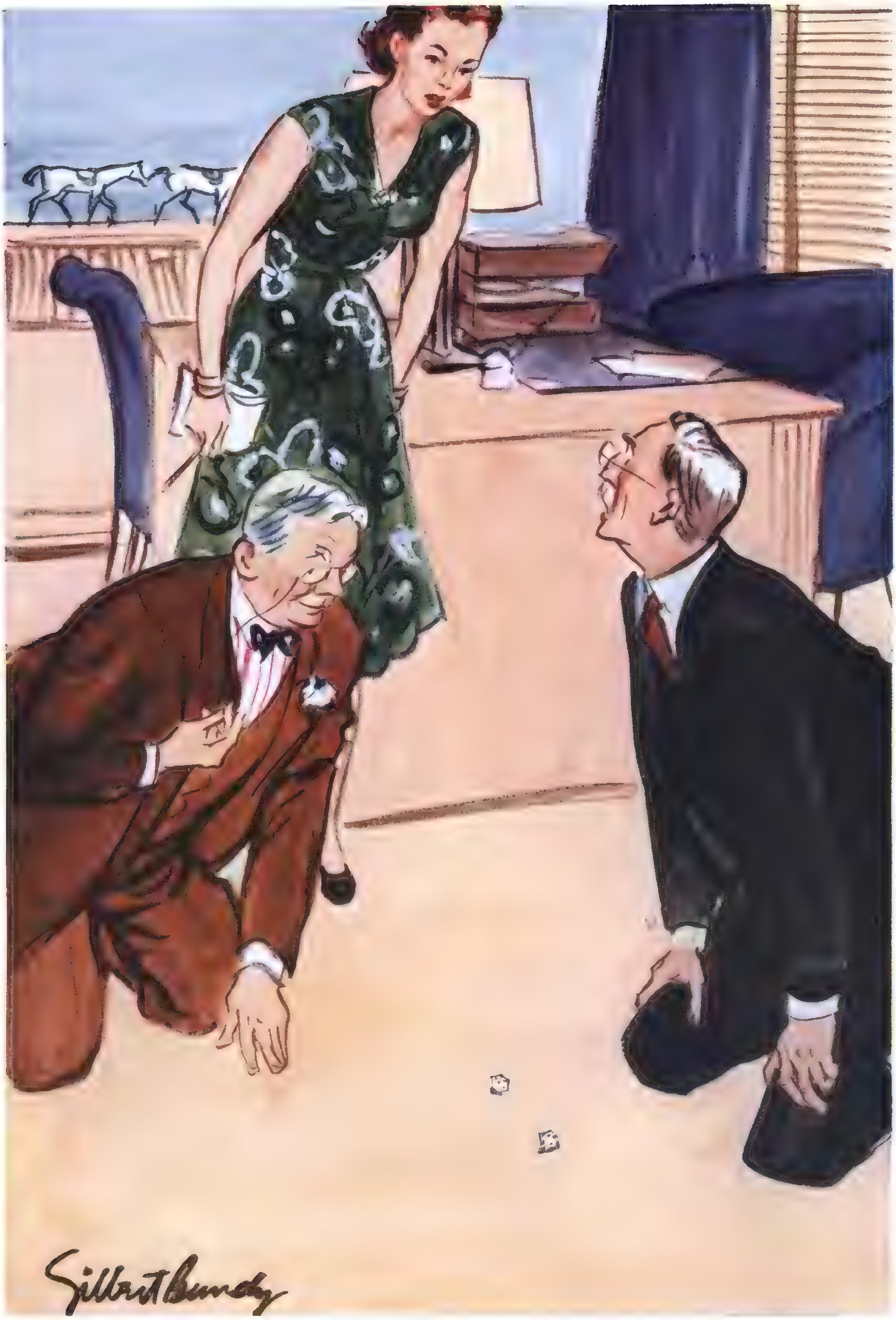
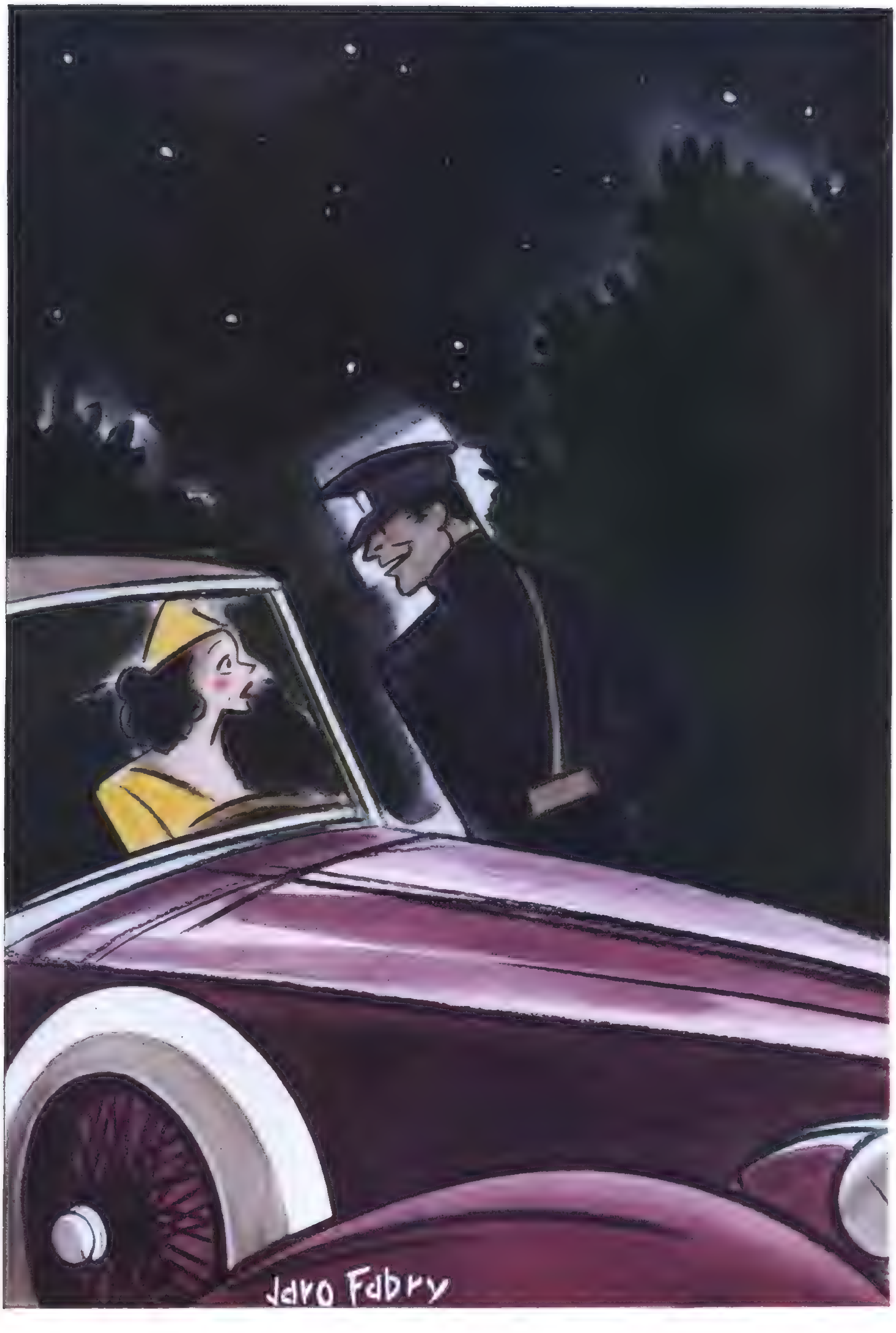


Gilbert Bundy

"Well, Miss Nixon—you're Mr. Bidwell's secretary now"



"Giving you a ticket would be the usual procedure—but I'm open to suggestion"

The Road from Santa Ines

A space of thirty years was all that stood between the rebel and the dying general

by W. A. BREYFOGLE

• FICTION •

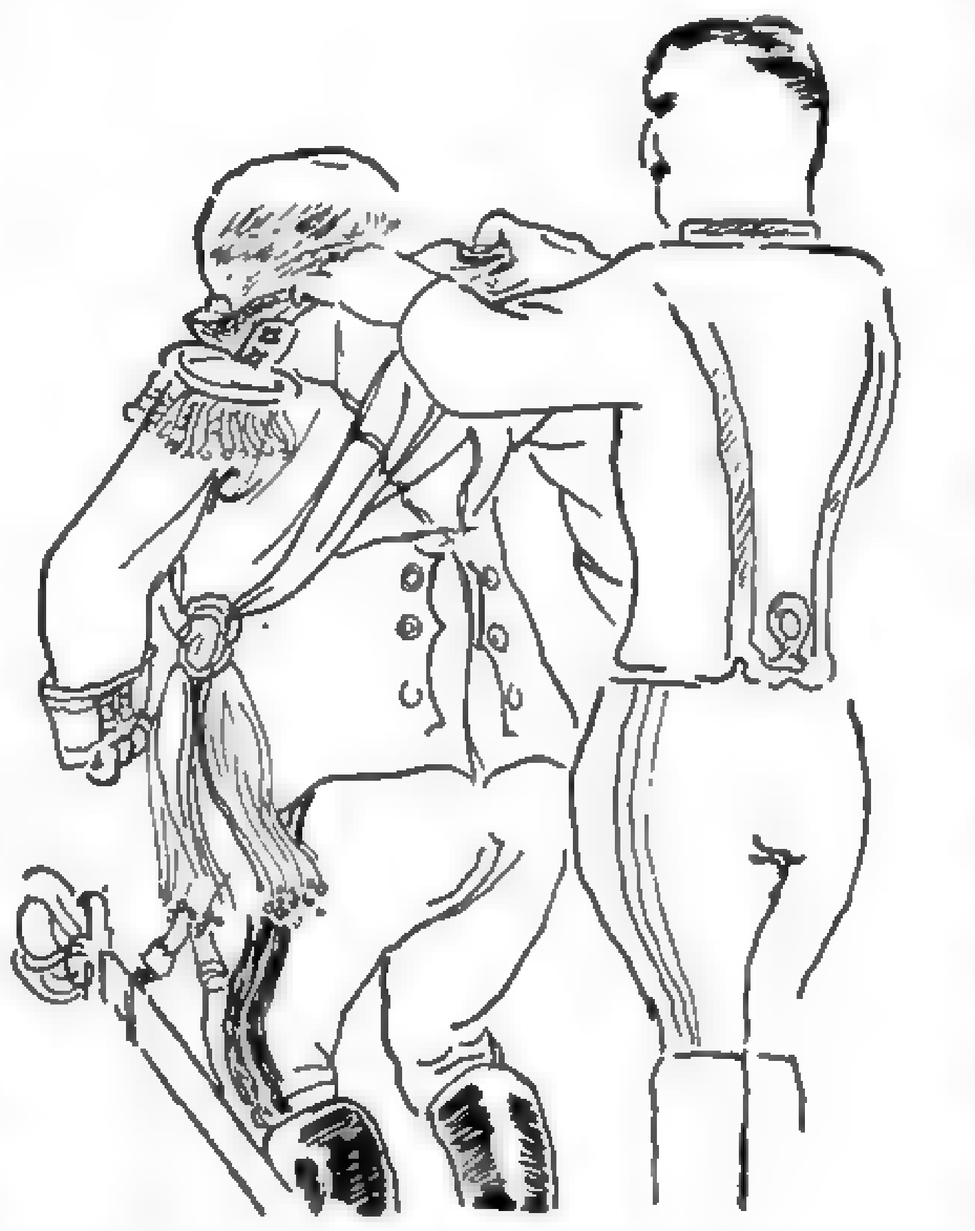
ALTAMIRA attacked suddenly and by night. That was in the best tradition of the country's uprisings, a tradition illustrated by General Ravol himself as a younger man. And, again in tradition, Altamira's attack was wholly successful. The broken garrison of Santa Ines fell back in confusion upon Las Palmas, where Colonel Roquelos was asking the capital for orders. There, at present, the revolt rested.

"Altamira! Altamira and Santa Ines! I was a man grown when Altamira was a child at the breast. They tell me he has taken Santa Ines. But that city and that province were mine before he could walk alone. They are mine still, when I choose to take them! When I left them, to make the whole country mine, was it by Altamira's leave?"

The rasping voice fell silent. General Ravol was painfully short of breath. It was anything but reassuring to listen to him. He could not, or would not, bring his mind up from thirty years ago to the urgent problem of today. Altamira had no better ally than the old man's vanity. It drove General Ravol to waste precious time in boasting that imposed upon none of his listeners. Against the evidence of the facts, he insisted that Altamira was nothing but an upstart, that the rising held no threat to his own rule. Let the police attend to it! From week to week Altamira's strength grew, while General Ravol caught his short breath and talked of a state of things that had been true once and was true no longer.

He convinced no one, unless it was Juan, his Negro body-servant. And yet, when the Negro helped him out of his chair, when he left them, to go to bed, their eyes followed him. If only from the habit of years, they still looked to him for orders. Weak he might be now, but once he had been the strongest of the strong.

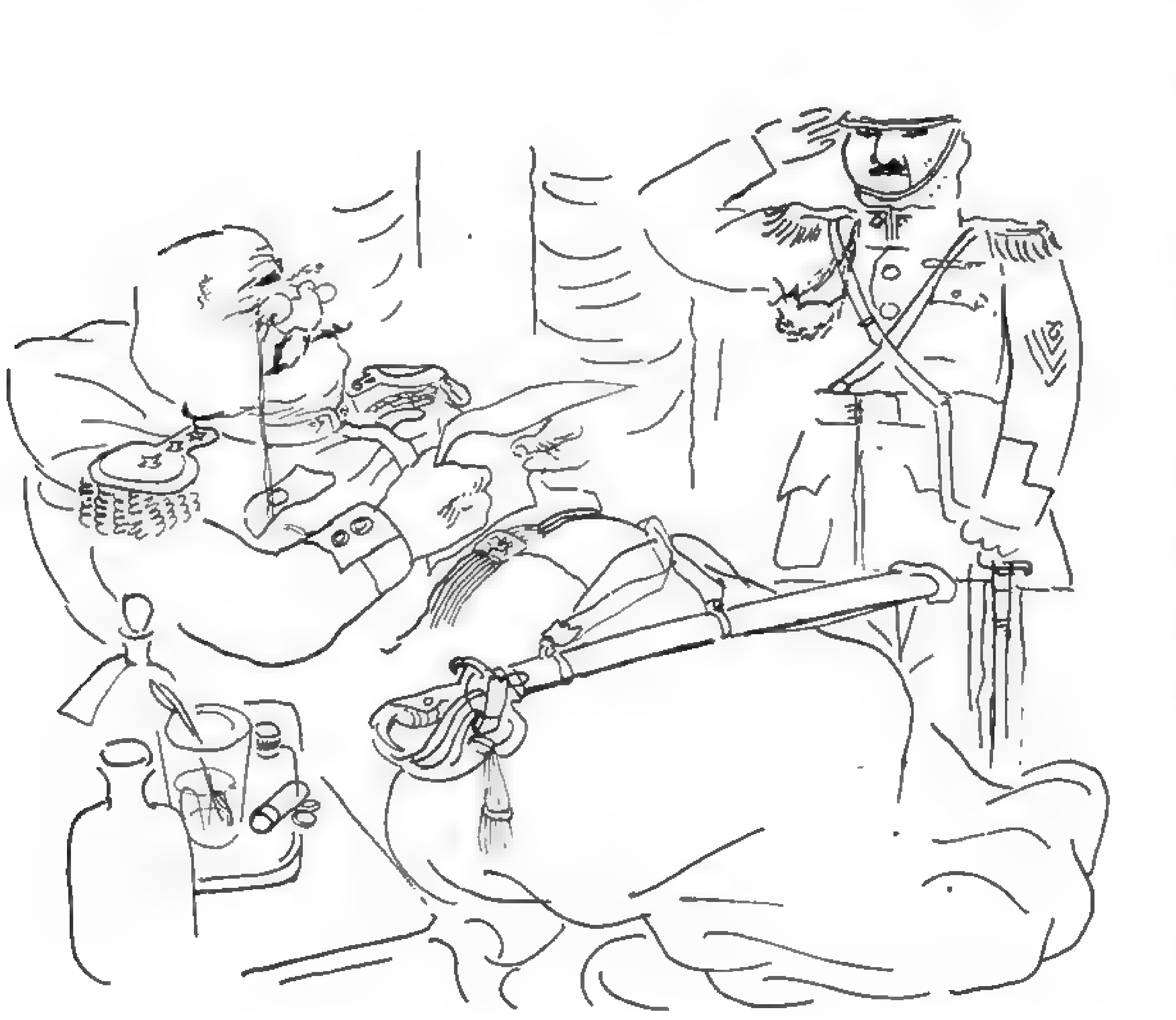
It was easy to anticipate what the larger foreign newspapers would say in their notices of General Ravol when he came to die. That for thirty years he held his country in the hollow of his own hand; that even for Latin America, the dictatorship he established was as tight and perfect as any in history; that only the obscurity of the country prevented his achievement from being recognized, whether for blame or for praise, as it deserved. They would remark that, at the height of his power, his lowly beginnings were still apparent. He was always a man of the people, close-lipped and a keeper of his own counsel. With no formal education whatever, his record of victories in the field pointed to a natural genius for warfare. Lastly, it had to be observed that he was never popular, that he relied only upon force to keep his place. After he made himself dictator, he had no intimates.



In the streets below General Ravol's palace the crowds moved slowly that night, but they went on moving. The cafés were deserted but the capital stayed up late and the police went about in pairs. All evening, until the last strollers went home, the talk in the crowded streets was of two men and one place.

General Ravol and Felix Altamira were the men and the place, of no great importance in itself, was Santa Ines. It lay on the edge of the foothills, a long way off.

The very perfection of General Ravol's rule was in Altamira's favor. All hostile opinion had been driven underground and, with no check upon them, the rumors throve and spread. Santa Ines and the whole province it commanded were in Altamira's hands. A government force from Las Palmas had captured Santa Ines and Altamira was in flight. Altamira had beaten off an attack and was marching on the capital. It was General Ravol who was preparing to flee. General Ravol was dying. Cunaviche, the Prefect of Police, had seized power. The talk was as wild as it was uninformed. But behind all the conflicting reports, this much was true: a victory at Santa Ines would deliver the country into Altamira's hands. The time was ripe for that. If the lights burning all night long in his palace meant anything, General Ravol knew his danger.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

But the fact was, General Ravol was asleep. The lights visible in the city burned in the halls and anterooms and in his secretary's office. If the General's sleep was broken it was not because of anxiety but because he was sick. There was that much foundation for the rumor of his death. For a month he had suffered with dropsy. At his age, it was serious enough, and a hundredfold more serious because of the restless mood of the country than it would have been at another time. More alarming than the bodily symptoms was the change in his lifelong habits. He grew very garrulous, boastful. The iron endurance of former times gave way, too. It was not like General Ravol, nicknamed the Owl, to sleep on such a night as this.

John Franks, his secretary, was far from sleep, and not only because the day had left no time for all the matters that claimed his attention. Major Buenseda, the aide-de-camp, was as bad, and Buenseda had nothing to do but wait. They had the vast room to themselves. Through the open windows the uneasy mutter and stir of the city came up to them, vague and distant and alarming. Anything might happen, Franks told himself.

He brought his mind back grimly to the question of an oil-concession before him. It would make the fortunes of the concessionaires, foreigners, and enrich General Ravol and his secretary at the same time. But Franks pushed the papers away. That, like everything else, was being settled at Santa Ines, had been settled before now, more than likely. The concession might well be Altamira's gift instead of the General's.

Buenseda started from his chair and walked up and down the room, as if movement dulled his anxiety. "How can he sleep? Why don't we get some word, even if everything's lost? The fighting must be over long ago."

"Word has to come by courier. It's a long way."

"Are you to waken the General if a courier comes?"

"No. He'll see dispatches in the morning."

Continued in center of page 178

Railroads on the Floor

Don't scoff, because you too may prove to be a sap for model electric trains

by TYLER TURNER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The night was cold, despite the feeble efforts of an oil stove and my pipe which I kept incessantly relighting. Outside, the wind howled a sullen monotone. Before me one red and three green lights shone valiantly through the gloom. To my right and left tracks stretched out into space. Number 29, the fast freight, had just gone. The red light went out and a fourth green appeared, which meant that 29 had reached Larabee, the next division to my own. Though alone for the length of my domain, I felt no inclination to relax or rest. One is not alone long in an operator's shack even in the dead of night, and the telephone at my elbow soon imperiously demanded attention.

"Atlas," I said raising the receiver.

"Taylor at Sackville."

"Yes?"

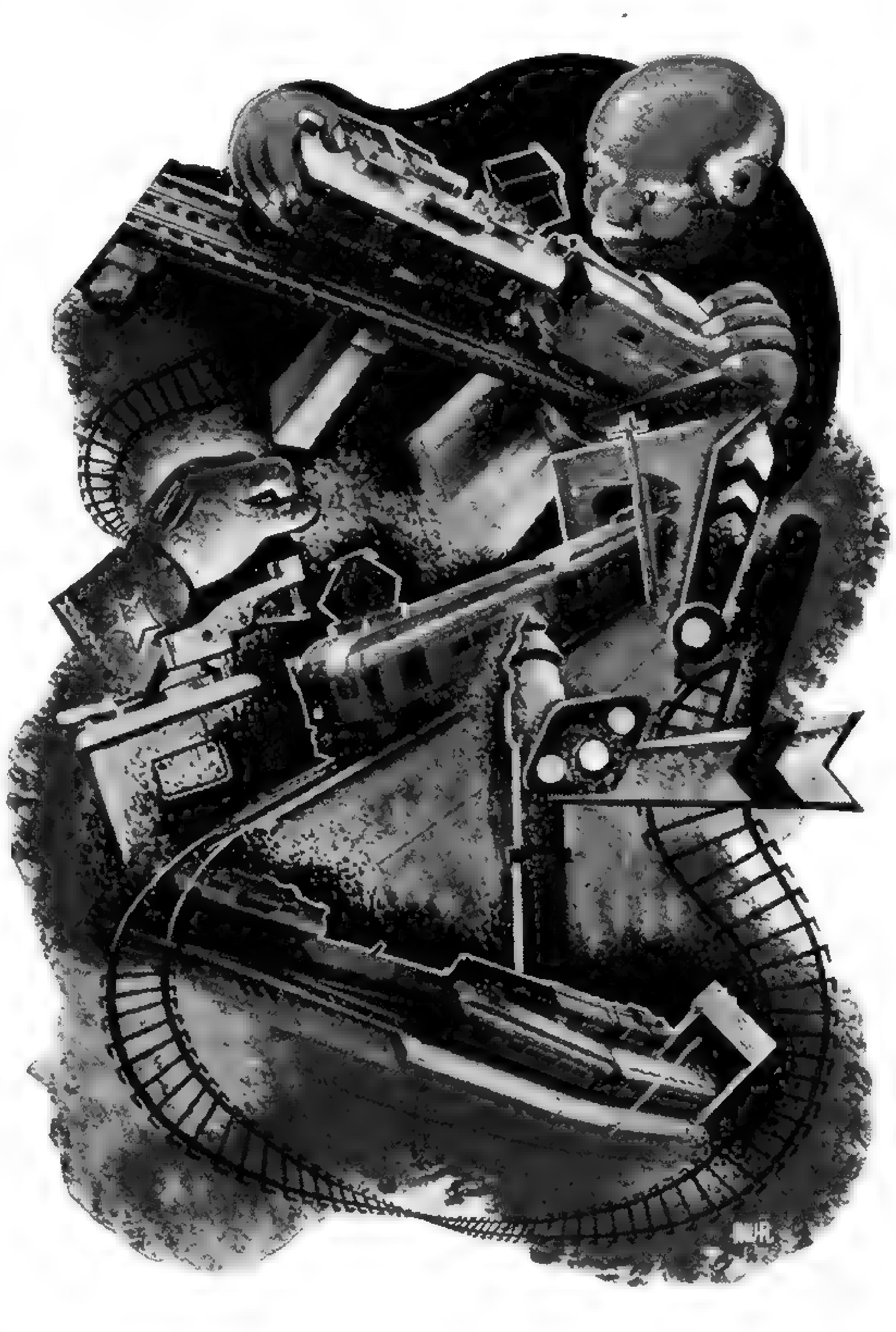
"Put 34 in the hole for 67, and for God's sake act quick. 67 got away from here before I could drop the board for her, and is going like the hammers of hell."

"All right," I said. "It's lucky this line is remote controlled."

"Let me know what happens."

"Nothing can happen except a delay to 67. 34 has plenty of time." I hung up, pressed the passing track switch for 34, put a red at the end of the siding, lined the other end for the main, and set the necessary signals to prevent 67, the road's new streamlined wonder, from flying head on into 34, a way freight which was to have passed 67 one station further on.

Ever since childhood I had watched dreadnaughts of the rails thunder through the night and had hoped for the day when I might have some hand in their operation. The track before me was of only 1¼-inch gauge, the trains a few feet long, and the operator who had called in such feverish concern for the safety of 67 was in actual distance about twenty-five feet away. But I did not see him; he did not see me; the trains were real enough though small, and the emergency no less insistent than if we had been twenty-five miles apart on the high iron of a real transcontinental railroad instead of in the attic of a mutual friend. Fate had destined us for other than railroad jobs, but in the hours after duller routine we realized in miniature our youthful ambitions. Like thousands of others, we were model railroaders, ardent devotees of America's newest hobby.



The model train of today bears little resemblance to the cast iron toy of twenty years ago. No longer need the operator sit uncomfortably on his haunches and wind up the engine for a few precious seconds of amusement while it scatters around a small oval of tin track. It is run by electricity, remote-controlled, guided through mazes of main and terminal track, stopped or started at will, with its speed and destination accurately governed from signal "towers" no less efficient than those of its prototypes. Switches, signals, cross overs, all are accurately reproduced in miniature, even to scale model tracks, ties and rock ballast. Many a model manufacturer has baffled his prospects with photographs of his product enlarged to the comparative size of the real thing, and Hollywood has little difficulty in simulating with it scenes of wrecks, races or other railroad situations which would be more costly to effect on the real thing. Most model activities take the form of regularly organized model roads, proudly bearing such names as *Passaic Valley*, *Maxime Southern*, or *Overland Central*. In at least one case a defunct prototype survives only in miniature. This is the *North Jersey Rapid Transit*, an outdoor ½ inch scale model interurban road of E. Jay Quinby of Yonkers. Most of the roads have their own personnel, trainmasters, dispatchers, operators, and superintendents who either hold office *in perpetuum* or alternate their duties. No haphazard routing of traffic is permitted on the larger systems, but all the usual formalities are rigidly observed: the train "consist" (contents in cars) is prepared in advance, sent to the trainmaster who collects them in the yards into a train. It is timed to a prearranged operating schedule, leaves the yards at the right moment, and continues on "the card" as far as possible. If delayed it is sidetracked while that behind it proceeds, and if possible to regain its original schedule it is given "rights" over its predecessor at some convenient siding. Regular "seniority" among trains of different classes is observed. Thus, on most roads, passengers have right over freight (infrequently, *vice versa*). One direction on a single-track route has precedence over the other. An operator caught sending an inferior train into the face of one that has "rights" is disciplined as on a regular road by the award of "brownies," or demerits. While they do not carry in model railroading the threat of discharge as on the standard road, the humiliation caused by jeering companions is felt. In the case of wrecks, the damage is not infrequently in proportion. Models as made today are scarcely less complicated than the originals, and when they meet head on at good speed the repairs run into money or considerable time, if the road has its own shop which is usually the case.

In the full-sized model system the operators have their own posts or "towers" from each of which a division is controlled. A terminal will be run by one operator, or a long stretch of main line. Before him on his tower board are switches, buttons and lights which operate the track current to run the trains, the track switches to route them, and the latter to indicate the presence or absence of trains in the blocks under his control. In some cases the trains are dispatched by regular Morse code, over miniature telegraph systems, but more often by telephone or shouted orders. It is of course unnecessary to say that cars are never moved by hand except in the gravest emergencies. Even in switching, shunting and coupling, regular locomotive power is used.

The adventure of model operation is no less complete than the real thing if we exempt weather, size and human life. Aside from them, as many problems arise, as much ingenuity may be used, and far quicker thinking is required. Decisions which may be made in many minutes are focused down to a few seconds and the consequences of blundering may be a wreck or a tie-up of the system either of which brings disciplinary

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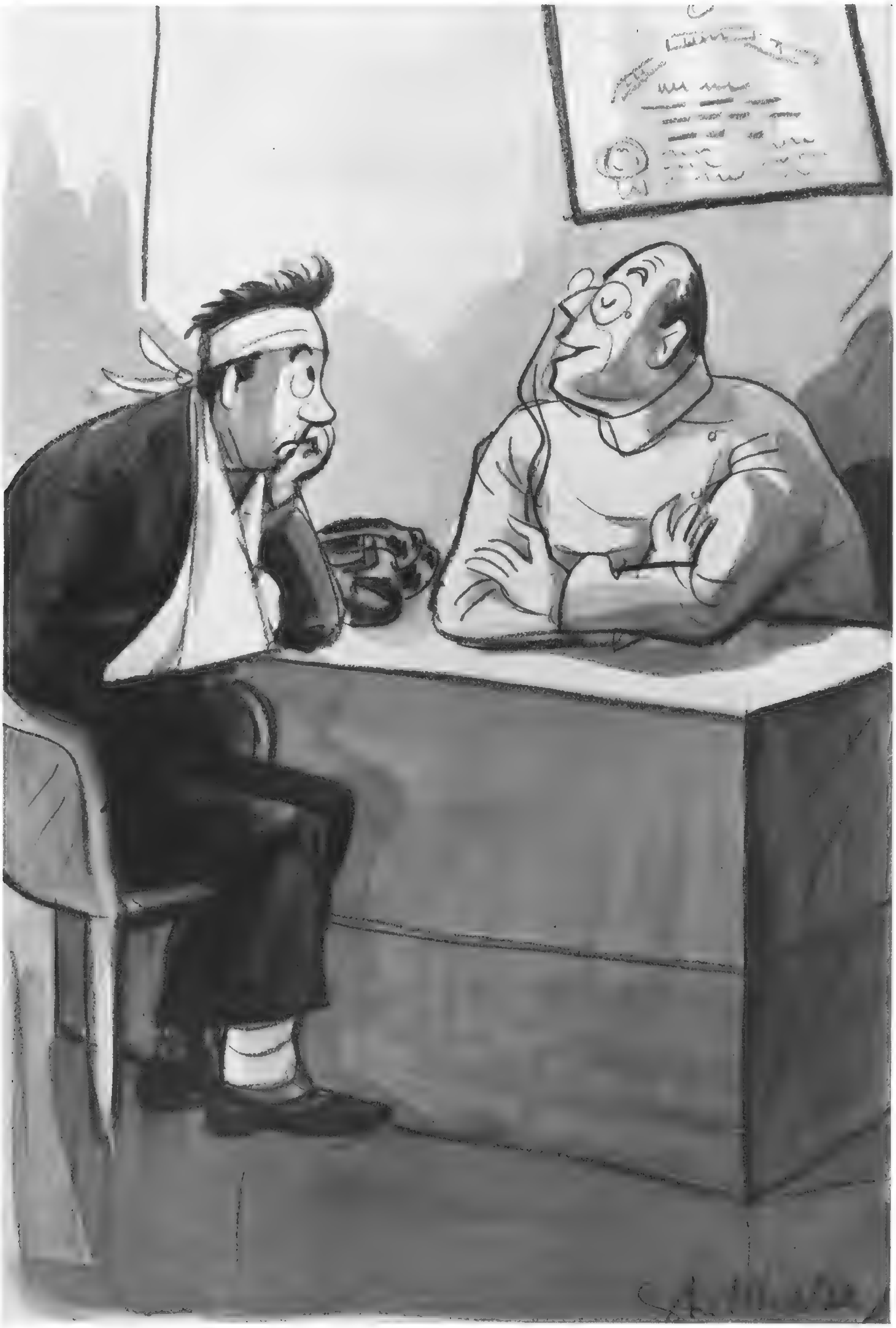


"Did it ever occur to you that you might be imagining you have pains?"

The Eight Mistresses

Barca was such an uncommonly clever fellow that he won the admiration of The Very Devil

by JEAN HROLDA

▪ FICTION ▪

Barca was a clever man, diabolically clever. That accounted for his financial failure. There was really no other possible reason, for he was born of wealthy parents and possessed a host of friends. The attitude of these typical wealthy friends is best explained by an anecdote:

Mrs. Pete Miller, wife of the Napoleon of Florida real estate, who had been fond of Barca ever since a certain memorable incident, one night spoke about him to her husband.

"Dear," she said, "don't you think Barca is a clever man?" Mr. Pete Miller nodded emphatically. "Cleverest man I know. A likable chap, too."

Mrs. Pete Miller sighed. "Lover," she said, "he's gone through all his money and is getting fearfully broke. Why don't you take him into business with you? I know—"

"Not a chance!" snorted Mr. Pete Miller. "Why, if I took him in as an office boy, he'd own the business in three months and probably my wife too!" Mrs. Pete Miller blushed for the first time in fifteen years.

"But lover—" she said.

"We'll let it go at that," he said.

They let it go at that.

You see? It doesn't do to be too clever. Taking Barca as the classic example, since he was so much more clever than you or I, he was unsuccessful because people knew his brilliance and feared him. Take warning in time, young man, and stop studying Salvator Dali.

And so Barca, an outstandingly clever man, found himself with his inherited two million almost spent, and with no prospects of renewing it. In desperation, after twenty rebuffs by close friends, he thought of going to John Plutus, the international banker, who was rumored to be in league with The Devil Himself. Almost neglecting, in his haste, to purchase his morning gardenia, Barca hurried to the office of the financier.

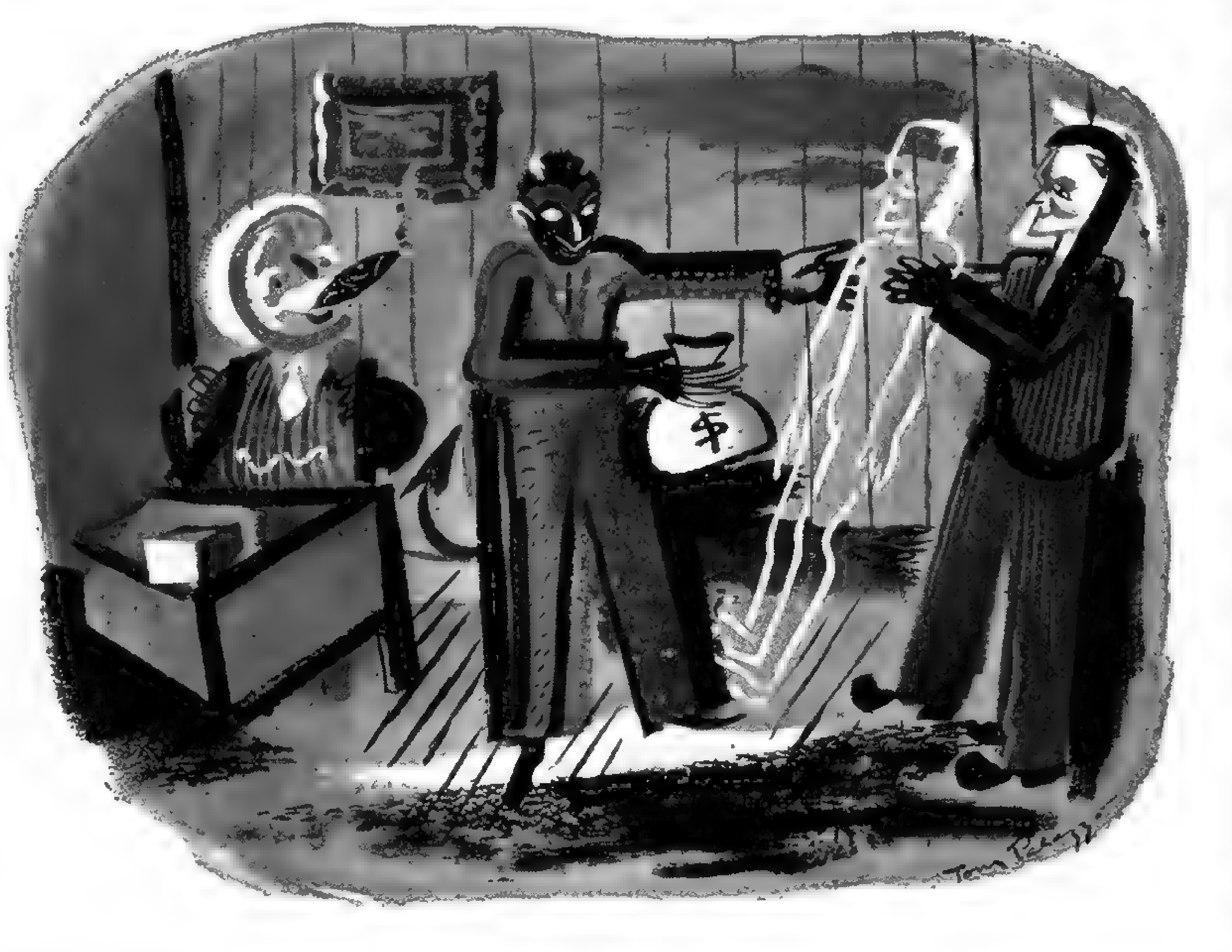
There was, of course, no question about admitting a man of his standing, and he was immediately ushered in to see Plutus, in that famous small and barren room through which more than half the money of the world was supposed to have passed.

When the customary formalities had been exchanged, and Barca had gracefully accepted a cigar, he leaned back easily in his chair and said, "I should like to arrange a loan."

"I'd be delighted," said Plutus. "What did you think of putting up as security?"

Barca smiled sardonically. "My soul."

Plutus betrayed no surprise. "Oh," he said. "You realize, of course, that your soul means nothing to me. However, I have a client who is interested in the odd things." He rose to indicate that the interview was over. "If you can be here at seven this evening," he said, "my client will be here then, and you can talk it over with him."



Promptly at seven, Barca was shown once more into that famous office where he found Plutus and his client. The client did not look at all like the Devil. In fact, he seemed more like Barca himself, except that the complexion was darker, and, yes, there was a faint odor of brimstone about. Barca caught himself sniffing, and immediately pretended that he had a cold.

"I understand that you are in need of money," said the client who had been introduced as Mr. Satin.

"It's not really as bad as all that," replied Barca. "I have had several offers from large corporations, but work bores me, and I prefer to mortgage my soul."

"According to what I have heard of you, though," said Mr. Satin, "I shall get your soul anyhow, sooner or later. It really wouldn't be worth any outlay in that case, would it?" and he smiled pleasantly.

"But you see," replied Barca, just as pleasantly, "I have a great deal of mystic in me, and am liable to take orders and enter a monastery at any moment. In fact," he continued, "if I should not manage to mortgage my soul and enjoy this life, I shall certainly save it and enjoy the other."

Mr. Satin saw that Barca was a clever opponent, and wasted no more time. "I shall let you have all the money you need," he said, "as long as your mistress—I presume you have a mistress?"

Barca smiled assent.

"—then as long as your mistress remains faithful to you. When she once deceives you, your soul belongs to me."

"Come now," said Barca. "You take me for a fool. For a life as long as the faithfulness of a mistress, I would not give two cents, and certainly not my immortal soul."

"I see you are a man of the world," said Mr. Satin. "Very well. You may have five mistresses."

"Ten is my lowest figure," said Barca.

The affair was settled at eight.

As soon as the contracts in duplicate had been signed by both parties, Mr. Satin took from his pocket a small teakwood box, uncarved, which he gave to Barca.

"Always keep this box with you," he said. "When a mistress is unfaithful, it will make a noise like a horse laughing. In that way you will know."

"But," objected Barca, "I have never heard a horse laugh. I am not certain I should recognize it."

"You will recognize it," said Mr. Satin, and Barca was forced to acknowledge the truth of his words, for just then the box made a noise and it was undoubtedly a horse laughing.

"Your first mistress has been untrue," said Plutus' client.

Barca sighed. "It was to be expected," he said. "I have never mistreated her." He rose to go. "I suppose," he suggested, "that you can get me some money soon?"

Mr. Satin nodded. "An unlimited account has already been opened for you, at this bank."

Barca smiled approvingly. "How efficient," he said. "Let me have ten thousand, then, will you?" turning to Plutus.

A package was handed to him in silence. He tore off the paper wrapper and put the bills into his wallet without counting them. Then, after a final leave taking, he departed.

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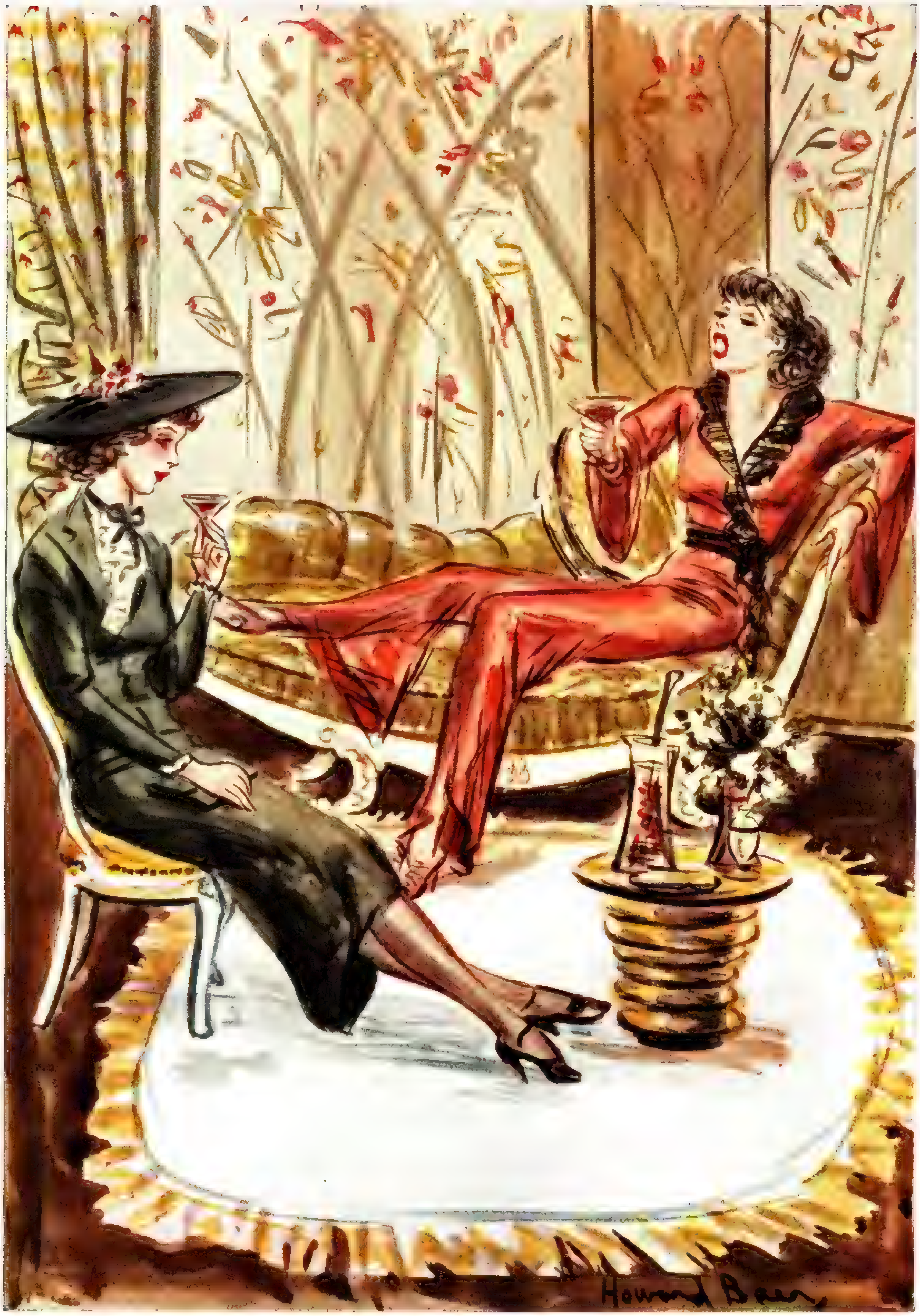
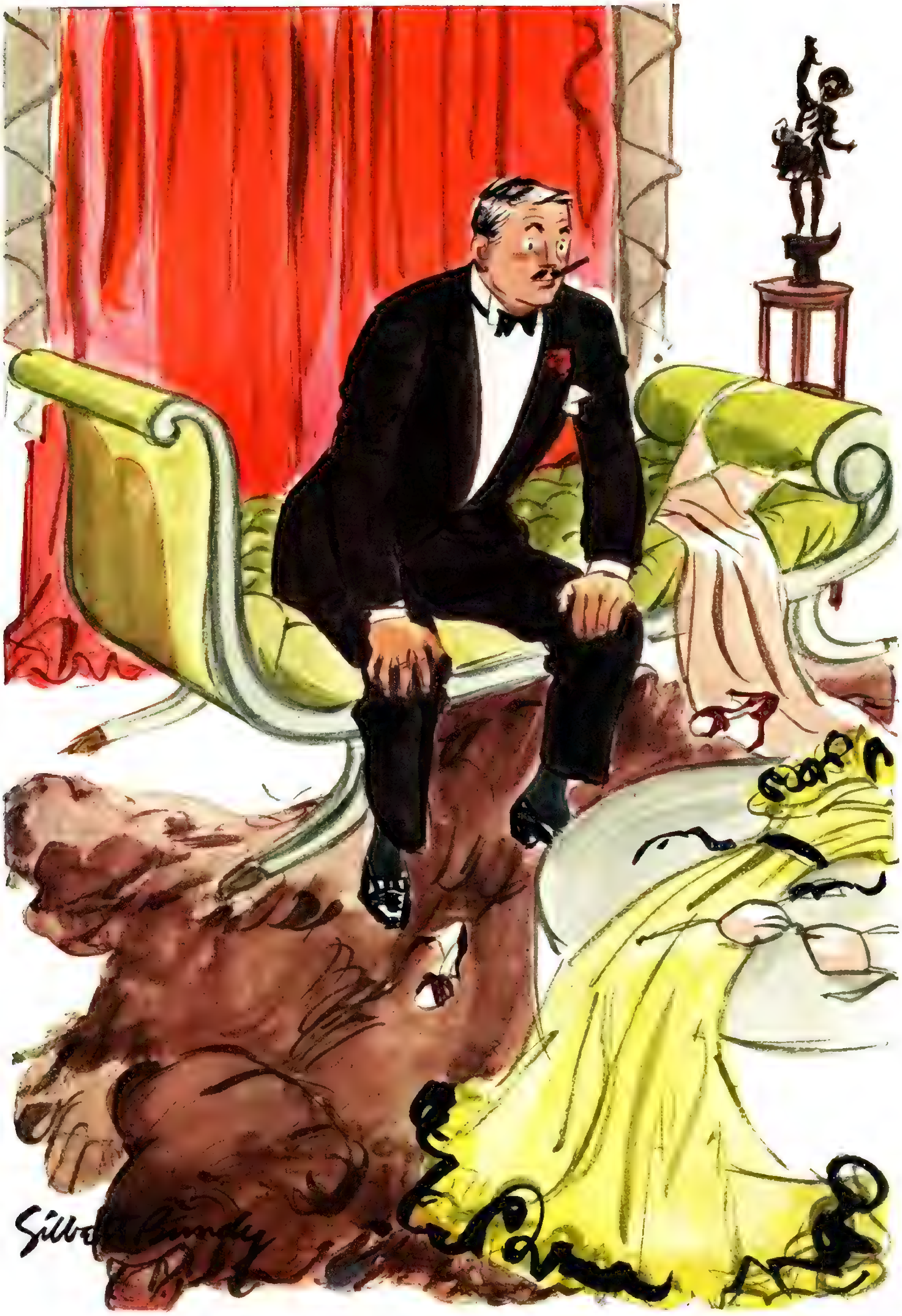

Howard Baer

"Times have certainly changed—the millionaires of today don't seem to have much money"


Gilbert Bundy

The Astonishing Mr. Tilden

Since he couldn't be an actor, the tennis court is his stage, and all his opponents are merely stooges

by VINCENT RICHARDS

▪ SPORTS ▪

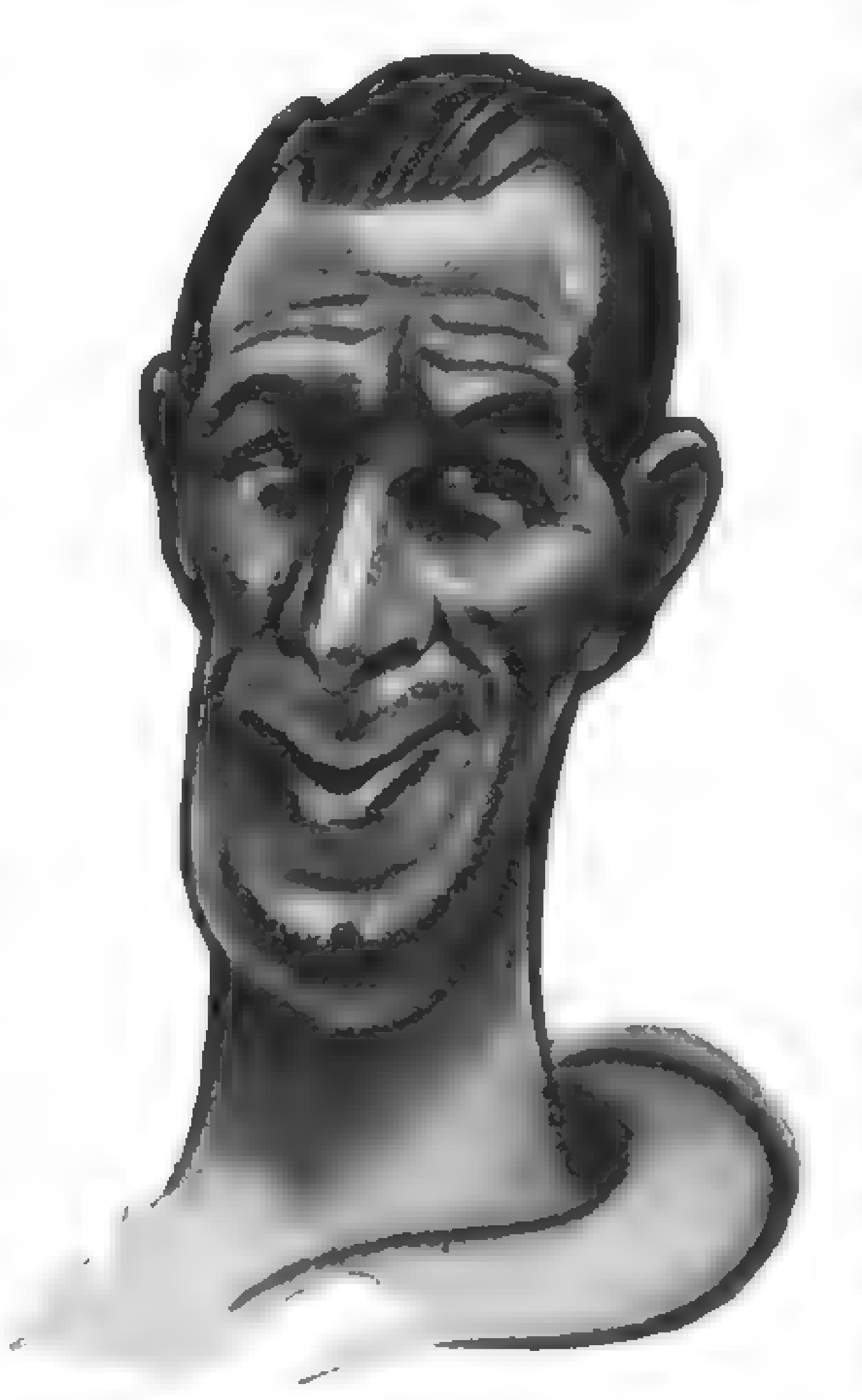
THE usual morning practice session had been called off and the entire cast of the Tilden tennis troupe was assembled in Bill's room. The latest flood extra was being shouted in the street below. Bill was at the telephone, a map spread out on the floor at his feet.

No, there were no trains leaving Mobile. No, it was impossible for a plane to take off. "We'll have to drive, then," said Bill, grabbing the map. "And Baton Rouge looks like the only place to get over." He was at the phone again. Yes, you could get over at Baton Rouge. You had better hurry, though, because the river was coming up pretty fast. But we had a match to play in the afternoon at the Mobile Country Club and we played it, under leaden skies to a small crowd.

We were lucky enough to get over at Baton Rouge that night and we kept right on driving night and day, stopping only for meals, until we got to St. Louis a few hours before we were scheduled to play there. I was able to get a couple of hours sleep but Tilden beat me badly that evening. You can't play decent tennis after driving 1,700 miles that way. That is, you can't and I can't. Three of us had taken turns at the wheel of one car and Bill had driven the other car all of the way himself. Of course he hadn't done any sleeping in St. Louis before the match. There had been business to attend to.

This guy is astounding. Not just because of his endurance and the way he can play tennis at forty-four but also because of the way he lives, the things he does and the amount of money he earns and spends. He is eternally busy, always on the go, every day from the time he gets up until the last rubber is counted up and he has paid off. He is always broke but there always seems to be more where the last came from. We were doubles partners when I was a kid. He amazed me then. I toured the country with him last winter and he amazes me more than ever.

When I first met Bill, in 1916, he was holding forth on the porch of the Merion Cricket Club in Philadelphia where I had gone to play a match as a member of a boys' team representing New York. In those days he was referred to generally as one-round Tilden because he was beaten in the opening round of almost every tournament. Yet even then he was attracting attention, on the court and on the porch. It is hard to put your finger on what it is about Tilden that has always made him the center of attraction. It isn't what the correspondence schools call personal magnetism, for even when he was king-pin at Forest Hills and Wimbledon he wouldn't have won a popularity contest. But in his early days it was, I think, his great enthusiasm for the game and his frequently expressed determination to be champion that made him interesting to people.



After my match he told me that he thought I had the making of a good player and the following year, after beating me in a tournament, he said he was sure I could be one of the best players in the world if I wanted to and wound up by asking me to be his partner in the national doubles tournament next summer. We practiced together a good deal that spring and we won the national doubles championship at Boston in 1918.

Tournament tennis was an expensive pastime but Bill could afford it, and in style. His father, who had been active in Philadelphia politics, had died a few years before and Bill lived with two aunts who must have indulged him lavishly. He descended on Boston in a high-powered car, engaged a suite of rooms at the Copley Plaza and lived with a flourish that became the envy of other players. About this time he acquired his mania for bridge and began making contributions, which he continues to this day, to the corps of experts who follow the tennis circuit. After a hard day's tennis he would spend the evening either at cards or driving his car over the countryside at breakneck speed or at both.

Our doubles championship was the first important title Bill won. He was too wild that year to be a really fine player and his brother Herbert, a better player than Bill in those days, used to nag him—as only a big brother can nag—to stop trying to knock the cover off the ball. But Bill played the way he wanted to. He had made up his mind that he was going to be national champion and he thought he knew the way to go about it. He was always practicing, always playing. He would go out in the morning and play eight or nine sets and then play a couple of tournament matches in the afternoon.

The following winter Bill absented himself from tournament tennis and went into intensive practice on the private court of Jed Jones in Providence. Jones was in the insurance business and Bill was working up leads for him. One of the policies he brought Jones was from John McCormack and amounted to half a million dollars. He was also writing regularly for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and getting together material for a book. But mostly he was playing tennis, practicing incessantly, and during the course of that winter he brought his game up to true championship level.

He emerged in the summer with a complete game; he had overcome his wildness, developed a strong backhand and improved his service tremendously.

The new stadium at Forest Hills was waiting for Bill Tilden. Only a champion of his color could have filled the stands, for tournament tennis was not as popular then as it is now.

Tilden drew not only the regular tennis fans but also people who simply wanted to see Big Bill. He gave them a show no tennis player had done before. Next to being tennis champion of the world the ambition fondest to Tilden's heart was to be a great man of the theatre but his several attempts on the stage had resulted only in damaging his pocketbook. Now, as champion, he had an outlet for his histrionics.

Most tennis players who perform with one eye on the gallery not only lose but make asses of themselves. That is because they don't know how to do it and they go too far, but with Bill it is different.

Ever since there have been linesmen I suppose tennis players have glared at them when they didn't agree with their decisions but it remained for Tilden to elevate the procedure to an art. He transfixed the blundering official; he craned his neck at him, and sometimes he would merely smile and that hurt most of all. The whole gallery loved it.

The crowd rarely agreed with Bill but they were always expressive and he could excite them at will. Even when playing a dub in the first round he gave the audience something for its money and, incidentally, made the dub feel good. If it were possible to do so, he usually permitted his early-round opponent to take a long lead in each set and then he would put on the pressure and come from behind. The gallery loved that, too.

During tournaments where the players do not live at the club, special rates are always available to them at some first-class hotel in town, but Bill never patronized the designated hotel. He has never been a snob by any means but he has always, to a certain extent, held himself apart from the contingent. His scale of living was higher than

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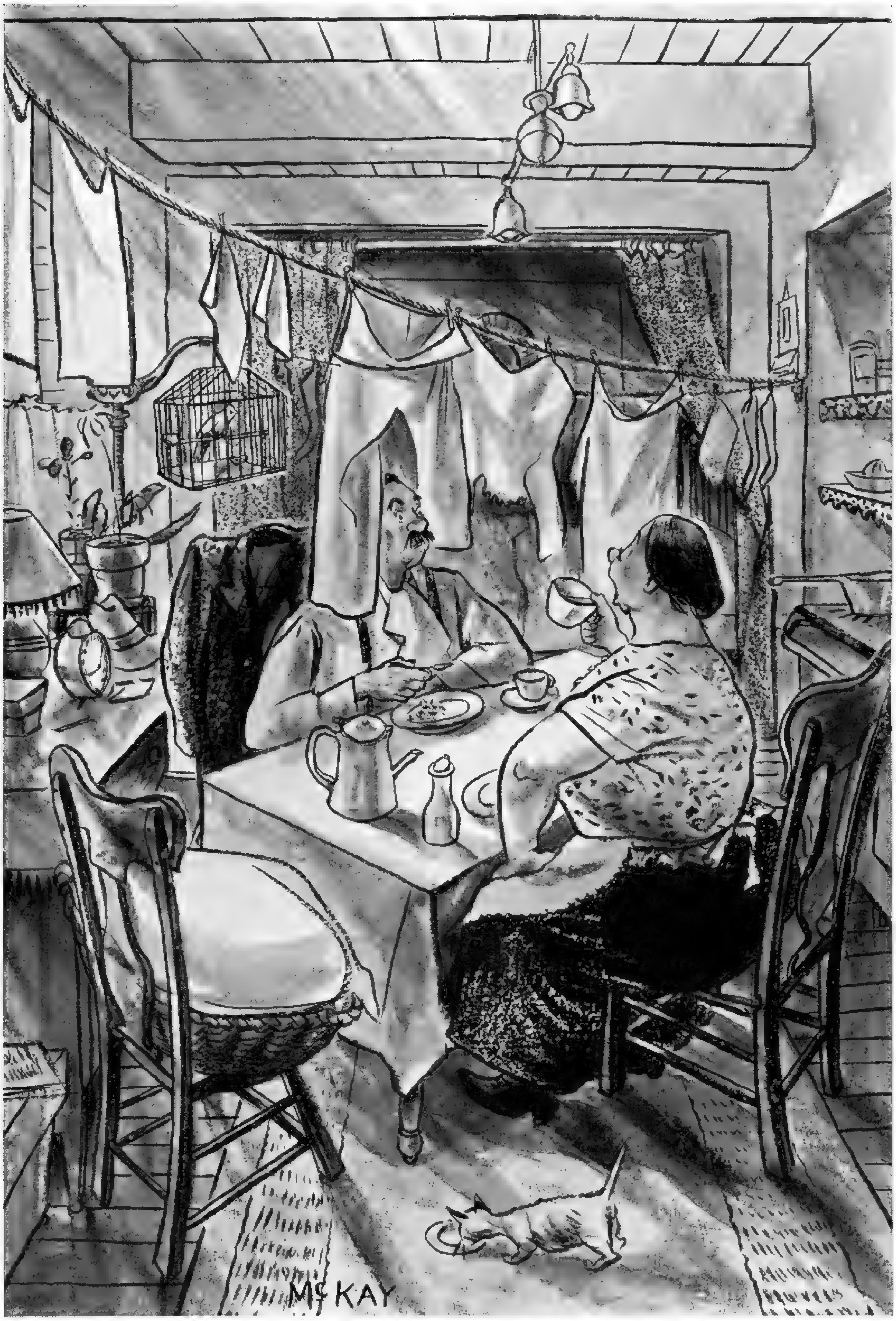


"If we do stay another year I'd like to arrange the furniture a little different"

The Customer Is Never Wrong

Such dopes in that furnish store, only the salesman could ketch Mr. J. Czscwicski's type of English!

by LOUIS PAUL

SATIRE

Dear Everything for the Home Furniture Co. June 18
866 E. Broadway,
Bronx, New York
Gents:

Recent I myself and bride was purchase in your place home furnish up to extent $863.08 cash, representing life savers myself and bride which we are recently marriage as I explain to your salisman Mr. Marx. All well and good. Furnish was delivery about one months after promising, which, if we would of knew how things turn out we are have to live in apartment empty of comforts, having already rent same, and ain't no fun sleeping on floor, especial on honeymoon, and eating from windowsill.

All well and good. However, when furnish is final delivery it is surprise we discover this is no such furnish as we are picking out in store from Mr. Marx, salisman.

I am immediate on telephone, but this girl answering do not seem to ketch English of this type I am speaking, anyway she is plenty dumb if you ask me, I am in this country from European place 8 yrs. already.

I am also get Mr. Marx on telephone, who understand plenty good English of the type I am speaking, but Mr. Marx explains up how he is only salisman and I will have to take matter with something name Adjustments.

All right. I soon telephone this Adjustments, it is also a lady's voice that it does not understand this type of English I am speaking, so I am writing this letter hopes you will strengthen the whole matter out to the satisfaction of my bride, Mrs. J. Czscwicski.

Respectfully,
J. Czscwicski

Mr. J. Czscwicski July 2
1512 Lovelack Blvd.,
Bronx, New York
Dear Sir:

This office is in receipt of your letter of June 18 in which you state that there has been some sort of misunderstanding concerning the furniture you purchased of us some months ago.

We will be happy to consult our office records, and if any error has been made, rectify it.

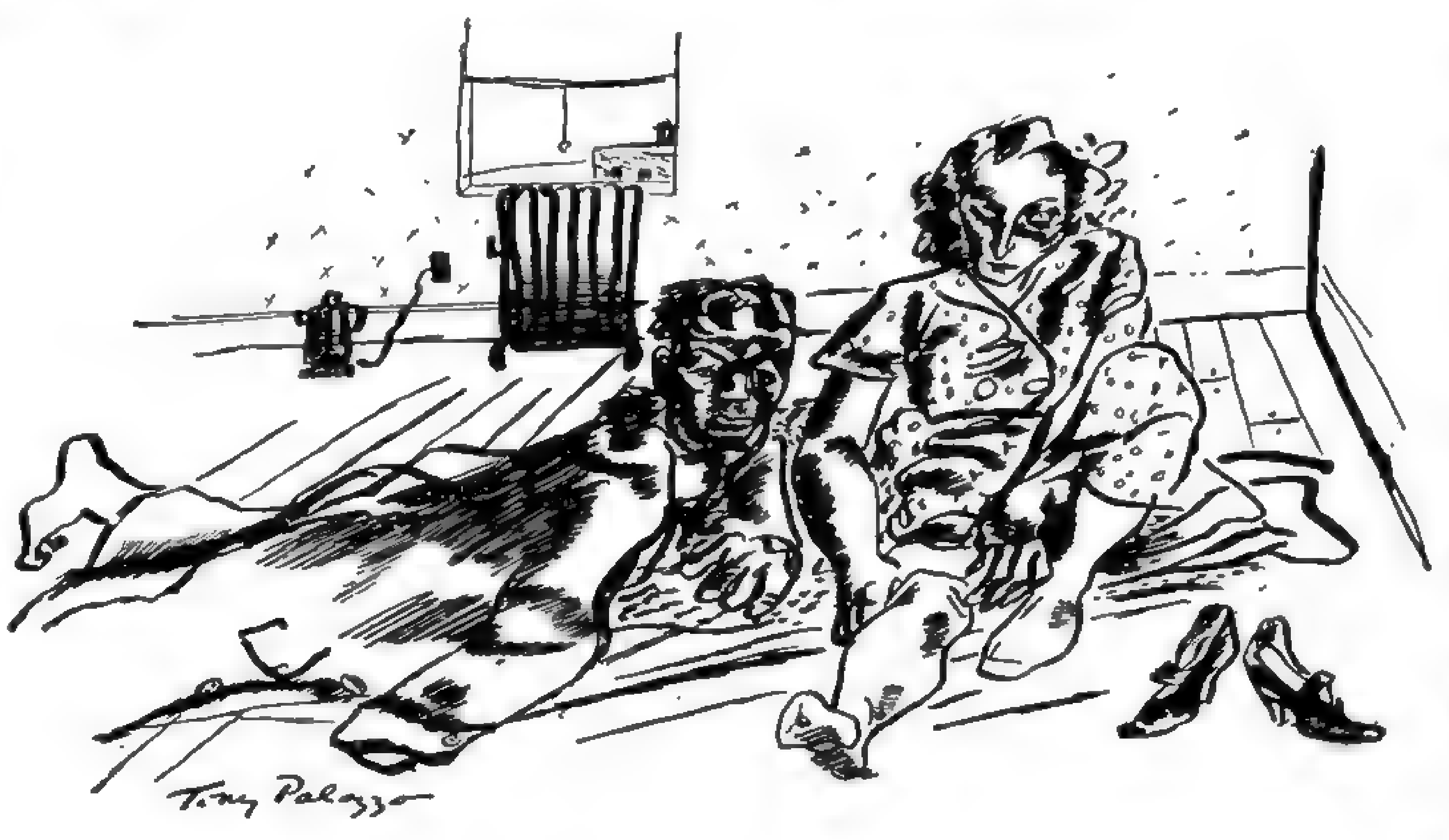
You will hear from us in due course.

Yours very truly,
E. J. Stone, *Secretary*

Dear Everything for the Home Furniture Co. Aug. 25
866 E. Broadway,
Bronx, New York
Attention of Mr. E. J. Stone
Sir:

I am been sitting around waiting to hear from you in due course but so far all I am hearing is silence. What is the trouble we do not got the situation strengthened out?

Respectfully,
J. Czscwicski



Mr. J. Czscwicski Sept. 5
1512 Lovelack Blvd., Bronx, New York
Dear Sir:

In reply to your communication of Aug. 25, we are sorry to say that we do not understand the matter to which you refer.

If you will kindly call at this office between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. and ask for Mr. Swazey, our Adjustment Manager, you will be properly taken care of.

Yours very truly,
E. J. Stone, *Secretary*

Dear Everything for the Home Furniture Co. Sept. 7
866 E. Broadway, Bronx, New York
Attention of Mr. E. J. Stone
Sir:

Thanks you for letter. I would like to call at your office between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. and ask for Mr. Swazey but as I am employed as a boiler fireman from 6 A.M. till 6 P.M. every day in the week and this boss I have got, this Mr. Opperheim, ain't interested in no troubles only his own, I don't figure how I am able to strengthen things out about this dam furnish business. So please look up records or something and send down right furnish otherwise I will not be have much peace around the house my new bride Mrs. J. Czscwicski keeps saying I am a dope I cannot get such a matter strengthened out.

Respectfully, J. Czscwicski

Mr. J. Czscwicski Sept. 14
1512 Lovelack Blvd.,
Bronx, New York
Dear Sir:

As you find it impossible to come into the store we are sending out to your home an adjuster to look over your furniture and receive your complaints.

Hoping that everything will be taken care of to your satisfaction, I remain,

Yours very truly,
E. J. Stone, *Secretary*

Dear Everything for the Home Furniture Co. Oct. 4
866 E. Broadway,
Bronx, New York
Attention of Mr. E. J. Stone
Sir:

I guess something is wrong. When I am returning from work tonight and tired because it is getting cool and my boss, Mr. Opperheim, is deciding to give me the extra boiler to fire, I find my bride and wife, Mrs. J. Czscwicski, half nuts. I am being informed by her that finall your adjuster or something come to the house and looks over the furnish careful and, being finding it in good condition, asks what are we kicking about, there is nothing a matter with this furnish.

Certainly there is nothing a matter with this furnish, but my wife is discovering it impossible to make this adjuster understand that it ain't the furnish we bought, that is all. This adjuster tells my wife, Mrs. J. Czscwicski, that as long as there was no defectives in the furnish there was nothing he could do about it, and went away.

Now I am telling you. I am getting dam sick and tired about this business, and unless something is taken care of somebody is going to be bust in the nose.

Respectfully,
J. Czscwicski

Mr. J. Czscwicski Oct. 9
1512 Lovelack Blvd.,
Bronx, New York
Dear Sir:

This office does not like the tone of your recent letter. Unless you can control your temper and refrain from veiled threats we shall be forced to turn the whole matter over to our attorneys.

However, we are still hopeful that whatever is causing your annoyance may be settled amicably.

If you will communicate once again to this office and explain what is wrong with the furniture you purchased we will make

Continued in center of page 194

Designed for Death

The Tahitians had a fearfully appropriate relic of that madman who painted them: Gauguin

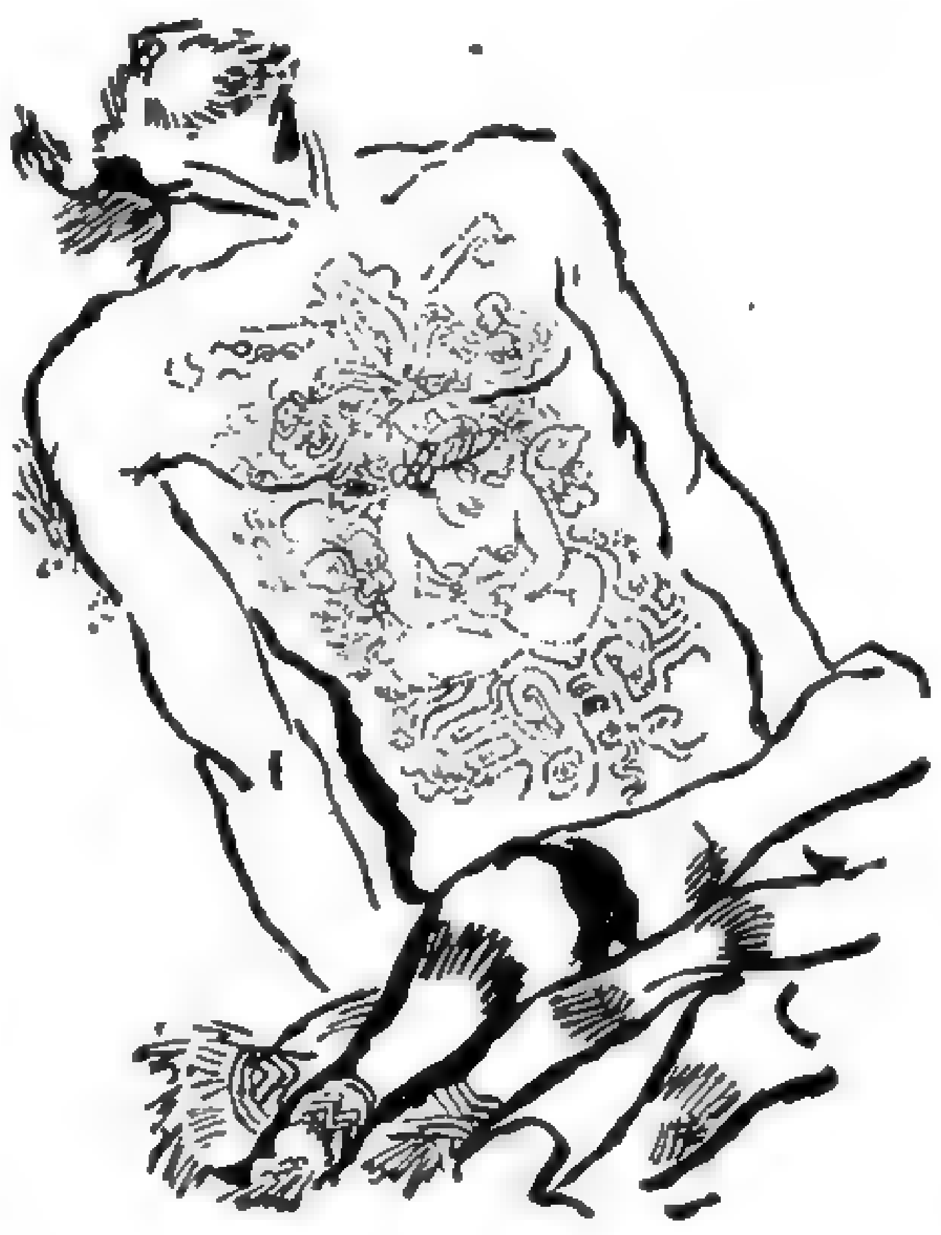
by HASSOLDT DAVIS

FICTION

The lean heron slid like death out of the wind and strode along the beach glowering at us, apparently cursing the schooner as she pulled away.

"*Sale bête!*" said the half-caste next to me, flinging a coconut shell. "Defiler of corpses! Quick, American, have you got a gun? Kill that beast!"

"For God's sake, why?" I asked impatiently. The man was getting on my nerves by now. He had exhausted my rum and my patience alike with a day-long recital of seemingly fantastic lies. There had been no avoiding him, for the single refuge from the rain had been the Chinese store at Hiva-oa, and we were its only occupants. His name, he said, was Tané Gauguin.



"It's the 'Otu'u, the accursed bird," he growled. "Don't laugh. I'm educated; I'm civilized. But I know that if it looks you square in the eye your head will get twisted backwards, or you'll get an eczema that can't be cured. My father had it."

"Your father, Paul?" I asked for the third time, trying again to trip the lunatic.

"My father, Paul."

The gray rain obscured the gray bird now, and the jagged peaks of the island Hiva-oa jutted half their length into dirty cloud. We pitched through the pass in the reef to the open sea, twisting and falling nauseously as the small schooner tried to straighten towards Fatu-hiva forty miles away. The natives were sick immediately, and judging by a leak in the pig sty forward the stock fared worse.

Tané Gauguin squatted beside me in the cockpit, bending his smooth brown egg of a head over the contents of a brief case.

"This is some of my collection," he said. "The museums will pay good money for it." His blue eyes squinted up at me, his thick Polynesian mouth spread to one side in a sneer. The brief case held tiki idols, bowls carved of the soft red mire wood, pearls and penu, the phallic pestles for mashing breadfruit.

"What are these?" I asked, pointing to three slivers of bamboo.

"Scalpels," he grunted. "In the old days our people had no knives for surgery excepting these, yet they were great surgeons. The Tahu'a-ra'au knew as much as the best saw-bones now. It's a fact that they patched shattered bones with the wood of the sacred Ti plant, and mended skulls with the shells of half ripe coconuts. You will find proof in the burial caves where I found these knives."

The wind whipped off his whistling as he sharpened one of the little wooden blades. "See, sharp as glass," he shouted, and poked it at my hand. I moved away, cursing myself for an idle fool to travel with this sinister lunatic. But his name, he said, was Tané Gauguin, and the Chinese shopkeeper had confirmed it. Paul Gauguin, the old natives whispered, was still alive.

For three years I had been hearing this wild rumor in Tahiti, and always whispered, as though Gauguin were not a white mortal, but one of the undead of native legend. Yes, he was still alive, they believed (or perhaps undead), on one of the remote islands of the Marquesas. Had anyone seen him die in Atuona? His houseboy only. The Vicar supposedly had interred a heavy coffin in the cemetery beneath Mount Temetiu, but had anyone positively identified the unmarked grave?

The rumor was not incredible, for Gauguin in 1934 (when I was in the Marquesas) would have been only eighty-two years old. In 1903, diseased and bitter and broken hearted, he might quite characteristically have plotted a pseudo-death and hidden on another island where the law and the church could no longer hound him, where with his woman and his art he might withdraw from the life of men as he already had from their conventions. He would be free of them at last; he was already independent of commercial paint and clay, for in Tahiti he had learned to utilize the red earth for sculpture and grind his own pigments successfully from native resources.

No, the rumor was not wholly incredible. I had mentioned it to Gauguin's half-caste son Paul at Punaavia and to both whites and natives who had known the painter. They did not laugh as did the officials and the priests. Gauguin's loathesome disease was not one to kill him quickly, though his immoderate addiction to absinthe and morphine might. The natives spoke of him with awe, as of a heroic legend (or the undead), telling of his strength, his furies and kindnesses, of his persecutions, of his bitter retaliation through the two magazines he wrote and published himself in Tahiti, *La Guêpe* and *Le Sourire*—of his gentle weeping while he played his little organ in the Marquesan jungle.

It was hard to imagine, they said, a man of his prodigious fortitude dying at fifty-five. Had I heard of his loading cargo on the Papeete docks to earn a few sous for canvas? Mateu remembered him, stripped to a loin cloth like the natives, his fair skin blistering as indeed his spirit must have blistered beneath the scorn of the fonctionnaires. And old Nita, his mistress in Hiva-oa, had seen him himself, cover his whole chest with tattooing in the Marquesan manner, a work of torture which she could explain only by his love for the greatest art of those islands, and his strange perversity.

"We'll spend the night with Tapito, the chief," said my companion, cutting holes in a sheet of paper with his bamboo knives. "I've just had a letter from him." He looked at me sideways and slyly. "He has that Gauguin relic I told you about." Zip! the bamboo slashed through the paper and into my trouser leg.

"You bloody fool!" I yelled. "Watch that thing!" He was a madman, plain enough, and I was beginning to doubt the existence of that relic he had harped upon all day. He himself did not know what it was; just a relic, the chief had written, using the Marquesan word which means "gift" and "property" both. It might be Gauguin's breeches, less likely some small design.

The rain had ceased by now, and I celebrated the near vision of the island Fatu-hiva with a swig of rum. My madman helped himself. The native passengers unwrapped the pareus from their heads and crowded to the foredeck to watch their magic island as we entered the harbor Hanavave. Never had I seen such massive natural architecture, sheer black cliffs, immense pinnacles and

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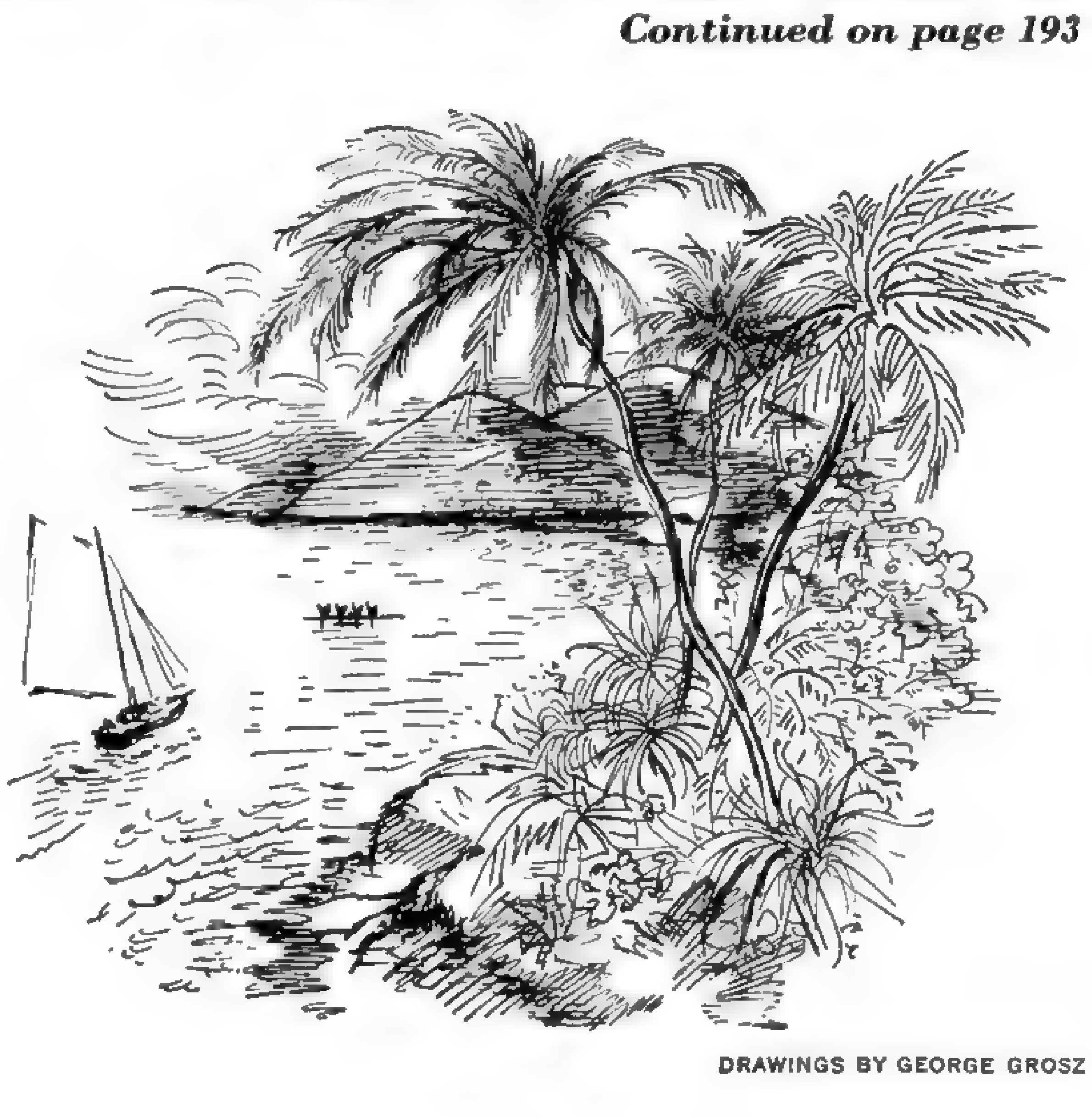
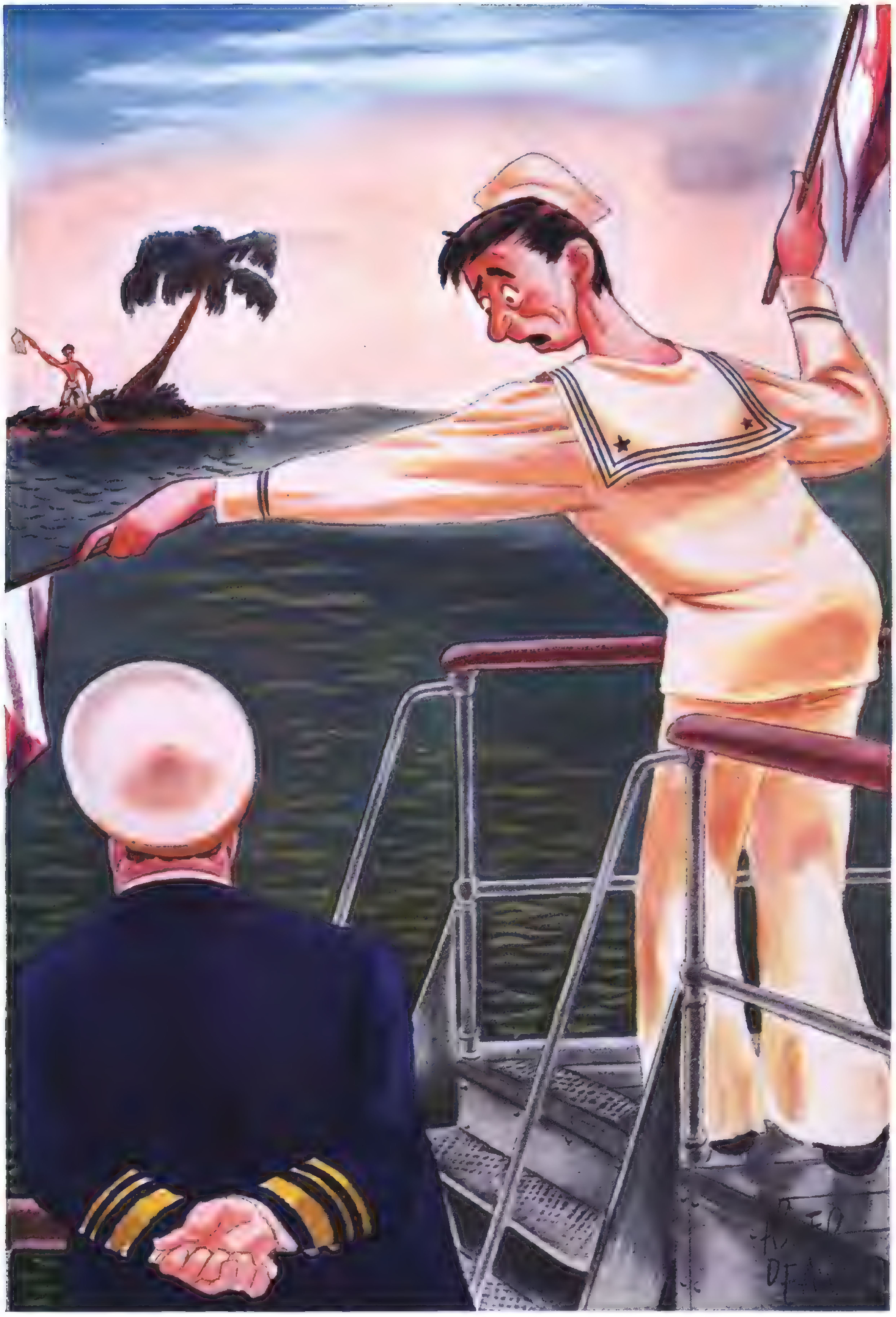
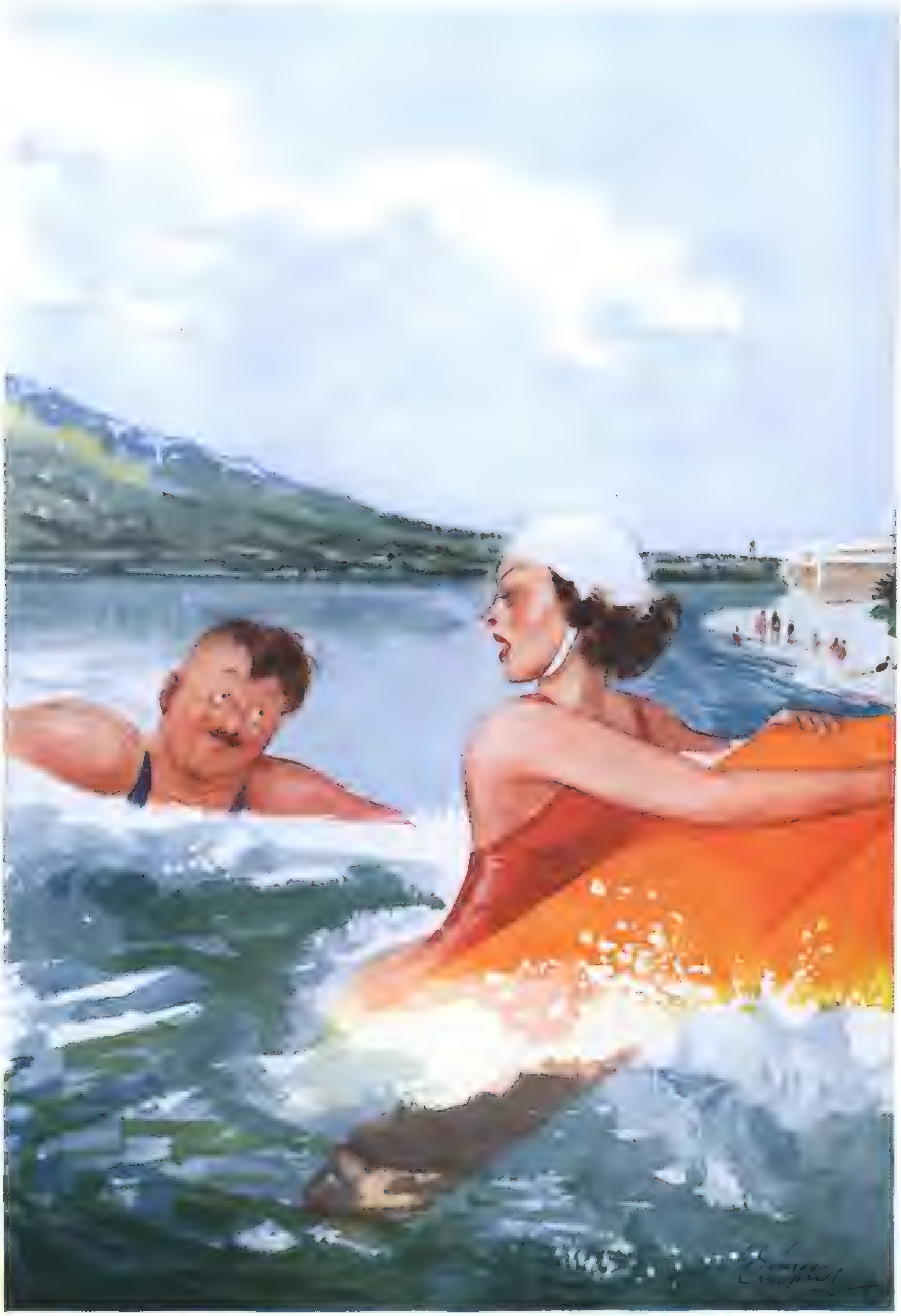


DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ



"He says if the depression is over, okeh—otherwise he'll stay there"



"Mr. Bixby! Can't we just talk and swim!"

Steeds of Mohammed

The finest Arabian horses may be traced to those five mares who obeyed the Prophet's call

by LOUIS ZARA

SPORTS

The Prophet was anxious to secure spirited mounts that could endure the hardships of desert campaigning and still be obedient and reliable. One day he ordered a number of the finest Arabian mares penned in sight of a stream of water. For five days he had them fed dry fodder but allowed them to be given no water. On the fifth day Mohammed ordered the animals released. Neighing and snorting the mares thundered toward the stream. Here the Prophet placed his bugle to his lips and the call to halt sounded through the air. The thirst-maddened animals dashed on. But not all of them. As the first notes of the bugle floated across the desert five halted in their tracks. Their heads forward, their hind feet planted firmly, they stood in battle formation. The Prophet spoke tenderly to them. They had proved their blood. Hereafter they should be bred carefully only to the finest Arab stallions and their offspring would be blessed in the eyes of man, for to the generations to come they should be known as the Prophet's mares.

Thus runs the legend and the faithful belief even today that the five great Arab strains of horses, the Keheilan, the Seglawi, the Abeyan, the Hamdani and the Hadban, are descended from these superb battle steeds of Mohammed. Other accounts attribute the five mares to the Sheik Salaman who thrived about 1635 B.C. and was reputedly a direct descendant of Ishmael, son of the patriarch Abraham. However that may be, the Arabian horse is probably the most purebred animal on earth today.

More than any other domesticated animal, the horse has developed into a companion to man. In folkways and superstitions he occurs, with the possible exception of the bull, more often than any other animal. Among the early Teutonic tribes the white horse was set apart. No one was allowed to ride him, he was fed in a special corral, and from his neighings and snortings omens and portents were read. Among many races the horse's head has been credited as an amulet with a peculiar power to counteract the influence of evil spirits and down to modern times it has been raised on ship's prows, on gables, on stables and used to ornament walking sticks. Likewise, the horse's shoe has been valued for the good fortune it is supposed to attract, a superstition that is good-humoredly accepted to this day. In mythology there was the winged horse Pegasus and in Christian art the horse represented courage and generosity.

But more than any other breed it has been the Arabian horse that has excited the admiration of men. In song and story he has been celebrated, for he is a beautiful creature. The typical Arabian is less than fifteen hands high—that is, less than five feet high—with an exceptional head, the forehead broad and prominent but tapering toward the nose more than in other breeds. His eyes are large and expressive, his nostrils dilated, suggesting high spirit, his ears are delicate and pointing somewhat inward. His neck is long and finely arched, giving the animal the appearance of pride. His legs and feet are superior with excellent development of the muscle of loin and arm. His back is comparatively short with a turn of rib and a depth of flank that horsemen consider a mark of endurance. He also has perfect tail carriage, the plumed tail arching from the root of the dock to balance the proud arching of the neck. His staying power is unequaled in his species and his constitution is such that he can not only carry burdens but also make long journeys. Horse lovers swear by his intelligence.

The British Crusaders, who greatly admired the fine mounts of the Saracens, probably introduced the first Eastern horses into England. Many of these, because of the high esteem in which a good Arabian was held in the desert, were probably of inferior quality. However, it is of record that in the reign of James I, Arabians of excellence were crossed with the native light-horse stock to the profit of the British saddle horse. From the time of James some two hundred Oriental sires have been taken into the British Isles and used in service. Of these at least ninety were Arabs.

Indeed from the Darley Arabian, brought to England in 1706, Blaze, foundation of the best of the modern Hackney harness horses, descended. Imported Messenger, the foundation American trotter sire, was another descendant of the Darley Arabian. Eclipse, foaled in 1764, the most famous British race horse, for speed and winnings, of the eighteenth century, was a son of Old Marske, grandson of the Darley Arabian. His stud fee was several hundred pounds, and his famous sons commanded even larger sums.

It is, therefore, clear that the Arab has probably exercised the widest influence on Western horseflesh. The Thoroughbred's speed is, of course, greater than the Arabian's, for the Thoroughbred has been bred for speed but in his veins some Arabian blood still courses. It may be noted that a century ago horse races were held over longer distances; in the Thoroughbred, in no way the equal of the Arab for general hardiness and adaptability, staying power has been sacrificed for speed.

It is commonly understood that on this continent there were no horses before the Spaniards came. Cortez, the conqueror of the Aztecs, released a number of his chargers, many of DeSoto's escaped or were abandoned in Texas, and from these the continent was eventually repopulated with horses. Inasmuch as the Spanish cavalry horse was probably bred from Arabians and Barbs the ponies and mustangs which the Indians rode and which roamed in herds in the unconquered West must also have had Arabian blood in them. (It is not so well known that despite the absence of the horse at the time of the discovery of America by Caucasian explorers the most complete series of horse fossils yet unearthed were found in this country. Students of the subject believe the birthplace of the horse was probably in Asia where—in Western Mongolia—the only truly wild horse is still to be found. However, there is conclusive evidence that horses lived in North America in prehistoric times and did not die out until the end of the Pleistocene period, probably from some insect-borne disease.)

The first Arab of quality in the United States was a stallion Ranger, imported to Connecticut in 1765. A half-bred son of Ranger was General Washington's mount in the Revolutionary War. However, until the end of the last century little attention was paid in this country to the breeding of full-blood Arabs. More attention was paid to the development of the Thoroughbred and the Trotter. Wherever else the Arab was used he was employed chiefly to instill quality into depleted stock.

However, an importation from the desert was made for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Homer Davenport succeeded in getting a number of fine Arabians from the desert in

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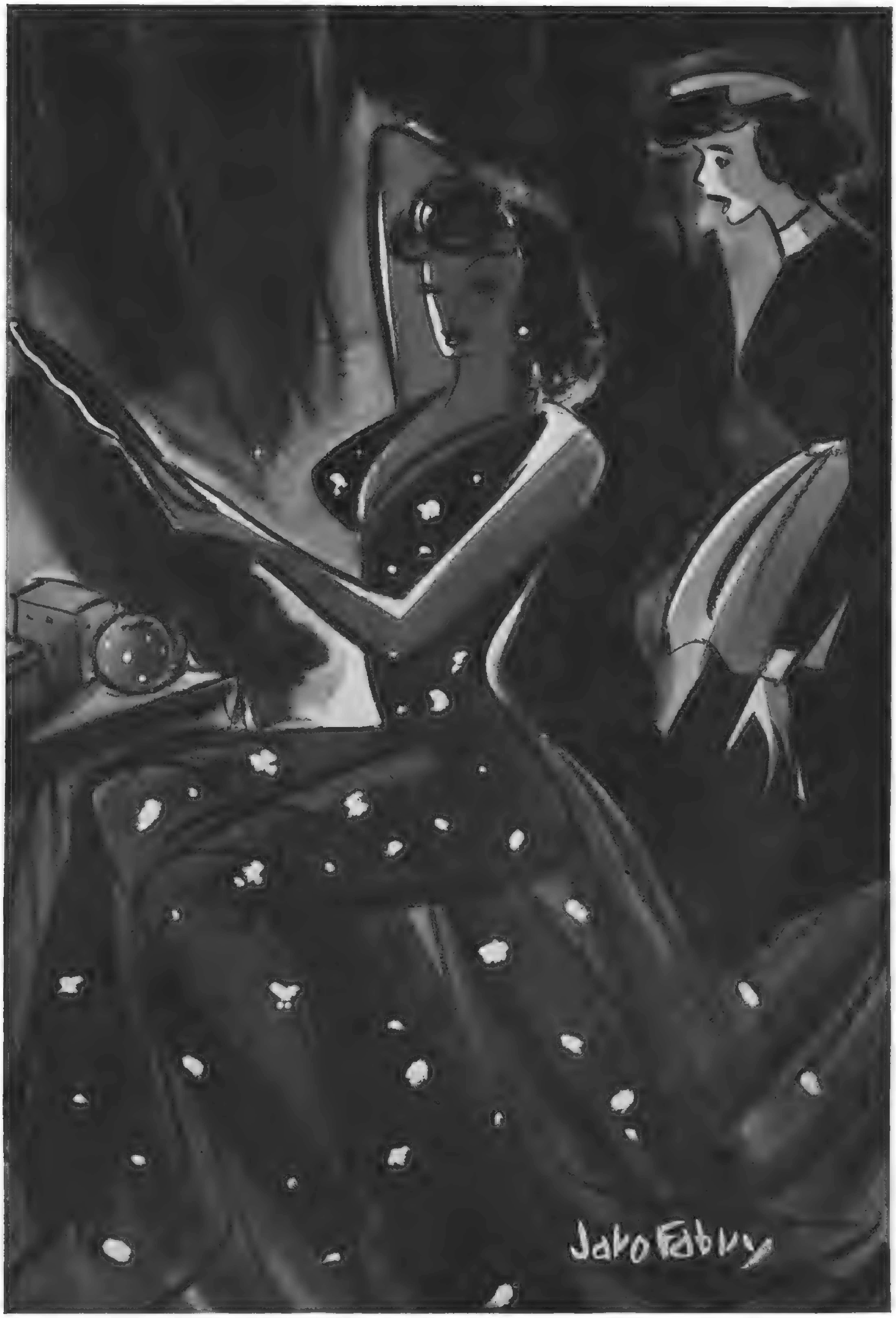

"But I don't always want to work for someone, mam—someday I'm going to have a broker of my own!"

Adventures in Minimania

Minnies are like death and taxes: rich or poor, at home or abroad, sometime you'll have to face them

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

In order to attain reasonable understanding of anything new in the social scheme, it is necessary to start from some sort of universally acceptable hypothesis; from a premise whose truth is so generally admitted as to demand no specific proof. With respect to the following discussion that hypothesis is:

"All photographers are insane."

Variants in the applicability of this axiom are traceable to differences merely of degree and not of kind. The common or garden photographer may be but mildly touched in the head, classifiable as one who might react favorably if tapped for the simples. News photographers, on the other hand, are all quite demented, else they would have chosen some less hazardous and more gainful vocation. But the wielders of miniature cameras are the real lunatic fringe, the maddest of all the lot. Compared to a statement of their mental processes, the gibbering of any Tom o' Bedlam would seem as soberly derived as the charge of A for ½ bu. onions @ 50c a bu., when bartered to B for apples @ 10c a pk.

To illustrate:

Within the lovely, vaulted chamber of a great cathedral, a newly elevated archbishop was being invested with the symbols of his pontifical office. Between the rail and the altar sat attending dignitaries, gorgeously robed in white lace, purple, scarlet and gold. One single alien figure moved among them, conspicuous by reason of the very inconspicuousness of secular, workaday habiliment. As the ceremony took its stately course, this figure paused, here and there, made a casual request of some prelate to shift his arm from the side rest of one of the special pews, disappearing a moment later only to come into view once more, craning on tip-toe behind the high back of an archiepiscopal throne. At each such stop, a small black gadget would be rested momentarily on the solid level surface thus made available.

The alien figure was that of a minimaniac. The small black gadget was a miniature camera; a super-gadget, really, equipped with a world of knobs, buttons and dials, an almost unbelievably fast lens, and hypersensitized superpanchromatic film, all of which made it possible to take photographs without benefit of flash lamp or other light than the dim cathedral illumination.

True, the resulting negative would be only about the size of a special delivery stamp, but—if all went well—an enlargement of almost any size might conceivably be made therefrom. One of the exhibits in a recent miniature camera salon was a print measuring 7 feet by 10 feet, made by direct enlargement from a film measuring precisely 1 by 1½ inches. The complete pictorial record of the installation of an archbishop, thus photographed, would constitute a treasured item for any minimaniac's collection. It would excite envy, and perhaps even admiration, on the part of all the other minimaniacs in the archdiocese; if reproduced in one of the rapidly growing roster of miniature camera publications, the *réclame* thus gained might resound throughout the country; if selected for inclusion in one of the no less rapidly growing roster of camera annuals, it might evoke comment all over the world.

Yes, yes, I heard you. You said: "So what?" So that's minimania. At least, that's one phase of it, for there's never a minimaniac between Greenland's icy mountains and Little America who hasn't some such dizzy idea seething in his skull every time he trips a camera shutter. And do not scoff, good people all. You yourselves may well be the malady's next victims, for the disease has an infectious virulence which not even the golf bug—remember the scream of that first perfect tee shot?—can ever hope to equal.

Tony Palazzo

Eleven years ago there was just one genuine, blown-in-the-glass miniature photographer in all the world. Today, to coin a happy phrase, his name is legion. Upon a great many occasions it is likewise mud, for there is no more exasperating pastime south of any given point than miniature photography. It is an open question whether this is what drives minimaniacs mad, or whether only originally loose nuts go in for such a diversion. Disregarding this as an academic issue, the fact remains that nowadays, 'mid pleasures and palaces, wherever you may roam, be it in the most remote reaches of desert, sierra, jungle or everglade, you are rather more than likely to find a minnie trained upon you, without regard to the essential privacy of what you happen to be doing at the moment.

Are you being de-appendixed under local anesthesia? Raise your head and you will find one or more minimaniacs at the front rail of the operating room amphitheatre making a photographic record of what is in its very nature an intimate affair involving only you and your surgeon, and possibly your banker. Do you philander a bit, now and again, in a quasi-clandestine sort of way, at any of the better known night spots of your community? Be very ware, then, for half a dozen minimaniacs, at the very least, will be on the prowl for candid camera shots of our best people at play. Are you a pugilist who has just been well flattened by an adversary—the lucky stiff? Your first, blurred glimpse of returning consciousness will disclose a wide-open f/2 lens staring out of the primal haze like the eye of doom. Are you conducting a symphony orchestra through the muted passages of Debussy's *Nouages?* The alien clicks which mar the rendition will inevitably lead you to the discovery that someone is peering out from behind the bulge of the *Kapellmeister's* embonpoint to photograph the maestro's hands in action.

This is not merely an exaggeration. It falls far, far short of the reality. Consider: First prize in a national competition for "candid" minnie photographs this year was awarded to a series of six snapshots of a subject who, totally unaware of the attention thus bestowed upon him, was enjoying a shower bath at the time. For some, of course, the miniature camera is merely a pastime, adopted—like the forgotten and reasonless frenzies of pogo jumping, Eugenie hats, peewee golf or eighteen-day diets—because this happens to be the fashion of the moment. But such simple dalliance on the part of one who can take his miniature photographs or leave them alone is as rare as a Pekingese dog who is not named Ming Toy. In the overwhelming majority of those who have fallen under its spell, minimania is a passion fully as compelling as the ancient urge which some of those engaged in the present day author racket appear to regard as a strictly modern innovation.

They even speak a language of their own, these addicts, for they are linked by a freemasonry that transcends geographical and social barriers. Forget your scruples for the moment, and creep stealthily within earshot of two young and romantic minimaniacs of opposite sexes under circumstances provid-

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Tooting Wanderlust

It was no good asking his Mother if he could go to Tooting because she always said no to everything

by P. JEFFERSON PACKER

• FICTION •

Joe asked me if I knew where Tooting tube station was. "Sure," I said. "I know where all the tube stations in London are."

"Where is it?" he asked.

Once my friend Harry took me in a tube train to visit his aunt at Hammersmith. I was only seven, and I hadn't been in a train before, and when we were going along, he explained everything to me. And it was real fun, because if you looked up at the map, you knew which station was next before you got there. I counted eleven stations to Hammersmith on the map, but I expect they made a mistake because actually there were thirteen. I counted them as we went along.

Tony Palazzo

"It's easy," I said to Joe. "All you have to do is go to the Bank of England, walk through the subway until you come to the ticket office, buy a child's return ticket, go down the moving stairs, and when a train comes you ask the guard if that's the one for Tooting." But Joe didn't trouble to tell me if it was right. He just kept on winding the cord round his top, spinning it, then picking it up between his fingers and balancing it on his hand while it spun.

I thought maybe he was laughing at me inside. Because really I wasn't sure that I had told him the right way to go to Tooting as I had only been in a tube train once.

"Go on," I said. "Call me a liar."

"No," he said. "I believe you I suppose. But if you want to go there, you can earn the shilling."

"Which shilling?" I asked.

"Mr. Green wants someone to take the vests to the shop at Tooting," he said.

Mr. Green is the man who makes vests for men's suits.

"What's happened to his shop boy?" I asked.

"He didn't come," said Joe.

"I'll go for him on Saturday if he likes," I said, because I don't have to go to school on Saturdays.

"Don't be silly," said Joe. "He wants someone to take them this afternoon."

I was getting very excited. There was something cold and shivery running down my back just like when I stand outside the radio shop and listen to the music. But then I thought that Joe was playing a joke on me, because I couldn't understand why he should tell me about it, when he could just as easily have gone himself.

"Why don't you go yourself?" I asked.

Joe moved away a bit, because the top wasn't spinning very well, and he had to have lots of room to stretch out his hand to balance it. "I got to help my brother make a kite," he said. I knew that wasn't the real reason, but I didn't care. I knew that Mr. Green would pay the fare money for the ride and on top of that he would give me a shilling for myself. But I didn't want Joe to see how excited I was at the chance of having the ride to Tooting. When I went to Hammersmith with my friend Harry, I became terribly excited and I felt as if all my inside were being held down with bits of iron. And the other people in the train were laughing at me, because I expect I looked a bit funny, as I wasn't used to it.

"I'll go directly after tea," I said.

"That's no good," Joe said. "You have to go now or else the shop will be shut."

I could see he was daring me to do it, because Joe always dares me to do things, and when I've done them, he just doesn't say any more. I don't get disappointed, because it makes you feel good to do things.

"All right," I said. "I'll go now."

I thought it would be better to go then because if I went home to tea, my mother would ask me where I was going, and no matter where it is, she always says don't go. Even if it's just to play a game of football in the park.

I asked Joe to come round the corner with me to Mr. Green's workshop, but he didn't want to, so I went alone. The door was open, and when I walked in, all the work people were having their tea except one man who was sitting bent right over a sewing machine, singing. He kept twisting a piece of cloth round and round under the needle, and when the machine whirred like an aeroplane his singing became much louder, just as if he wanted to make a noise louder than the machine. He was singing *Underneath the Arches*. The machine had Singer written on it as well, but I didn't think of the joke until afterwards.

I saw Mr. Green standing by a table looking at a book and smoking a cigar. Mr. Green always smoked cigars, even when I saw him in the street. He must have been very rich because the only time my father smoked cigars was at parties, and he was always talking about the good cigar he smoked at Uncle Jack's party, or Aunt Bertha's party.

One of the girls who was sitting up on the work table drinking her tea asked me what I wanted.

I said: "Joe told me Mr. Green wanted someone to go to Tooting."

She sniffed very hard with her nose and gave me a funny look. "Guvnor," she said to Mr. Green. "This kid will take the vests to shop."

All the workpeople looked at me, and my face became very hot.

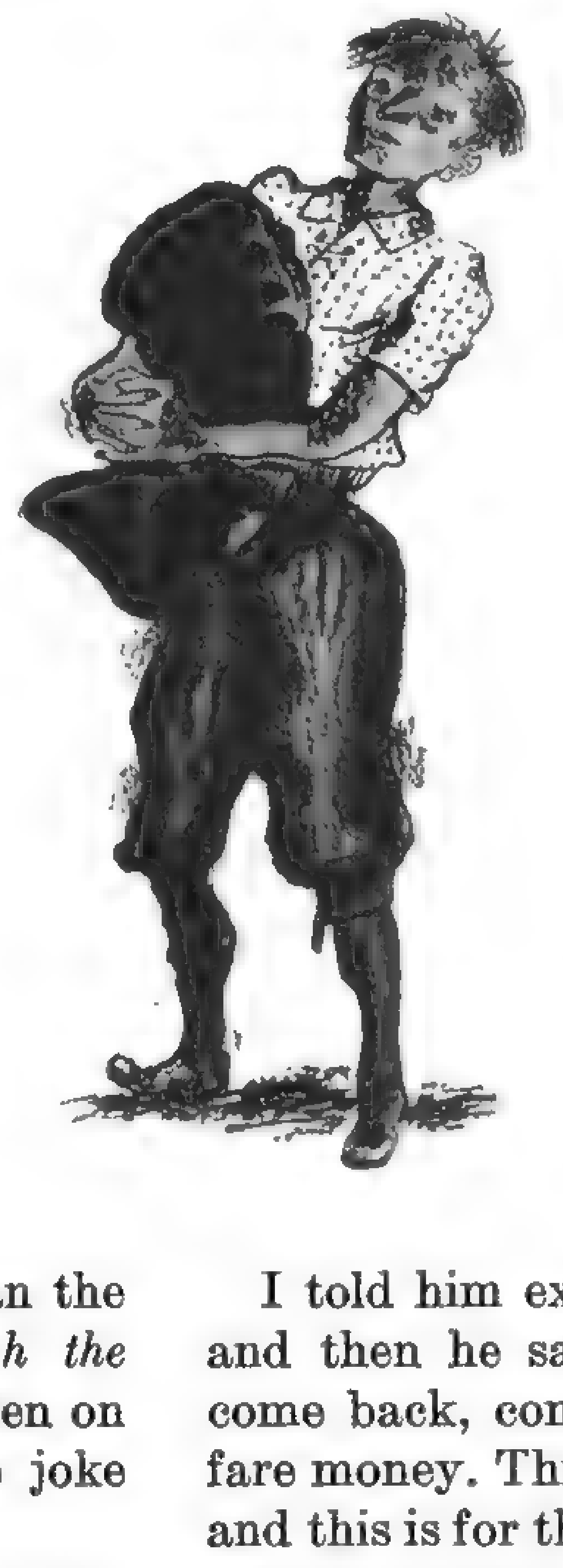
"Come here boy," said Mr. Green.

Mr. Green was not very tall, but very fat, and he had a lot of diamonds made like a horseshoe stuck in his tie. When he took his cigar out of his mouth and smiled at me, I saw his teeth, which were very little and yellow. He didn't have his jacket on, only a vest with a big gold chain like girl's plaits hanging on it.

"You know where Tooting underground station is?" he asked me.

"On the tube," I said. "From the Bank of England."

"He knows where it is," Mr. Green said to one of the girls. "He's a smart youngster."



"He's too young to send there," the girl said.

"Mind your own bloody business, Sadie," said Mr. Green, "and get on with your work."

"It's my tea time," Sadie said.

I thought they were going to have a bust-up.

"Listen boy," said Mr. Green. "You go to Tooting station with these vests, and when you come out of the station, just next door you will see a tailor's shop named Nephew Brothers. Leave the vests and come home. Do you understand?"

I nodded my head.

"Then tell me what you have to do?" he said to me.

I told him exactly what he had told me, and then he said: "Good boy. When you come back, come and see me. Here's your fare money. This is for the bus to the Bank and this is for the train ticket. Remember to ask for a child's return ticket, or you won't have enough money.

He gave me a lot of pennies and patted me

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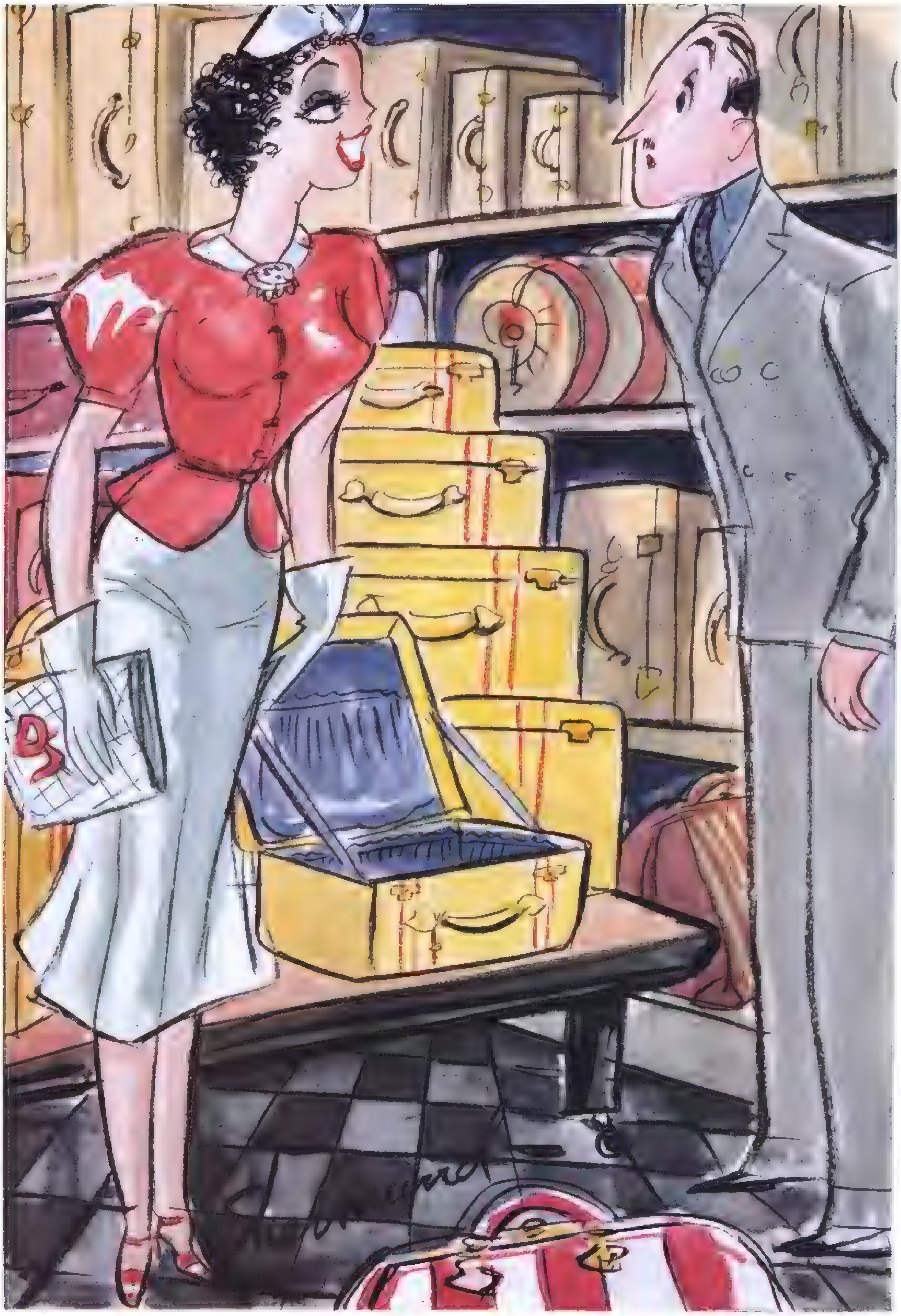
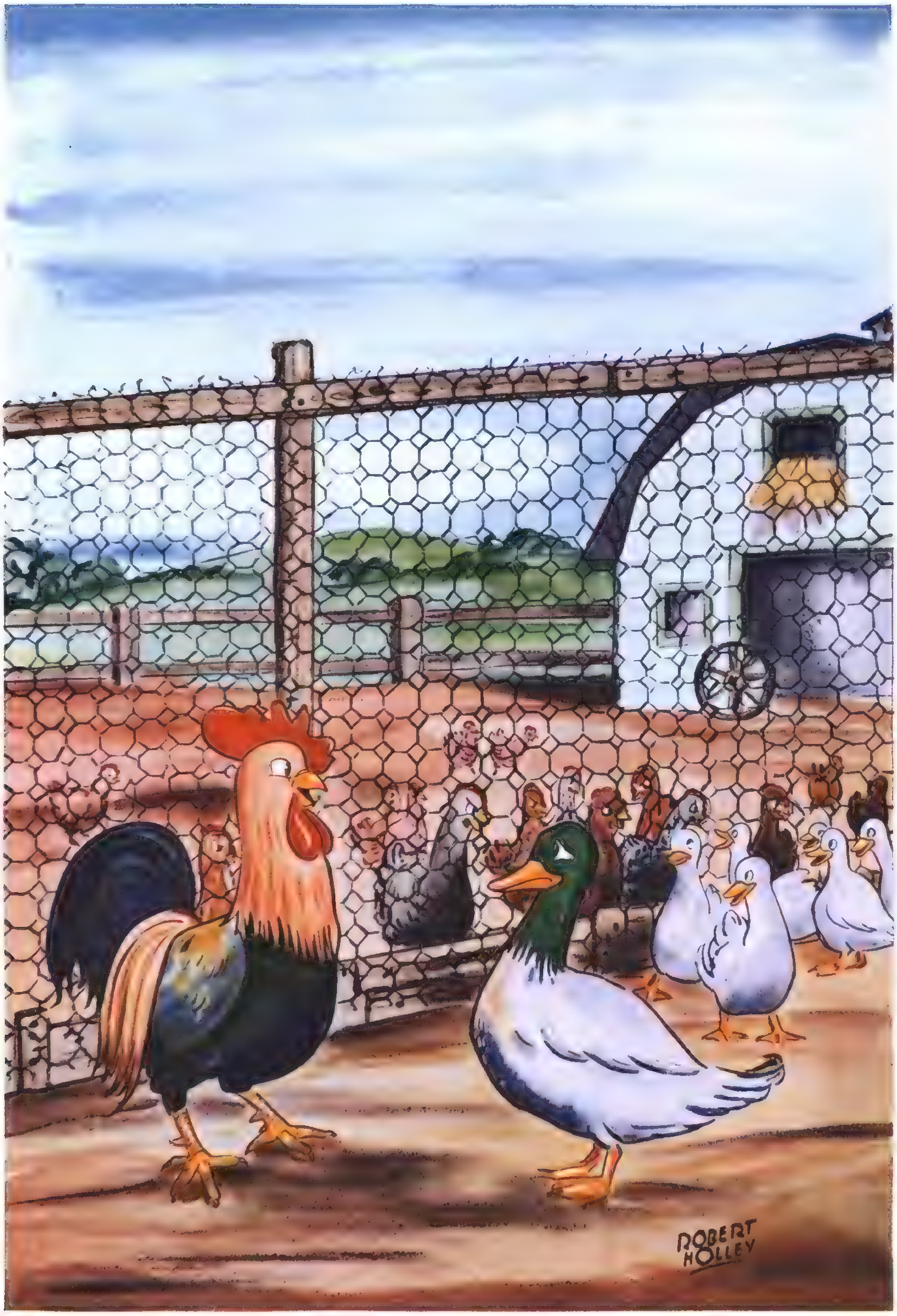


"Something for a week-end that may extend into a bridal tour"


ROBERT HOLLEY

"I got fed up with the same old grind"

Always a Jukes

Miss Jukes had been betrayed so frequently it wasn't strange two of her offspring were Grosvenors

by LYNN MONTROSS

▪ SATIRE ▪

THE governor thoughtfully stroked his nose as he faced the assembled reporters and photographers. It was a fine and shapely nose, as authentically early-Colonial in design as a rare old museum piece; and it had that patina which comes only from generations of tradition and breeding.

"Gentlemen," murmured the governor, "I assume that you are all familiar with the textbooks on the Jukeses and Grosvenors. As college freshmen you doubtless learned that since 1775 the Jukes family has produced an unbroken line of thieves, murderers and women of ill-fame—whereas, on the contrary, the heredity of the Grosvenors has given us some of our most prominent senators, educators, clergymen and manufacturers . . . Am I—"

"You're right," came a weary voice with the irreverence which the press so often displays toward men of high estate. A cigarette seemed to be pasted on Morris Shapiro's untidy lower lip, bobbing up and down like an animated exclamation point. "We're rushed!" he said. "We got to get going on that baby farm story this morning, you know. So how about a pose?"

Governor Cabot Winthrop Edwards went on as if he had never been interrupted, his patrician features lighting with the coy look which always hinted to his audience that a funny story was forthcoming. "It was Mark Twain, I believe, who said that everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it. Well, gentlemen, that has been exactly the situation with the Jukeses." He paused to let his words sink in, while his expression changed to executive sternness. "But I have decided to *do* something! I want the people of this great State to know that I have authorized Doctor Fink to make a thorough investigation of the Jukes problem and report to me—"

"Lissen!" said Morris, spitting his cigarette out on the steps of the capitol building while he unlimbered his camera. "Your publicity man already gave us our story. What we want is a picture. Suppose you both stand in front of that pillar and shake hands like you was authorizing him, see?"

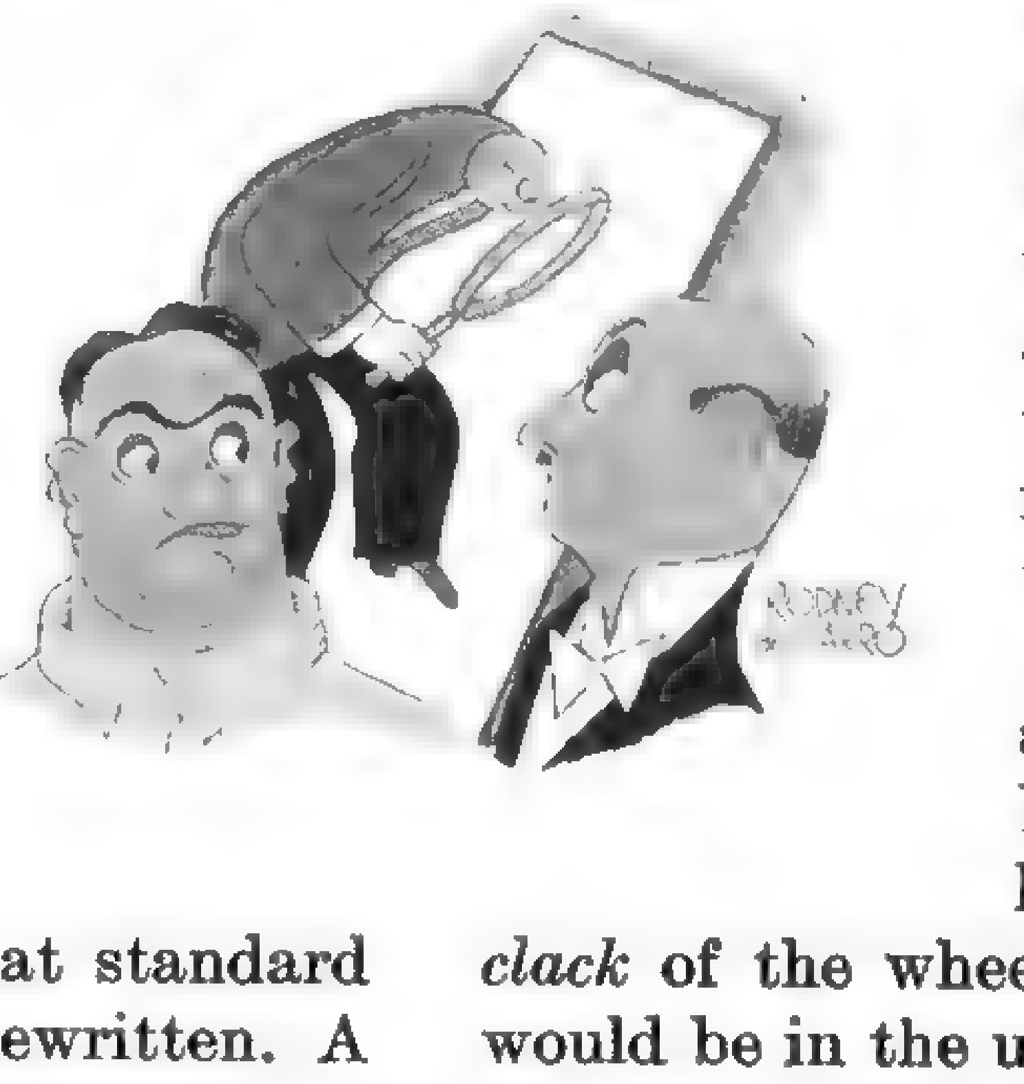
With melancholy resignation the governor wheeled about, like a magician producing a rabbit from a hat, to reveal a young man who had been lurking in the rear of his coattails all the time. Behind large spectacles, the young man's scholarly eyes held a wild and furtive look, as if he were likely to run away. To guard against any such regrettable contingency, Governor Edwards firmly clutched him by one elbow. "Gentlemen, this is Doctor Wesley Fink of the State University. I'm sure you're all acquainted with his recent research into the heredity of the Jukeses and the—"

"Pose!" growled Morris.

The governor and Wesley Fink posed. They posed in front of the marble pillar, with the governor flashing his best Page One smile while tendering Wesley an impressive document (Morris' expense account) which was supposedly the official authorization. A moment later the press clattered down the broad steps on its way toward probes or pacts or love-nest slayings, leaving Wesley alone and abashed with the State's chief executive. Without an audience, however, Governor Edwards was never quite the same. There was a new crispness in his attitude, as if a September frost had nipped the lush foliage of summer. "I believe," said Governor Edwards, poking a limp hand in Wesley's direction, "that is all this morning."

Wesley trudged back across the capitol grounds to the campus of the State University. The distance was only eleven blocks but it might well have been that many years or parallels of latitude . . . "*And never the twain shall meet*—" popped into Wesley's mind as a fitting simile; but he decided against it, since Kipling was held in such low repute by the English Department.

And, after all, the twain had met. All because Wesley had put a tremendous amount of original research into his thesis instead of quoting the sacred authorities, as was the practice of so many young men and women cramming for their doctors' degrees! For three years he had shuffled musty records until finally he had plucked an entirely new pickpocket, two prostitutes, a horse-thief and a hammer-murderer from the deplorable Jukes family tree, every one of whom had been overlooked by the best previous research. It meant, of course, that standard textbooks would have to be rewritten. A great many young scholars might have been content with this triumph, but not Wesley Fink. He did not pause until the Grosvenor family tree had yielded such new fruit as a colonial governor, a textile millionaire, an ambassador and four hitherto undiscovered clergymen.



Naturally the sensation in scholastic circles when the thesis appeared could only have been equalled by one of the major geological disturbances. Yet Wesley was scarcely prepared for his wider acclaim. You could, as the saying goes, have knocked him down with a toothpick when a leading publisher offered a substantial advance and royalties. His erstwhile thesis soon came out as *The Story of a Spermatozoön*, after being rewritten to meet democratic tastes, and now was in its fourth large printing. As its enterprising publisher had foreseen, nearly every potential reader had once studied the Jukeses and Grosvenors, and felt almost a neighborly interest in those widely contrasting families.

Wesley would doubtless have continued, at his publisher's urging, to write witty and discursive books of popular science until he broke into the women's magazines. But the new tendencies in government beckoned him instead. The new *rapprochement* of politics and scholasticism made it essential for every wide-awake governor to have a brain trust; for re-election these days was a vastly more complex business than baby-kissing or passing out the cigars. There were always the liberals to be pleased—that growing group of intellectuals who voted in protest—as Governor Edwards realized in looking ahead to a third term.

Thus it was that Wesley suddenly found himself a servant of the State attached to the public payroll to the extent of $300 a month. His title and duties were rather vague, to be sure, for Governor Edwards ceased to be Jukes-minded when the reporters were absent; but Wesley at least understood that he was to make a detailed investigation and report.

He was still dazed by it all as he lay in his lower berth that night wakefully listening to the *clackety-clack* of the wheels. Tomorrow morning he would be in the upstate manufacturing city where most of the modern Jukes and Grosvenor descendants dwelt. As an indigent scholar plugging for his thesis he had lacked the funds for any such first-hand inspection, but now his research was no longer to be confined to musty records.

The obvious beginning, of course, would be to interview Mayor Grosvenor or the heads of the Chamber of Commerce. Governor Edwards, with his quick instinct for the

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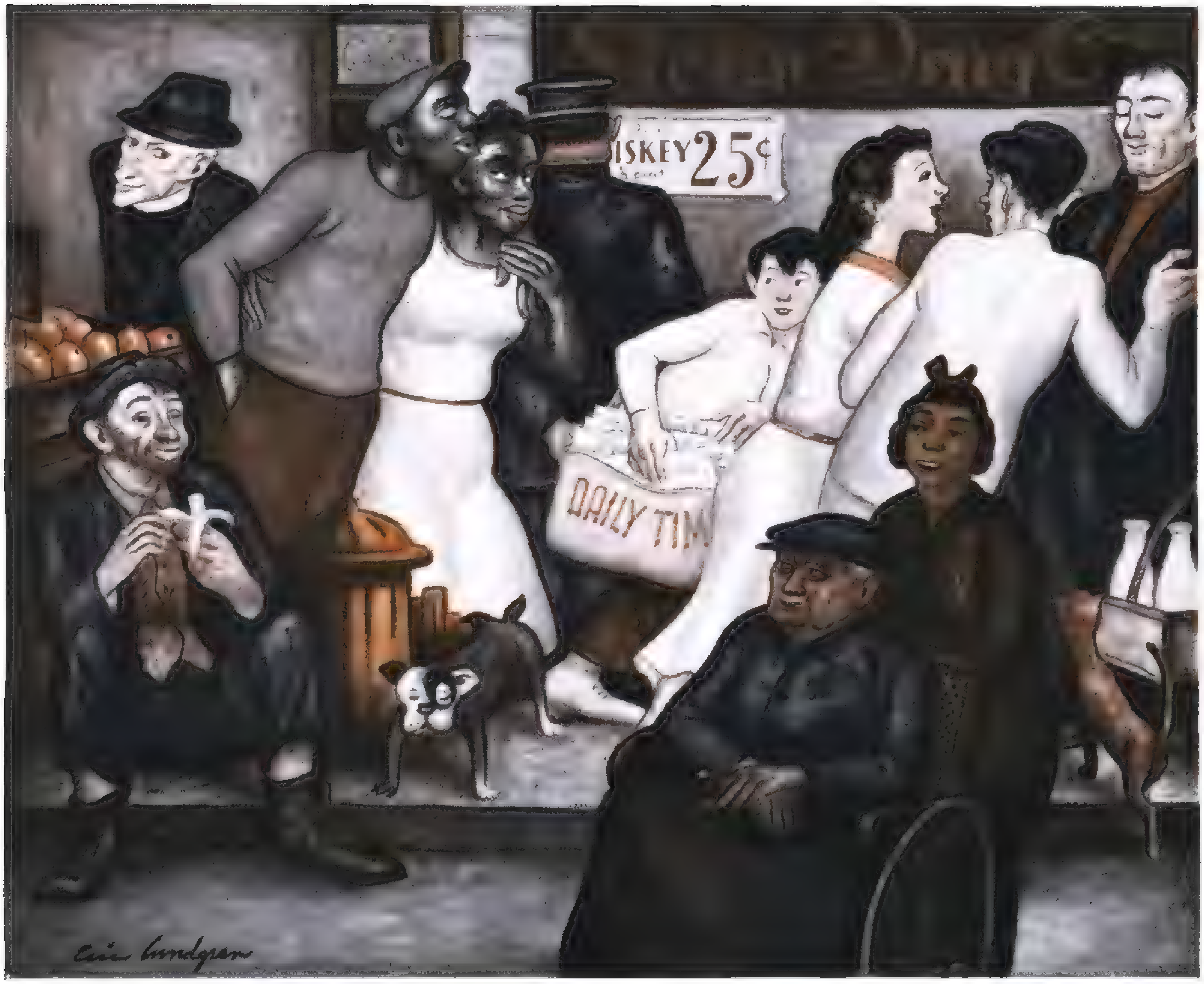

A Miracle In Arkansas, 1936

by **M. WALTHALL JACKSON**

TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Dawn-sun strikes rose from black asphalt,
And orange traffic lines
Take strange glistenings.

The garbage man grins kindly
As he clucks his mule whom yesterday
He whaled and named a lop-eared son
Of a female Satan.

A waitress
Bends to unlock a corner café,
Balancing from the hips like a dancer.
She shouts across the dawn-rose black asphalt
To a filling-station boy.
"H'ya, kid?" she says.
Yet yesterday they passed within a foot of one another
At noon, without a word, jostling elbows, frowning.
He lights a cigarette.
"Swell doll," he smiles, setting his calcumeter.

An alabaster girl wakes up, alone
Between neat linen sheets,
And, stretching honey-muscles,
Wonders why she denied her lover yesterday.
Wiping sweat from her upper lip
With a wisp of lace, why did she say
Thin pointed words that never will be forgotten?
It was so hot!
But now—
She wonders if it is too early to telephone.

A newsboy
Rides his bike
Without touching the handle bars,
Whistling.
"Funny," he thinks.
"I thought I couldn't make it yesterday."
And is a little careful
Not to sling his twisted pellets of news
Quite so slammingly against porches.
"Let 'em sleep, the dudes. I'll own the paper
When they're old, and in their graves."

A nurse
Carries a glass of water
To a PWA patient
Whose backbone broke when a gravel pit
Fell on it.
"Say," he says. "I'm sorry I cussed like that
Yesterday when you fixed my brace.
I don't know what got into me.
Thank you for my water."

A mockingbird sings the miracle
In liquid bravura.

A brindle cat comes through his special hole
From a Negro shanty
Into the day,
Lifting his white feet high in surprise
From the drought-killed grass.

An English setter
Sniffs the air on a brown white-pillared lawn,
And rolls luxuriously
In a forbidden bed of sickly cosmos.
Then furtively looks
To see that no mere animal has observed
His undignified celebration of the wonder.
He waters on his accustomed althea, in great pomp,
And out of sheer exuberance points a squirrel
That yesterday he scorned, then gives chase—
Another forbidden thing—and him twelve years old beside.

A tired tramp,
With cinders in his hair, his eyes, his pants,
Coming from the freight yards to snag a shot of java,
Tops a hill, and sees the sky.
"Maybe God is good," he says, taking a lungful of air.
"I don't know. I bet this is a right good town."

A lonely old man,
Sitting on his daughter's back doorstep,
Greeting his friend, the dawn, considering the fact of death,
Knows that God is good.
He has no doubts.
" 'Morning," he salutes the milkman.
"Fine about them getting that gully-washer up in Minnesota.
A body can breathe today.
We had a dew last night!
Had you noticed?"

Rain in Minnesota
And here, a thousand miles away,
The dry-shriveled souls of men
Expand again
Because a dew fell in the night!

Miracle in Arkansas.

The Bonanza Strike

People looked respectful those days whenever Elmer and Phyllis went marching down Main Street

by JOHN ANGEL THOMPSON

• FICTION •

Elmer Bates was an insignificant looking little person to have come from such a long line of mining men. Just a bit of leather-tough sinew twisted into human semblance.

Elmer prospected from Peru to Point Barrow. The last ounce of superfluous moisture had been sweated out of his lean body dragging it through the furnace heat of Death Valley. He had frozen the marrow in his bones battling the icy blasts that swept across the white wastes north of Nome. That was when he tackled the Endicotts.

Others found gold there later.

That was the trouble with Elmer. He owned a thumb-worn copy of Dana which he had studied until he knew its contents by heart, although he always had to spell out the longer mineralogical terms.

He knew there were several hundred minerals, each commercially valuable according to its uses, that a prospector might encounter in the course of diligent search. He was quite aware of the fact that new minerals were being discovered every year, and new uses for the old ones being developed.

But though Elmer had been to all the likely places, and a great many not so likely, he had never made a bonanza strike. Never whanged his pick into the fabulously rich discovery all prospectors dream of some day finding. In fact he had never even so much as located a good A-Number-One granite quarry.

Still his eyes shone bright as ever. He tightened his belt another notch about his meat-free waist. And he kept on looking. Elmer came from a long line of mining men.

Uncle Jehial Bates, for instance. He freighted ore in the steep passes of the Rockies. One cold morning when he was walking to keep the circulation flowing in his well-fed hulk, he forgot to allow for space for himself between his wagon and the edge of the bluff. They were three days finding the body. But they gave the old man a swell funeral.

Then there was Uncle Jerry. Jeremiah Bates always had a will of his own. One of those die-hard, old-fashioned rock-hounds who insisted it was safe to crimp a blasting cap to the fuse with your teeth . . . if you knew how. The boys at the Lucky Bird Mine said his end was practically painless. Jerry never knew just what it was that knocked his head loose from the rest of his chassis.

Uncle Luke was in Seattle in '98 when the North American Transportation and Trading Company's little steamer, *Portland*, docked at her berth with a ton of virgin gold in her hold, and the first exciting news of a wonderful gold strike somewhere up North in a region called the Klondike. That was July 18th. Three days later Luke left for the Yukon Territory.

None of the family ever heard from him afterwards. They opined he must have struck it rich.

Still Elmer's real sympathy went to Cousin Albert. Al had a claim up in Trinity County and a chance to make some money if it hadn't been for little pieces of heavy, grey-colored metal that clogged his sluice boxes. He had the devil's own time trying to separate the gold from this troublesome stuff.

It wasn't until he had thrown a hundred pounds of the nuisance away, and sold his claim for a song that he discovered the grey metal was platinum. Quoted $86 a troy ounce at the time.

Elmer would never make a mistake like that. He'd know platinum if he ever saw it.

But right now he was on the trail of something else. He had located a big quartz vein high up the slopes of the St. Andrews Mountains in New Mexico. It was a true fissure vein, foot and hanging walls clearly defined. Elmer trenched along the strike of the vein for a full quarter-mile just to make sure. Ore showed at the surface.

Elmer was very careful when he staked his claims this time, measuring off the distances accurately with a steel tape instead of just pacing them and driving his stakes solidly. Something inside him kept whispering that at last he had found his bonanza.

He tried to appear casual when he went into Tuberosa, the county seat, to have his location notices properly filed and recorded.

"Kinda' lonely out there in the St. Andrews, ain't it?"

The recorder was simply making conversation while he pocketed his fees.

"Right now it is."

The official looked up sharply. "Whadda' you mean? You . . . you ain't found somethin' extry . . . good?"

"I'm not talkin' . . . yet."

Elmer couldn't help it. He winked broadly at the astonished recorder, and hurried out.

The little prospector stood in the glare of the noonday sun in front of the courthouse and gazed past the cottonwoods and the filling stations at the end of Main Street, out across the empty desert towards the painted profiles of the mountains that loomed against the distant horizon.

He wondered what to name the new mining camp that would soon be building in those hills. "Well, a feller's got to win sometime," he muttered, grinning to himself.

A townie hurrying by bumped into him. "Excuse me," apologized Elmer. He snapped out of his fog. But an aura of supreme happiness seemed to have attached itself about his wizened, bright-eyed face. He strode down the street and into Ike Busby's hardware store with the tread of a conquering hero. A physically small hero, like Napoleon.

"I've gotta' have some more powder," he told Ike. "And drills." Then he added daringly. "Them last didn't seem to be the best steel, Ike. Didn't hold their temper worth a shuck."

"You ain't paid for the last powder, Elmer."

Suddenly Ike looked up. The storekeeper caught the ethereal glow radiating from the prospector's face, and became fascinated by it. Then he understood. Ike was fairly quick on the uptake at that.

"Of course that's okay," he hastened to add. "Your credit's always good with Ike Busby, Mr. Bates."

Elmer was startled. Not so much by this palpable misstatement of fact as by being addressed as "Mr. Bates."

It gave Elmer a new sense of what it meant to be rich.

"New steel just in," went on Ike. "How much you want? Any amount. Wonderful drill steel, Mr. Bates. Seven per cent carbon."

Elmer examined the steel critically. Usually he was glad to

DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

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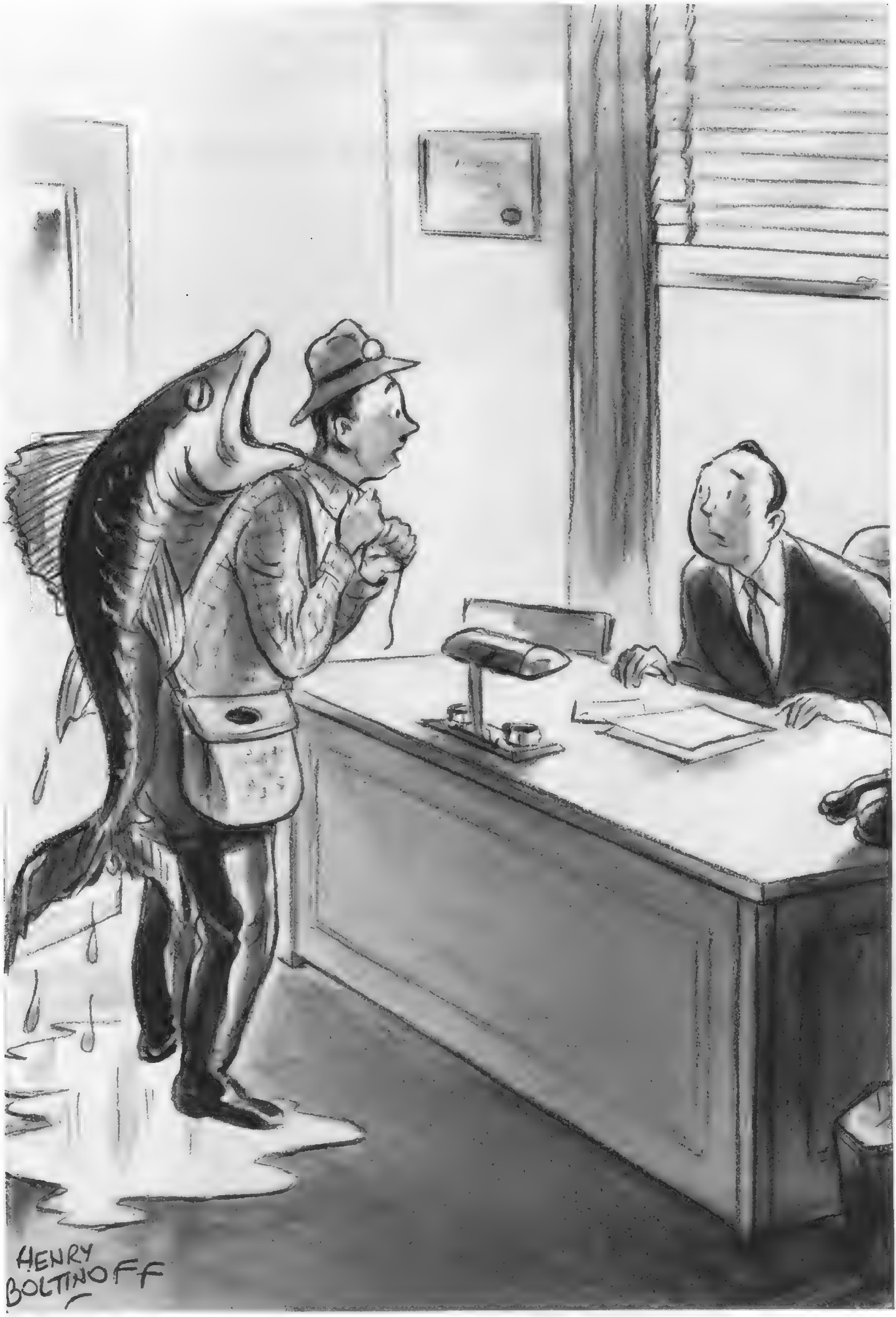
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Are you a notary public?"

The Beach Vendetta

When a shark makes off with his rod and reel, and not so much as a by-your-leave, a man gets mad

by ALFRED VON KOLNITZ

▪ SPORTS ▪

THE beach of the Isle of Palms, one of the sea islands along the South Carolina coast near Charleston, stretched before me for eleven miles of smooth, firm sand, indented here and there by deep sloughs where channel bass feed as the flooding tide drives shoals of silver fish and small mullet shoreward. And channel bass were decidedly in mind when I parked on the beach in front of a promising looking slough, hastily rigged a surf-casting outfit with two No. 8 hooks and a four-ounce pyramidal sinker and waded into the warm June water to begin fishing.

The sinker scarcely reached bottom before I felt a tremendous jerk. The reel whirred; the line started to go places with appalling suddenness. Thrilled by the prospect of a long fight with a big channel bass, I bore down hard with my right arm upon the butt of the rod. Unfortunately the battle ended as quickly as it began. Blaming myself for having used too much force in an effort to set the hook, I reeled in slowly, wondering where the new line had broken. When the end of the line came out of the water I examined it critically. It had been cut cleanly, as if with a sharp knife, just above the small brass rigging swivel, attaching the line to hooks.

Three times within the next thirty minutes the same thing happened; a powerful strike, a short furious run, resulting in a severed line the instant an effort was made to set the hook. By this time I had discovered that sharks were doing the damage. Somewhat disgusted I stood in ankle deep water and counted six triangular shaped fins cruising slowly back and forth across the outer edge of the slough.

Shark strikes along our coast in the summer were not unusual. Our local surf-casters had long since reached a philosophical outlook in regard to them and each of us invariably carried a tackle box well equipped with extra riggings. But the strikes I had just received were stronger, the resultant rush seaward much faster than I had ever experienced from sharks on our beach before.

After losing the third rigging I returned to the car, determined to rig up some tackle that might assist in improving the situation. Since the line had been cut above the rigging swivel in each of the strikes, my first effort was to lengthen the wire leader, which in our usual bass rig is about two feet long. I did this by attaching a six-foot strand of piano wire leader to a new swivel and then bent the other end of the leader into the ring of a large No. 14 Pfleuger Sobey hook. After adding six feet of thirty-pound test cord doubled, above the swivel, I had a crude outfit, but it looked strong and I held high hopes for its success.

This time I baited with a whole mullet and hurried into the surf again. Within a few minutes I saw a shark's fin moving towards the spot where the bait was resting. I dug both feet into the yielding sand, slipped the free spool lever out of gear and tried to get ready for a struggle.

The fin gradually disappeared from view. I waited, tensed and set. A few breathless seconds passed. Then came a gentle tug as if a small fish were nibbling the bait. Suddenly the line went limp as if it had been cut, but as I began to reel in, I could see that the line was moving towards me.

I knew that the shark had picked up the bait, yet the knowledge did not help much. Years of surf casting have not suggested a method of hooking a fish that strikes and dashes shoreward.

The shark approached to within fifteen feet. I could see a long, dark stream-lined body moving a few feet beneath the surface. The body began to turn slowly, veering away from shoal water towards the deep. I caught up all the slack caused by the inward course of the still undisturbed shark, until gradually the reel handle began to rotate. It was too late to lament the misplaced sporting urge that had caused me to remove the pressure drag from my bass fishing reels and to substitute a heavy leather thumb stall. If ever a situation pleaded for a pressure drag, that one did, but there was nothing that could be done about it at the moment.

The rush seaward was increasing in speed until twenty or thirty feet of line unwound. I took a short step backward, dug in with both feet, clamped both thumbs down hard upon the thumb stall and struck. The long, split-bamboo surf rod gave a groan like a soul in torment, while the slow moving reel handle skipped the intervening stages of fast and faster to suddenly become a blur. My thumbs felt like they had been stuck into a blow torch and as I reached down to grab a few handfuls of the wide Atlantic to put out the fire, the shark came out of the water with a great upward surge, looking for all the world like the ricochet of a twelve-inch projectile.

He did not leave the water with the easy grace of a tarpon, or even the frenzied rush of a sailfish. The leap was a twisting, revolving thrust, unlike the leap of any other fish I had ever seen. He jumped six times, taking large quantities of line in the intervals. My three-hundred-yard line had reached the place where I was unable to maintain contact between thumb stall and cord, when with another high, spinning lunge, the shark came out again, only this time he threw himself backwards across the tightly stretched line, severing it instantly.

I watched him go, jumping until he was out of sight, as he made frantic efforts to free himself from the line wrapped around his body. Strangely thrilled I started for home, tingling with a new idea.

What would happen, I wondered, if I came back after those sharks, with equipment strong enough to permit a fighting chance of landing them? So far as I knew no one had ever made an effort to fish for sharks, in the surf on foot, with heavy deep-sea tackle. The idea grew stronger with each mile and before reaching home I registered a silent promise to give the new sport a thorough trial.

My experienced fishing friends in Charleston first smiled, then laughed outright when I suggested the possibility of landing big sharks, afoot in the surf with rod and reel. Finally they became serious, pointing out numerous handicaps, not the least of which was the tremendous physical power required to land a really big shark. Provided I was able to wear a shark down in the manner suggested, they asked, how could he be gaffed or landed without the aid of a boat and an experienced boatman? Hadn't I been fishing in the waters of the South Atlantic long enough to know that it took a boat to beat a big shark and didn't I know that Zane Grey and Hemingway and all other fishermen who fought big fish attached as much importance to the skill of the boatman as they did to the strength of their tackle? And so on almost ad infinitum.

But I had a friend in mind, a certain

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Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

Wise Uncle Paul has had spiders in his boots and porcupines in his rucksack, not to mention ants

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Now that we finally have enough automobiles to transport the entire population at one time, the whole nation has gone hike crazy.

"Hike trains" are featured by the railroads; many mountain hotels have converted basement areas into "hikers' shelters" where one may bunk overnight at very nominal fees; even universities are publishing booklets featuring the hiking advantages of their respective areas; leading newspapers run periodic departments for walking clubs; old and young males and females have rediscovered their legs until in cities like New York and Chicago, where it is shameful to walk up a flight of stairs, you'll find 50,000 to 100,000 people leaving town on week ends for the sole purpose of hiking.

Old-timers who have felt that the 60-year-old Appalachian Mountain Club in the East or the Sierra Club in the West constituted the Alpha and Omega of the sport will be surprised to know that just *one* of about fifteen walkers' groups in New York, The Yosians, has over 100,000 members. The callous-footed may sniff and call them "strollers," but their very number is a cheering sign that we Americans are finally "taking steps" to lessen the shine on the seat of our pants.

With this hoof disease spreading, facilities to encourage it also increase. Hence through all the din of agitation for more hard-surfaced roads and four-lane highways, it is interesting to realize that there are now no less than nine hundred miles of mapped trails in Glacier National Park alone—or that you can hike from Maine to Georgia along the backbone of the Appalachians under the guidance of the famous "AT" blaze mark—or that New York State officially publishes a free, 32-page pamphlet on *Catskill Trails*, or *Lake Placid Trails* or *Trails to Marcy*—or that established hiking routes, such as the 250-mile Long Trail through the wild Vermont hills, are so adequately spotted with lodges or shacks that you are sure every night of having at least a bunk mattressed with fragrant pine boughs under you and a solid roof over you if you're on a lengthy trip.

These and a hundred other developments have come only through increased demand and, having come, serve to swell the ranks still further. This year, again, several hundred thousand newcomers will be hitting the trails for the first time while the neophytes from last year and the year before will be seeking new fields of conquest. And if you are likely to be one of them, would you think it presumptuous if an old timer were to load up his pipe and offer a few observations on the none-too-gentle art of walking?

I've done my forty-five miles in one day, hill and dale; I've been lost in the woods in strange country; I've had spiders in my boots and porcupines in my rucksack while I slept; I've been crazy enough in my time to start out at midnight and hike until sunrise; and I've made all the mistakes that have ever been made on foot.

Some of those mistakes you'll want to avoid, and the more serious of them involve time and distance—long moot questions since "What is a good day's walk?" is as good a riddle as "How long is a string?" Comparative performances are confusing and lead nowhere without supplementary explanation. For instance, the fastest walking ever clocked was a mile in 6 min. 25.8 sec.— a mark that has stood for 27 years: the slowest, in contrast, was eight *feet* in one hour, achieved by the 1924 Mt. Everest Expedition just before they had to surrender to the punishment of a pulse of 180 and ten breaths for every step up!

Between those extremes whatever performance you turn in can be considered satisfactory. In view of the fact that the track record against time is 8¼ miles in one hour, many people feel that a regular pace of 4 miles an hour on the level is a good thing to shoot at. The truth is, you've got to be in good condition and accustomed to walking in order to maintain that pace for much more than a single hour. Three m.p.h., is more comfortable and rational for general use, and even that will be too fast if you are a nature lover who likes to stop and look at things.

Outstanding performers like the late E. P. Weston have recorded such feats as walking 50 miles a day for 100 consecutive days—or covering the 100 miles from Philadelphia to New York in a shade under 24 hours—and such heroic endeavors are apt to make the average man a little ashamed of his accomplishments. One reason for quoting them, however, is to show the skeptic that real walking is not a task for cookie pushers; another, to emphasize the futility of comparisons.

You can figure that for extended trips, hill and dale, 20 to 25 miles a day with a 12-pound pack is good enough and not unpleasant when you're in condition. But the beginner who does 25 miles once a week will be doing plenty. In hilly country with a mixed crowd, 15 miles with packs will prove a good day's work.

Hills, however, knock all calculations askew, and the flat country walker who brings his past performance records into the mountains—even our sissy Eastern mountains—is doomed to disappointment. One mile an hour there is frequently good time when the trails climb, and if the grade is steep and rough, you'll be mighty proud to do 1,000 to 1,500 feet every sixty minutes.

This, of course, means trail hiking, not open rock work which is slow and punishing. And even on the trail, comparative times mean little unless you know the terrain. For instance, in my log book from the Catskills last summer I note that whereas we did the 8-mile Mink Hollow Trail in an easy three hours, it took the same time to travel 3.8 miles up the Hunter Mountain Trail.

Obviously, it is futile to calculate mountain trail hikes solely in terms of mileage, and when you ask an experienced tramper the distance to some point, he'll invariably say, "About 2½ *hours* from here." In the White Mountains, for example, it is customary to estimate at the rate of 2 miles per hour, plus 30 minutes for every 1,000 feet of ascent.

The best advice anybody can give the novice is, take it easy. Only the suckers start off the season with a ten-mile jaunt—and they don't do any more jaunting for some days thereafter. Walking seems easy because we all do a little of it every day. But when you begin knocking off mile after mile, that's a horse of another color—and you seldom see the real color until tomorrow.

This is doubly true where people who have spent the past fifty weeks in an office chair suddenly start to compress a month of climbing into a two-week vacation. Steep trails are mighty tough on the hearts of the inexperienced, and no one knows how much damage has been done to untrained hikers who were ashamed to admit exhaustion until they were ready to drop.

Some of the other mistakes beginners make concern clothing—especially footwear. The pros and cons of this topic would fill a book, and when you consider the range from the feather-weight Indian moccasin to a pair of seven-pound Alpine boots, each with its proper function, you can understand why. This, however, doesn't simplify matters any when you get into a sporting goods store and see footgear ranging in price from 65c to $25 a pair while a salesman babbles glibly about "molded sole hunting boots," "Maine guide shoes," "woods boots," "mountain climber's shoes," and whatnot. So before you get started on that line, make a note of this:

Years ago General E. L. Munson made a thousand plaster casts with which to classify our typical human foot faults, and out of this research came the renowned "Munson last" standard in the U. S. Army for years because it was demonstrated that with it men could do five to eight miles more a day with less discomfort and fatigue

DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

than was possible with any other style shoe.

A good, sturdy Munson last shoe with leggins or spiral puttees makes as good an all-duty walking outfit as you'll find. But since they haven't the swank appearance of twelve or sixteen inch boots, most of us go for the boots!

Whichever you decide on, keep two things in mind. First of all, never go on a hike with new shoes that aren't thoroughly broken in by considerable wear around the house, on short walks, etc. Second, buy walking shoes of a larger size than street shoes and have them fitted over the kind of socks you'll wear. Hiking socks should be woolen and thick for reasons we'll come to later: the point now is that they will influence the size shoe you need.

A hiking shoe should be snug in the heel; easy across the ball of the foot; and very roomy in the toes, especially if you walk in hilly country where the down-hill drill kills the babies with short shoes. But you can't gauge these three factors in silk socks—as so many greenhorns try to do.

The best tip on socks was given me several years ago by a Swiss lad who's been scaling the Alps all his life. Two pairs were better than one, he said: white silk next to the skin; thick wool over that. The surprising result is that this combination is cooler in warm weather and warmer in cold than single socks of any weight since the double layer affords both ventilation and insulation inside the shoe. If you doubt it, try it and convince yourself as I had to. Then remember that principle of the double layer in the selection of all other outdoor clothing.

No matter what some coots may tell you, cotton socks (even thick ones providing the necessary cushion for hiking) are "the bunk" because they mat with perspiration and cut off the circulation of air which is so essential in all sports apparel. Indeed, cotton fabrics don't rate very high with me for any outdoor garments, but this is another subject you can argue all night with hikers wherever you meet them.

However, I'm not arguing now: I'm telling you that the best all-around fabric for continuous outdoor use in all seasons and all weather is wool. That sentence would do justice to a lawyer for it contains a lot of provisos. But I've hiked in the snow in the Pennsylvania mountains when the mercury was 22° below zero—on open, dusty roads along Cape Cod with the temperature over 90°—through woods and fields in Vermont where the rain pelted down every foot of the way for twenty miles—and the low-down on sports fabrics is this:

Corduroy and khaki are deservedly popular because both are excellent wind-breaking materials; they repel briars, burrs and all those hooked seeds like "beggar's lice"; they wear like iron yet are inexpensive, hence for occasional use either is excellent. The hiker who goes out from a summer bungalow or from home, returning before nightfall to another supply of clothing, will get more than his money's worth from these fabrics because he will seldom be discomfited by their shortcomings which are two. First, both are heavy as lead when wet and consequently uncomfortable, and, second, they dry with the pliability of an oak casket.

Therefore, although the better grades are more expensive, a good woolen garment is superior for continuous, all-weather duty—with the preference being definitely for breeches rather than bloomer-like knickers or trousers whose cuffs catch on every bramble or twig in sight.

Since nearly all of my hiking is considerably above sea level, I also prefer lightweight woolen or flannel shirts since they dry much more comfortably after having been wet with perspiration. Early last June we climbed that modest little Massachusetts peak, Mt. Everett (which is only 2,600 feet) on a very warm afternoon. Reaching the summit dripping wet, we were greeted by an icy wind and small snow patches in the shade of the low bushes, and you can bet your life that if we had struck that change of climate in damp cotton or linen shirts, we would have been chilled to the bone in one blast.

Speaking of wind, I've even gone over to wool for a windbreaker. The leather jacket used to suffice for me until I ran across a so-called "golf jacket" of exceptionally close-woven woolen cloth, waterproofed. And although I wouldn't give more than $22.50 for a two-pants business suit at the point of a gun, I paid $20 for that jacket because it is warmer than a sweater, drier than a slicker and half the weight of the best leather windbreaker I ever saw.

That question of weight is important if you're going to be a serious hiker, not only from the standpoint of load but also from the service angle. Quality being comparable, two lightweight wool garments are warmer than one heavy one. And whenever they get

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Mr. Chung's Newspaper

While a Chinese editor is loyal to his ancestors, who would censure his ways of making journalism pay?

by GEORGE L. MOORAD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I DON'T know why I ever agreed to become the editor of the Shanghai *Wan Pao, Federal Inc., U. S. A.*, except that I was young and Gilbert H. Y. Chung was so polite. I was always a sucker for courtesy and besides I had bummed cigarettes off him for a long time. He would never let me repay him and this was the first favor he ever asked of me.

I knew why he wanted me for his editor. The previous owner of the sheet was doing time in the Nanking Penitentiary for what I thought was a rather clever crack about the Japanese. He said they were like something done up in cellophane. Very clean and pretty on the outside, but when you opened the wrapper—just peanuts, all of them the same.

Chung said he wanted to run his paper strictly along American lines, except for the language of course. He wanted me to be the editor because of my experience and integrity and associated virtues he ascribed to me without batting an eye. He also wanted me to register it as an American concern so that we could thumb our noses at the government censors. We did and this pleased Chung immensely.

"Ha ha! goddam," he crowed, "just like in America."

The full title of the paper meant "The Chinese American Newspaper Promoting Friendship, Patriotism and Inspiration." We had a big brass nameplate out in front and also the Chinese and American flags.

We got away to a good start because all the other papers were hogtied with government regulations about insults to friendly Powers and matters prejudicial to the safety of the state; the public was hungry for news and we gave it to them. We were putting out about 20,000 copies in our first month when overnight our circulation jumped to 45,000—and more if we could have supplied them.

A Japanese sailor had been killed and their naval landing party had moved in, putting up barbed wire barricades all over Hongkew and scaring hell out of the poor devils who lived in the tenement districts. The other papers knew as well as we did that the Jap had been murdered by another one in a brothel feud but nobody else dared say so—not even the wire services. We called the story by its right name and got the town so fired up that reporters from the other sheets tipped us off to all the stuff they couldn't use themselves. The day after we printed it they would quote us.

Maybe you think stories about people fighting to get newspapers are all bushwa. Let me tell you they aren't—for nearly a solid month we had crowds of people waiting all afternoon and until 10 p.m. It got so bad we finally arranged to sell the whole issue to a contractor; we just dumped them out the back door and let the newsboys and the public fight with him.

By this time Chung had talked me into putting my pitiful savings into the business and we bought a homemade rotary press which I vow was copied from a 1900 Hoe model. He was very polite and I still bummed his cigarettes. He never handed me the case. He plucked them out with his long, slim, pale yellow fingers and handed them to me two or three at a time. It always fascinated me the way he did it.

During all this Japanese excitement I didn't have time to wonder if we were making money. All day long I coined dirty cracks about the Japs and wrote hell-fire editorials. Even in Chinese they must have been good because we got offers from both sides to sell out. The Japanese embassy offered a flat sum for the paper—it was reasonable, not generous—and the Chinese mayor offered us a subsidy of $1,000 a month. I wanted to sell but Chung leaned towards the subsidy proposition. It would have ruined us in a month because our only ace was freedom. Chung had an ingenious scheme arranged whereby he would take the money and run off a few pro-government sheets, while I would publish another newspaper from the same plant. I was too naïve then so we compromised and operated as usual.

Strangely enough when the Hongkew trouble died down our circulation held up pretty much as usual. We settled down to about 40,000 a day and there was always a crowd in front watching our bulletin board.

I knew my editorials weren't pulling them in but I didn't think much about it until one of the English language papers laid into us about bawdy stories. It seems that a married man had died in the New Asia Hotel under rather delicate circumstances. One of our reporters saw this as an occasion for plenty of color—he described in warming detail the physical virtues of the gentleman's lovely companion, then launched into a description of their probable experiences in the hotel bedroom and concluded with his opinion that the man had truly given his life for love.

I knew our readers loved the human touch, but this story burned me up and in Chung's absence I fired the reporter. The whole staff down to the office coolies promptly struck and we didn't publish for five days. I was in a hell of a dither when Chung got back from paying respects to his ancestors in Canton; the staff had demanded that I reinstate the reporter, give them a general increase of 20 per cent and make a personal apology.

Of course Chung had heard all about it through the bamboo wireless before I was able to see him, and the whole staff trooped in to work after him. I don't know yet how he settled the dispute, but there were no increases and I didn't apologize. The reporter handed in his resignation and disappeared about two weeks later. He said he wasn't fitted for journalism.

I did learn how this came about. Chung took him back and then laid for him. Every time he found an error in the reporter's copy he called him out in front of everybody in the office and every time the reporter lost more face. He had to quit to save his last shreds of respectability.

Chung got the idea from this affair that I was prudish or hypocritical. He didn't say so, but some months later he told me that Chinese had different ideas about clean news. He said that in the Chinese language there is nothing offensive about discussing any of the natural functions. I took the hint and left the "social news," as he called it, to the staff. I didn't even object when they started lambasting one of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries for taking a concubine.

I felt sorry for our old victim though. He came traipsing into the office one day, the most woeful fellow I've ever seen. He wasn't sore, just sort of resigned to fate. He said his only son had died and his old wife urged him to take a younger woman in the hope of getting an heir. Now because of the bad publicity he would probably lose his job.

"In China," he said simply, "it is lonely to die without a son."

Chung shook him down for a thousand

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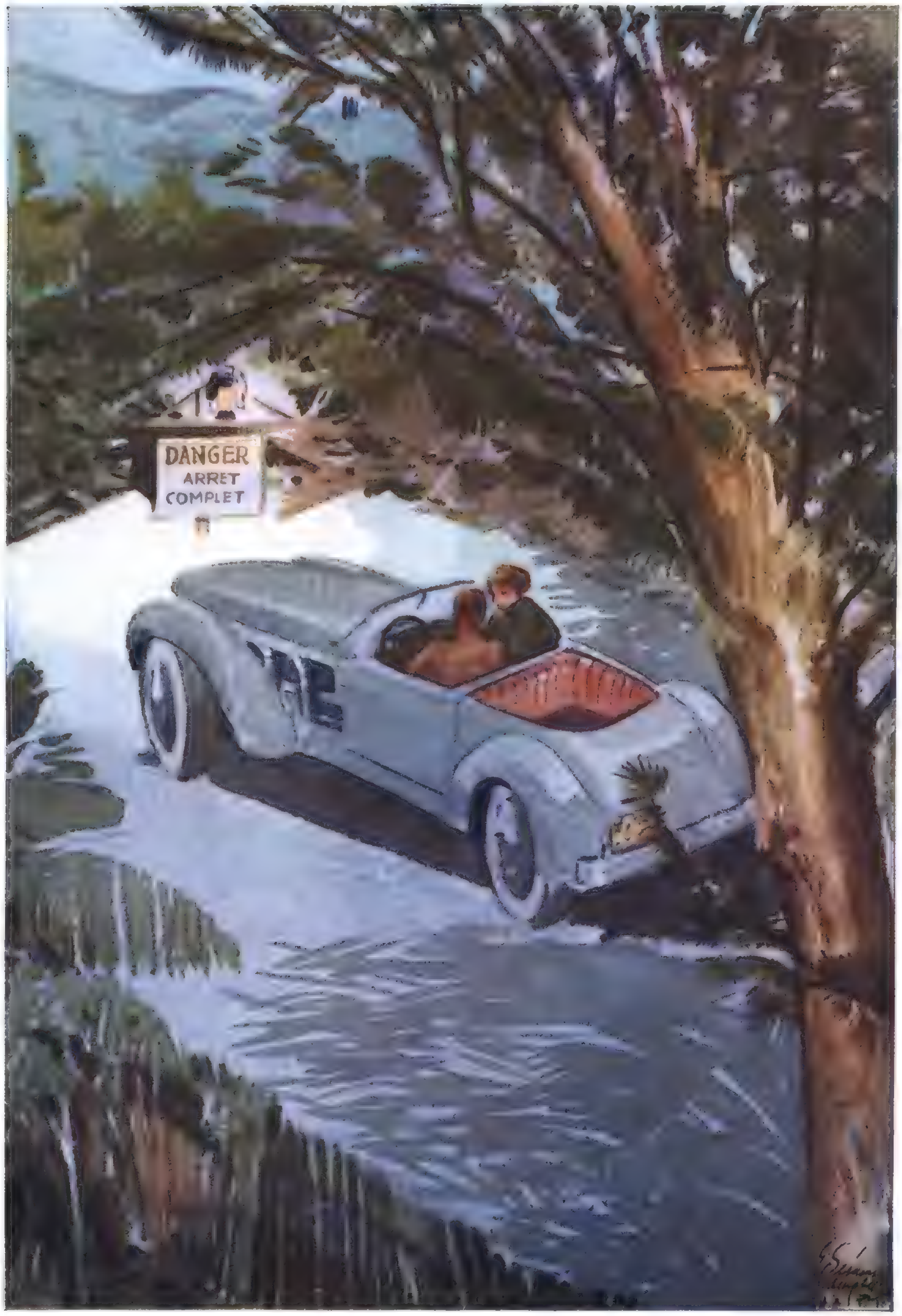
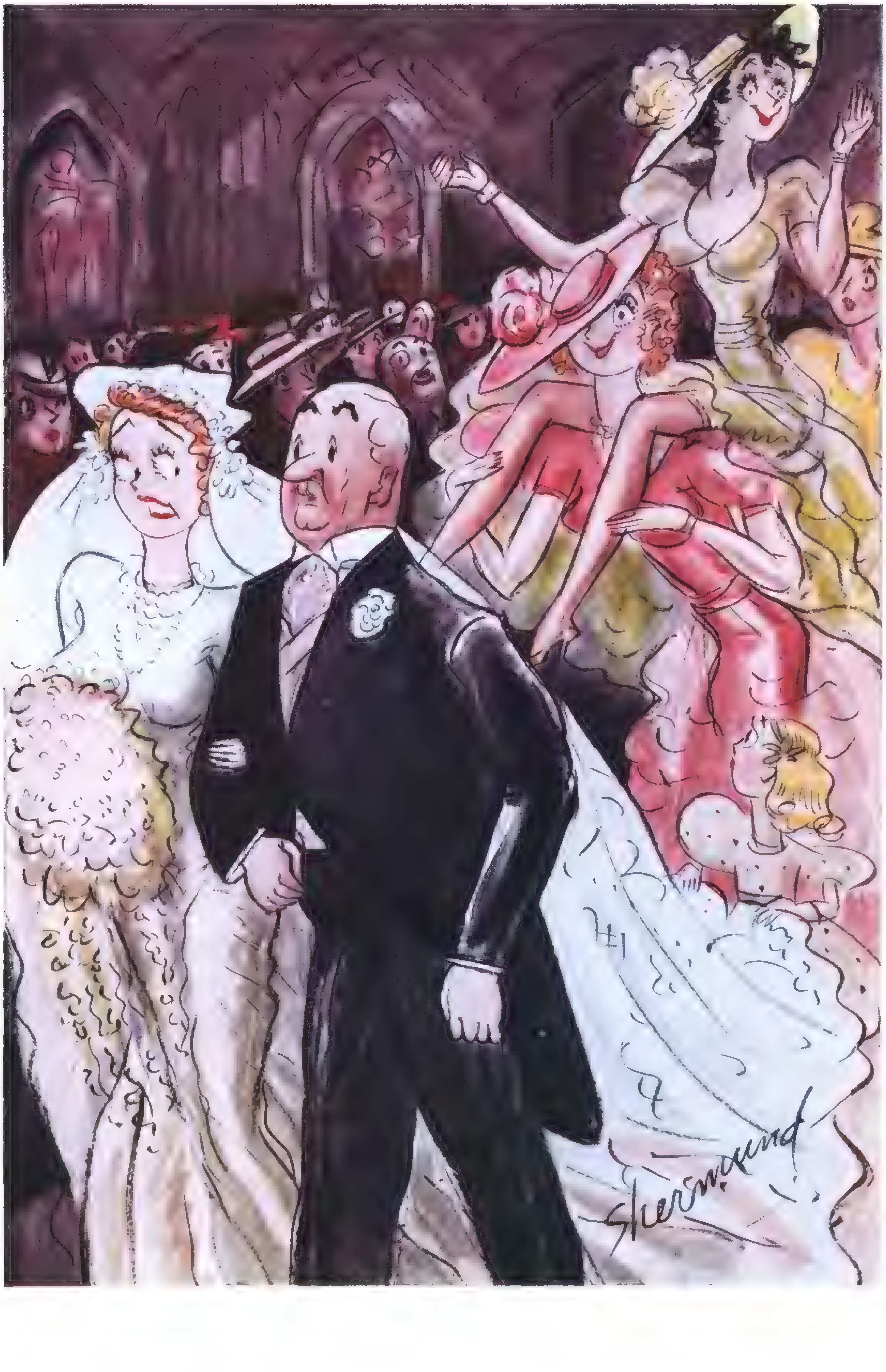

DANGER
ARRET
COMPLET

"Yeah? Well did you ever see an emergency brake with a stocking on it?"



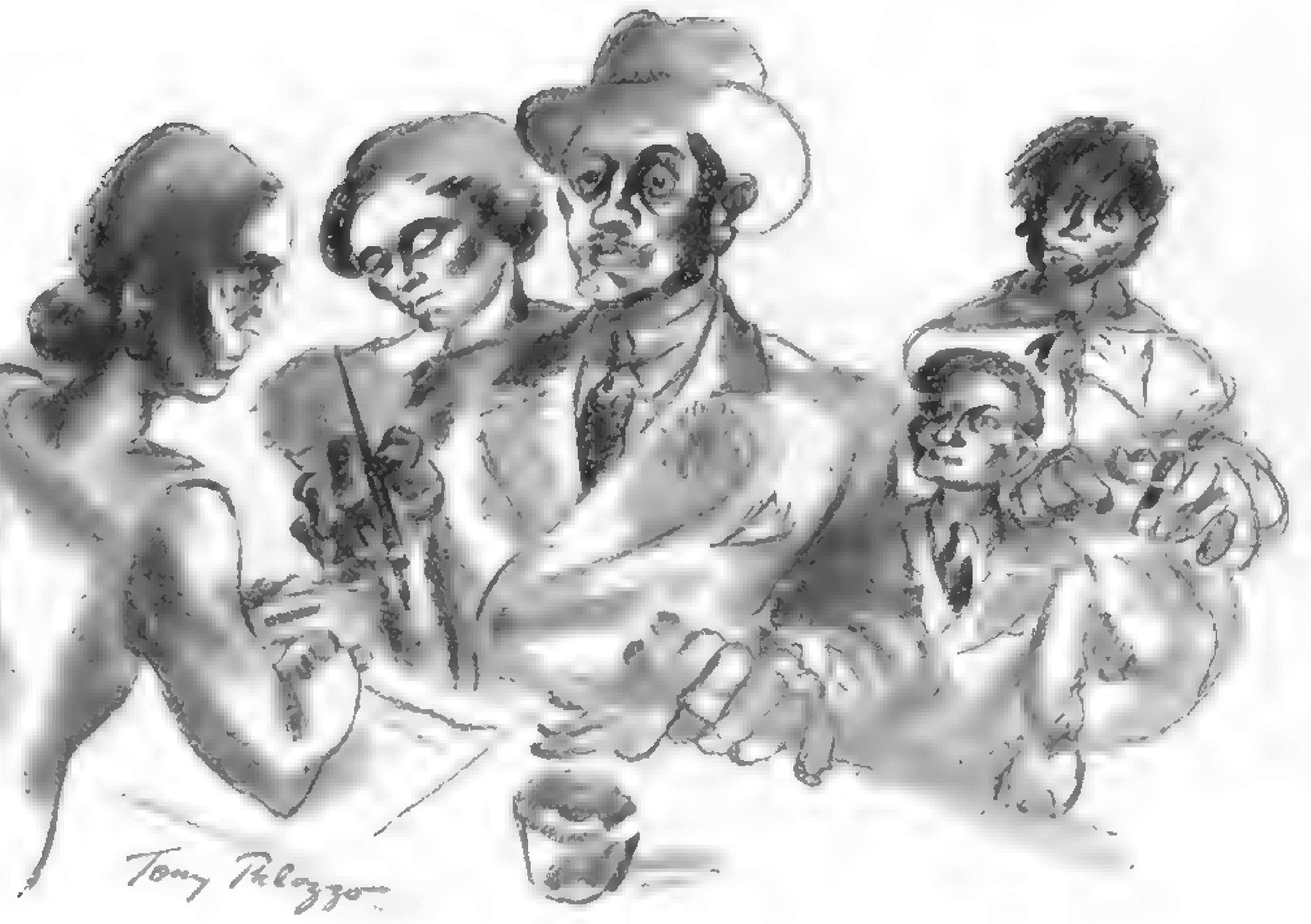
"Don't look now—but I think two of the bridesmaids have been drinking"

The Brother of Mrs. Morton

He wouldn't have gone to Mexico if he'd realized there wouldn't even be Grade A milk for Albert

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

▪ FICTION ▪



On the occasion when Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Morton and their only son Albert arrived at Lake Chapala, they were surprised at the enthusiasm with which they were received by the Widow Sanchez, proprietress of the little Hotel Universal. In this queer, out-of-the-way spot, where they knew no one, they had no reason to expect that they would be welcomed like princes.

When they had descended from their car and registered, and when the Widow Sanchez had scrutinized their names, she beamed upon them, pressed their hands repeatedly, and poured out voluble floods of Spanish eloquence. She kissed Albert, much to his embarrassment. She was a handsome dark-eyed woman of fifty, who looked as if she were competent to run a hotel or anything else.

"What is all this about?" Mr. H. C. Morton said suspiciously to Plutarco Juarez, the rat-faced interpreter whom he had brought with him from Mexico City.

"She say she very welcome you to Chapala—that all everybody be very happy that you come at last."

"Hum! I suppose that means that she doesn't get many rich tourists and that she intends to charge us sucker prices for our rooms. Ask her what kind of rooms she can give us, and how much she wants for them."

Mr. H. C. Morton was not enjoying his six-weeks tour of Mexico. He had come only because his wife insisted. "You need a rest, dear, after the strain of working so hard on that billboard campaign for the Cutie Compact Company. And it has been a nervous year for you, worrying over your income tax, and having those nasty Internal Revenue men beat you in the courts and make you pay that hideous sum of money. You must go away. And Albert is working too hard in school, I feel sure. He looks pale. And I, too, need a little change after all the work I did on that Committee to Make the Movies Pure. Why not take six weeks off, and visit our Latin neighbors?"

"Hell! who wants to go to Italy now, when war may break out at any moment?"

"I don't mean Italy, dear; I mean Mexico, our nearest Latin neighbor, just across the friendly border. Those picturesque peons, and gay señoritas, and bull fights, and fiestas, and floating gardens, and everything. And besides, it's almost a duty for prominent business men like you to extend a friendly hand to our sister republics of the American continent. We do not want the rivalries and hatreds of the Old World to grow up on this side of the water."

Eventually he yielded. But now he was sorry. He had not found that he liked his Latin neighbors. The altitude of the high plateau made him short of breath and nervous; and the happy-go-lucky Mexican way of doing things was profoundly irritating to his sense of efficiency. These people did not know the meaning of time or of punctuality. In Mexico City a fine looking business man whom he had accosted in a hotel bar had accepted with elaborate courtesy Mr. Morton's proffered invitation to luncheon the next day—and then did not show up at all. The food in even the most expensive hotels was atrocious—endless course after course of greasy dishes, each one more peppery and more unappetizing than the last. The servants did not speak a word of English. The toilets were not up to modern standards. The taxis were as old as Adam, and the chauffeurs drove like madmen. The famous Cathedral was big—perhaps it was, indeed, as the guidebook said, the largest religious edifice on the American continent; but it was as ugly as a wart on the outside, and its inside was a mass of tinsel and smelly praying women with black shawls over their heads. The National Museum had nothing of interest in it—not a single painting by Corot or Henner or Jules Dupre. The Pyramids of San Juan Teotehuican were just a joke as compared with the Pyramids of Egypt; and the famous Shrine of the Virgin at Guadeloupe Hidalgo wasn't worth looking at. Diego Rivera's notorious frescoes were not only hideous pictures but were almost insulting to the feelings of civilized people: imagine the kind of communistic savage who would paint these vulgar libels, making satiric fun of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Ford and Mr. Coolidge and other eminent Americans! It was impossible to understand why the government of a supposedly friendly nation permitted it—let alone, encouraged and paid money for it. As for the enormous fresco of Rivera's at Chapingo, which you had to motor twenty-five miles to reach—well! . . . It was a reclining naked female, thirty feet long, called "Fecundite"—and it was the most suggestive thing he had ever seen. He had taken Albert out of the hall at once; but he feared from Albert's embarrassed and reflective behavior later that he had got a good eyeful of this shocking sight. The people in the streets wore pajamas instead of trousers, and nobody who was as polite as they were could possibly be honest. The famous old Thieves' Market, where, he had been told, one could pick up treasures of old silver for a pittance, had been abolished. It was impossible to get any Grade A milk for Albert, who was growing and needed it: all the milk had to be boiled, and Albert wouldn't touch that. The American dentist to whom Mr. Morton had gone to have a gold inlay put in, charged him fifty-four pesos, which was eighteen dollars—and that was as much as a dentist in the United States would have charged him. His wife had made him go one evening to hear Carlo Chavez conduct the National Symphony Orchestra at the Palace of Arts—and he had never listened to such incomprehensible modernistic rot in his life. There were no subways, no decent theatres, no sidewalk cafés such as those of Paris; and if there were any gay and pretty señoritas, somebody must be keeping them in a harem, for he hadn't seen any of them wandering about. The red-light district, to which he had his interpreter Plutarco take him one night on a sight-seeing expedition, was the most sickening dirty one-story slum he had ever seen—not at all like the handsome mirror rooms of the resorts in Paris. The bull fight was a shoddy bore; he had expected to be horrified by the entrails of gored horses, but he found that nowadays the horses were covered with pads which either protected them from the bull's horns or else concealed the injury if one were inflicted. There was nothing in the shops that you wanted to buy. The price of cigarettes was mere highway robbery. There wasn't a skyscraper in the whole city.

In a word, Mr. H. C. Morton was not attracted by Mexico or by the Mexicans.

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Masters of Pistolcraft

A .22 caliber pistol can make short work of ducks—if you know how to place the bullet

by WILLIAM REICHENBACH

• SPORTS •

The horses trotted contentedly along the bridlepath. The air was crisp and clear. Adjusting his reins to his left, Leon pointed with his free hand at a flock of wild ducks idling on the lake:

"Those ducks there—how far away would you say they are?"

"Oh—the closest ones are no more than 150 feet from here."

Leon mused: "If one were to aim a shotgun, one could just pick them off. What a cinch!" And he added: "But how unsporting."

"On the contrary," I teased, "'twould give the birds all the chances they could wish for. With a shotgun you couldn't kill any. But with a pistol . . ."

Leon stared: "You are kidding."

"Hell no, I am serious. The effective range of a shotgun is about forty yards, that of a pistol 200 yards and more."

"Yes," Leon conceded. "But to hit those birds with a pistol at 50 yards . . . impossible!"

"Listen, Leon, it can't be done from on horseback, naturally. Luckily for the ducks, we have game laws. If we were allowed to shoot them and if I wanted to be a true sportsman, I wouldn't aim at any duck closer than 200 feet—standing on terra firma and taking my time."

Overrating the possibilities and effectiveness of the shotgun is a popular fallacy. Leon is no exception. These innocents think all one has to do is to point the thing in the general direction and—bam! That the velocity of the pellets diminishes fast and that they lose their deadly sting along about 30 to 40 yards, is not common knowledge.

But the statement that the lowly .22 caliber Long Rifle Bullet, our smallest caliber, which will travel about a mile, is able to penetrate a human skull at over half that distance, meets with disbelief.

In the case of the ducks, a .22 caliber pistol or revolver would make short work of the victims if—if—one knows how to place the bullet. That's the rub! Just aiming in the general direction won't do. One has to line up the sights accurately and has to squeeze the trigger carefully, not just pull it. If the sight-alignment is out by 1-1000 of an inch or if the pistol is not held just so, no ducks. This difficulty of hitting small objects with a pistol is, of course, freely acknowledged. No one questions the infinite dexterity necessary to pop a duck at 150 feet. In fact, the seeming impossibility of handling a pistol with such deadly accuracy has always deeply intrigued people. Whether one lays the scene at the time of the early conquest of the West or whether our modern boys play "Trapper and Indians," the handgun seems indispensable and the deeds of our oldtimers and the purely imaginary ones (or should I say the just as fantastic ones?) of our Youngsters defy description. As the boys grow up, they do not lose this desire to master the pistol—it seems to intensify. They may become policemen, soldiers, guards, crooks, or they may join the civilian pistol clubs and work away at paper targets as addicts of a fascinating sport. Every social stratum is represented. Alas, it must be that the craft is devilishly elusive. How else could one account for the fact that one needs a lantern to find experts. There are actually less than half a dozen high rankers. I have in mind people who really excel in handgun shooting, crackshots what I mean. Out of many hundreds of thousands just a bare half-dozen experts. Incredible. But it's true and seems to offer undeniable proof that pistol shooting (including revolver shooting) must be a difficult art indeed. And that's just what it is!

What sets these crackshots apart from the crowd? Are they superhuman? If I may venture a guess I would say that they are just a trifle balmier and more fanatic than the rest. If they were to apply half their energy, intelligence and perseverance to any other sport, they would be champions, hailed and fêted and generously paid by an admiring public. But these crackpots—er, crackshots, will pick on the most intricate of all endeavors, on a sport so mysterious, so elusive, so infinitely hard and soul-crushing that conquest seems hopeless—and when they reach the top so coveted by the many, many thousands that are trying, they are just "crackshots." No acclaim! No exploitation! This damn sport neither rewards its topnotchers financially, nor does it heap honors or distinctions upon them. True champions! Yet they cannot capitalize their talents. What saps!

To get a rough idea of what can be done, we will have to look at the pistol first. Principally, it consists of a short steel-tube, about four to six inches long, adorned with two sights, mounted on a frame with a handle and a trigger. The object may be to direct this tube, held in one hand, so that with the explosion the bullet rushes a distance of, say sixty feet, and smashes a target of the size of a dime. Or let's say that 150 feet away, 50 yards, there is the stoplight of an automobile. With one shot the artist should break it. Just let somebody stick up a dime at sixty feet or look at a taillight from 150 feet away and one will be compelled to say that it appears humanly impossible to hit either one with one shot, or with a hundred shots. Yet, miss either and you're just nobody.

Yes, shooting craps offers less problems.

How does one go about the conquest of the pistol? It's a stony path. Nobody ever just grew into mastery, not in the art of pistol shooting. Indeed not. One has to work hard, intelligently and assiduously, constantly searching, probing here and there, analyzing ballistical, mechanical, physical and psychological delays and inaccuracies—and ways must be studied for correction.

An unbelievable amount of willpower, untiring patience have to nurse whatever spark of genius there is. Work and slavery, numerous disappointments to be met with fortitude, alone, neither helped nor encouraged by anyone. Bondage in solitude.

One may finally come to know the exultation of achievement, the sweetness of dour recognition. That will be about all the reward the art offers. Financial exploitation is hopeless. It is a breadless art.

Why then, with all these obstacles, do so many walk this path? One may as well ask "Why are there nuts?" If ever there were any kind of craft which proved as thankless, as hard to conquer, as soul shriveling as pistol shooting, I'd like to know about it.

Yes, we are a funny guild, we of the pistol clan. Knowing damn well that there won't ever be any reward, yet we eagerly await our next chance to try, to work, to be disappointed again—for ours is an art that deteriorates with lack of use.

What really, in the name of heaven, is that strange fascination which the pistol exerts over intelligent human beings (and they must be intelligent or the thing will be hopeless right from the start) so that they feel powerless to resist it? Is it the very difficulty of mastery? Is it the innate hon-

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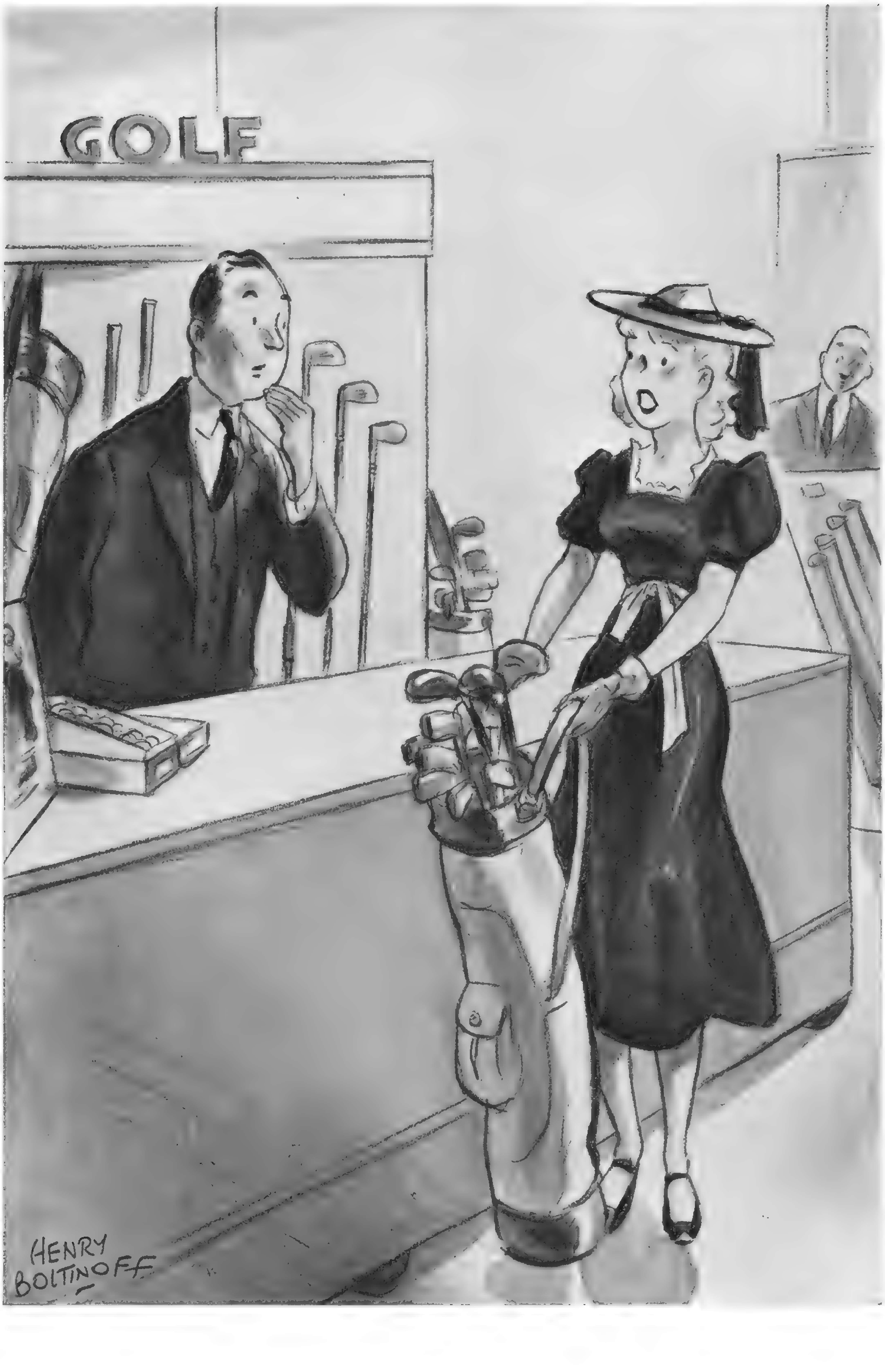
GOLF
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Now which club do I use for a hole in one?"

Fancies of a Plain Cop

Captain Willemse maintains a cop's only human, and bribes are tempting when they have wives and sick kiddies to support

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

• ARTICLE •

It was a Forum at the Waldorf, one of those things where somebody asks (rhetorically), "Can Science Cure Crime?" and various speakers who agree to disagree wrangle obediently to make a holiday for reform fans. During this bedlam of mental badminton I said something about modern methods of crime detection, remarking that a blood-pressure deception test was not only more effective but also far less painful than the good old police methods of flying fist, rubber hose and pushing heads down in a tank. As usual, our audience of respectable citizens could not believe that officers of the law practiced methods so inhumane.

The ring-master called loudly, "Let's hear from Captain Cornelius W. Willemse, retired Chief of Detectives of New York City, the man who broke up the Kid Dropper gang, sent forty of Ben the Dope's hoodlums to Sing Sing and smashed Little Augie's mob! Captain Willemse, tell us your experience with police methods."

A husky, solid man whose sixty-six years have whitened his once black hair and sprinkled his close-clipped military mustache with pepper and salt, trudged not unwillingly to the footlights. His broad Dutch face beamed good will.

"You know folks," he said soothingly, "I'm just a plain cop. I don't know much about science but I've seen plenty of crime—in the department and out. I'll tell you about my first lesson in police methods when I was a rookie. I had a pretty tough post and the first night I saw a couple of mugs beating hell out of an honest citizen. They laid him out and were going through his pockets. I went over and I nabbed the both of them. I called an ambulance for the poor guy they had beaten up and I took my prisoners to the station house. I was feeling pretty good and I swelled out my chest. The old Sergeant at the desk he scowled at me savagely. 'Yer a foine kind of a cop,' he says, 'what sort of a job d'ye think ye got, chambermaid to hoodlums?' So he called a couple huskies out of the back room and he says to them, 'Take these guys outside and show Officer Willemse how to bring 'em in right.'

"They took the prisoners out on the sidewalk. And sa-ay!" The Captain's voice grew soft and his eyes crinkled with gentle, reminiscent delight. "What they didn't do to those fellers wasn't worth mentioning. When the mugs were out cold the dicks said to me, 'They're all yours, boy, take 'em in.' I grab one in each hand by their coat collars and I drag 'em in and lay those fellers down in front of the Sergeant. You should have seen the benign satisfied smile that came over his face. He came right out from behind the desk and stood looking them over, rubbing his hands. Then he clapped me on the back. 'That's something like it, Con,' he says. 'A good thorough job. Undoubtedly these sons-of-such-and-such will have shyster lawyers and the District Leader around here in the morning to spring 'em out of jail. But they won't forget this little police lesson. Remember me lad, always beat a mug up when you get a chance—it's all the punishment he'll get in most cases for preyin' on honest wage-earners.' I was a good cop—I remembered my orders and I always followed them."

What a shock that was to the kindly old ladies out front! And how Captain Willemse enjoyed the sensation he had made.

I was lost in admiration of the way he handled the crowd—I might have cited a thousand cases and quoted third-degree statistics by the yard without producing half the effect. Here was a man who had handled thousands of criminals, a "plain cop," who told his experiences straight from the shoulder without hypocritical camouflage. Yet over it all the Captain managed to throw a mantle of humorous whimsey. One felt, after all, that this man had only good will in his heart. I have listened to many a famous actor and many a highly touted Chautauqua speaker whose histrionic birthright was a mess of pottage compared to Captain Willemse's artless art.

The Captain has been through the mill. He is Victor Hugo's "Inspector Javert" in the flesh—two hundred pounds of it. He is the personification of realism in police detectives—strong, physically brave, battle-loving, shrewd, tricky and sentimental when it suits his purpose. I have tested, interviewed and personally analyzed more than 5000 criminals of both sexes, in prison and out, and I have found 5000 individuals, strikingly different in personality pattern, emotionally unique to the point of freakishness. Among a similar number of policemen whom I have met not more than a baker's dozen depart radically from type. The huge majority are small, large, or medium-sized peas in pods of the same color. They are the genus cop, and that genus is Captain Willemse.

This man is important because his career and personality reveal, in the words of our late Chief Medical Examiner Charles Norris, "the real, behind-the-scenes, grim death battle which is being waged in every large American city by two great forces—those of a criminal class whose menace is not yet fully understood, and those of the police departments whose work, difficulties and problems have never been properly appreciated." For twenty-five years Cornelius Willemse pounded the sidewalks of New York, East Side, West Side, Ghetto and Black-Belt, Tenderloin and Hell's Kitchen and he came to know cops and criminals as few Americans imagine them. He guarded princes and chummed with paupers, never had a complaint, won his chevrons and gold shield, became a detective sergeant attached to the D.A.'s office, graduated to the rank of Lieutenant and finally won an assignment which is probably the toughest job in the world, Chief of Manhattan's First Detective Division.

Willemse's Dutch tenacity proved tougher than the job. He slapped dozens of notorious gun killers into Sing Sing and Dannemora, broke up Sirocco's mob and the Dopey Bennys, collected in one swoop the entire Kid Dropper gang and broke the power of Little Augie on the East Side. Willemse earned to the last broken straw hat his underworld soubriquet of "Gang Buster." And the hat—the Captain wore it as he leaned close to Kid Dropper in a taxicab outside the General Courts Building. A Little Augie gangster, slipping easily through the cordon of 80 detectives drawn up to protect their prisoner, thrust his pistol through the back window of the cab and blazed away at Dropper Kaplan's head, neatly puncturing the Kid's skull and Willemse's hat. The Captain heaved Kid Dropper's blood-spurting body into the street and while the dying gangster's eyes glazed in death Willemse rasped at him viciously, "Well, you blanked blank, you had it coming to you. What do you think of it? You gave it to a lot of guys, how do you like it yourself?" And so that bullet-torn hat of Willemse's became at once the symbol of a cop's courage and police department futility.

Cornelius William John Mairie Willemse—named for his two grandfathers, his godfather and his mother according to the good Holland custom—began his New York career suitably, as he himself admits, for winning eventual success in the police department. He entered the United States a criminal,

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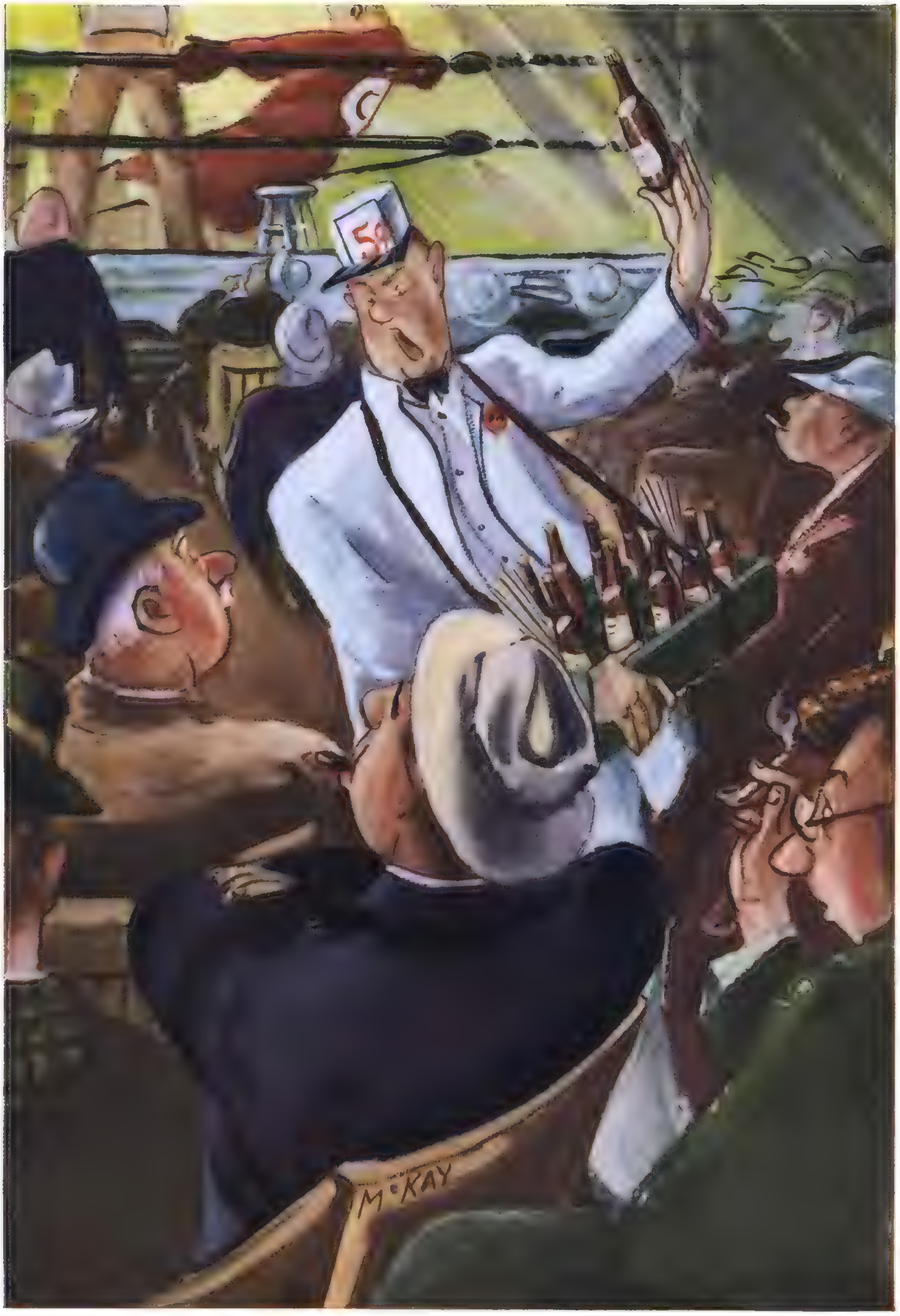
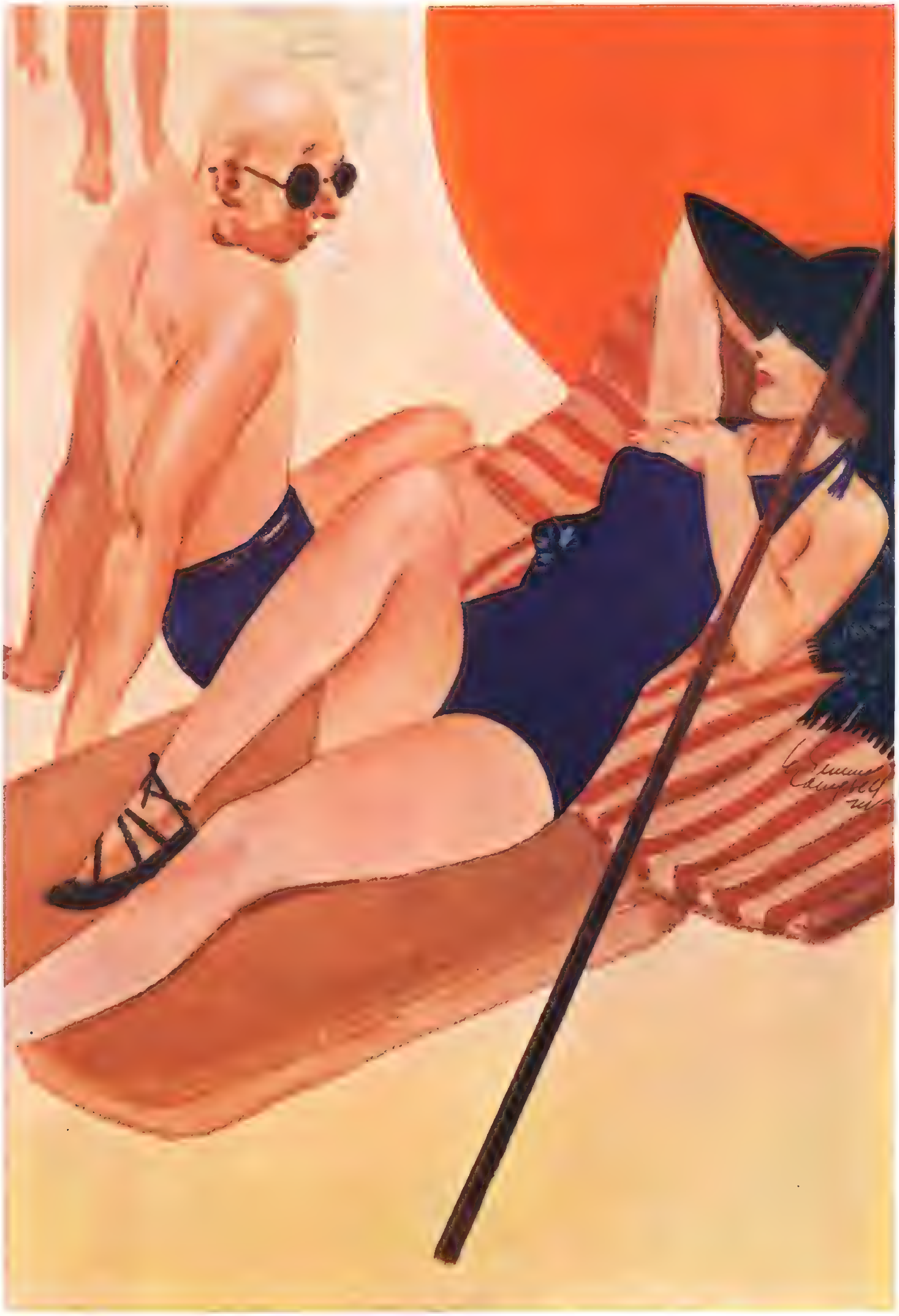


"Approved by Good Housekeeping Gents!"



"Do take off those goggles Mr. Giminck—I have a silly feeling that you're staring at me"

The Straw Hat Needs—What?

A plea to every right-thinking One Hundred per cent American to don a straw hat before Labor Day

by AL GRAHAM

▪ SATIRE ▪

Every summer, the hat manufacturers get to biting their fingernails because so many men go hatless. I don't blame the hatters, either; it's pretty tough to spend your entire year specializing on something as seasonal as a straw hat only to have a silly fad come along and ruin your anticipated market. Especially is it discouraging when everyone admits that a man looks far more civilized in a hat than he does running around bare-headed—like some Paleozoic ape exhibiting his massive, but empty skull.

Inasmuch as I am one who is inclined to take the troubles of others to heart, I have been worrying considerably of late about the plight of the hat manufacturers. I have been trying to figure out a way whereby I might help them solve their problem. Of course I could help them *some* by wearing a hat myself instead of going hatless from April till October. But the way I figure it is that one hat more or less would simply be one hat more or less. It wouldn't destroy the termite-like something which is eating away the basic structure of the straw hat industry. Besides, I could never be content in simply doing my bit; with me, it's a case of either putting a straw hat on every male head before Labor Day—or nothing. That's the way I am.

So, as I say, I have been giving the matter a lot of deep thought. I have conjured up dozens of schemes whereby more men might be inveigled into wearing more hats more days a week. Too, I have thought of many ways to scare the hatless ones with threats of baldness and dandruff. And I have gone so far as to consider having Braddock, Schmeling, and Joe Louis all wear snappy new straws throughout their battles in the squared circle this summer. But when I got to analyzing the reasons why so many men go hatless, I decided that one of the chief troubles is with the hats themselves. They seem to lack something—something that hats of the opposite sex definitely seem to possess. (You don't see the women folk going around hatless, do you?)

With this reasoning as a basis, I set out to design a straw hat that would be equally as desirable to men as the most desirable feminine hat is to women. Right there I hit a snag, for I couldn't find any two women who would agree on the desirability of any one feminine hat. Nevertheless, I went right ahead with my designing—and I have now evolved several models which I honestly believe have all the features of style, comfort, and utility needed to make men buy them in dozen lots.

The first of these novel creations is called the Strip-Tease Model (see Figure I). Basically, this model is not too radical a departure in design from the popular sailor-type straw which has been in vogue for many years now. Its decorative *motif*, however, combines two ideas lifted almost bodily from the currently-popular burlesque theatre. No doubt you will recognize the illuminated letters on the hatband as typifying the theatre marquee. At the same time, you will notice that the brim is gotten up to resemble a circular runway, with the lights up, ready to welcome a bevy of shapely ladies. I would like to point out, too, that the lighting effects include a tiny device, hidden in the crown, which makes the bulbs blink at the rate of sixty blinks a minute; and that the hat operates on AC or DC current. I rather like it myself—especially on AC current.

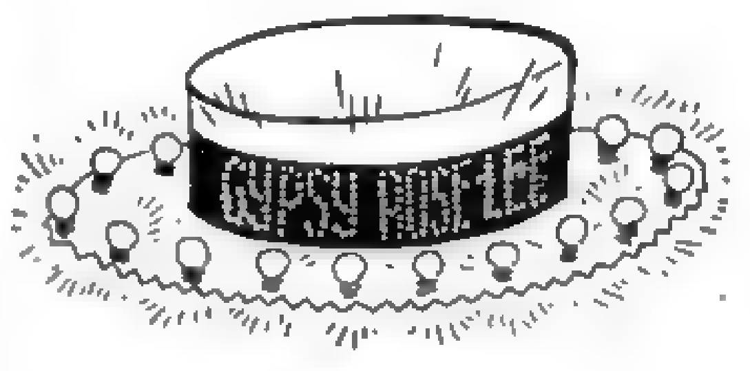


Fig. I

But in case you don't care for either AC or DC current, I have created a series of sports models that ought to provide you with a bit of a shock without running up your consumption of kilowatt hours.

Figure II, for instance, shows the Bookmaker's Model. It is a bird's-eye view of the hat, looking straight down on the crown and brim. The latter is a miniature likeness of the track at Sarasota Springs. Around this brim race two three-year-olds. The Bookmaker's Model is equipped with a delicate self-winding mechanism so regulated that every time you tip your hat to a lady, the horses automatically stage a mile-and-an-eighth handicap; and the lady, if she really *is* a lady, will naturally respond by placing a little bet with you on either Weatherbeaten Brow or Supreme Court (the names of the two horses) to win. In the same spirit of good clean sport, I have had the foresight to have the mechanism so constructed that the wearer of the hat, by merely wiggling an ear, can allow the lady's horse to win or lose as he sees fit. Thus, with this hat, you practically have the ladies right where you want them.

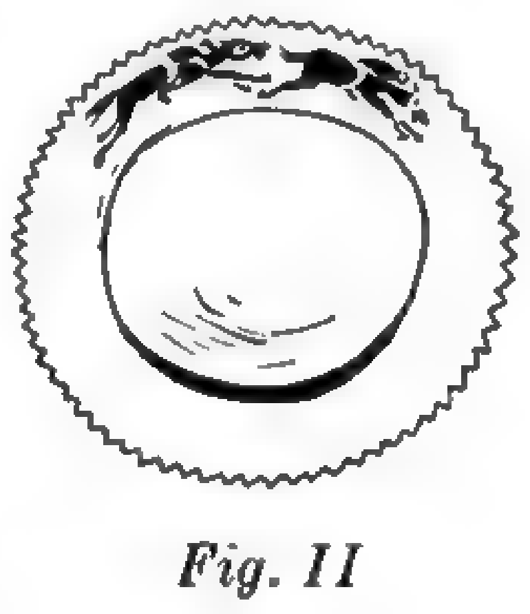


Fig. II

The Bookmaker's Model isn't an easy hat to wear, I realize; but with a little practice, you'll be surprised at what you can win from the ladies.

Another likely sports model is the one marked Figure III. I call it the All-Decathlon Model. It is designed to do for the straw hat industry what the all-around athlete is supposed to do for dear old Rutgers: Do—or Die. If the industry doesn't collapse after taking a look at this unique model, it has nothing else to fear. Art critics tell me that compared to my All-Decathlon, surrealism is only a beginner's dream of an afternoon spent in sketching parts of Boulder Dam.

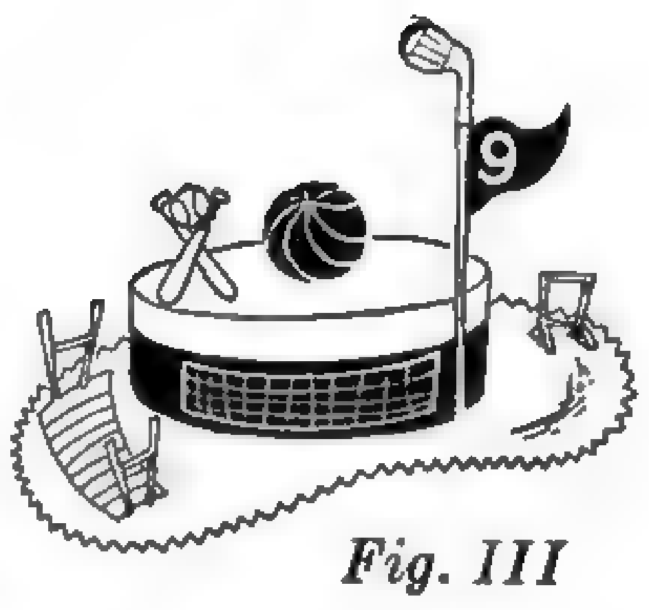


Fig. III

The Punctuation Model (see Figure IV) is, to tell the truth, an accident. In drawing a picture of a man's head, I inadvertently put a hat on it—a hat which left but little of the head visible. So, in order to utilize the picture and make it look as though I had intended to draw a hat in the first place, I began to cast about for some form of decorative treatment. As luck would have it, I chanced upon a group of punctuation marks—some semi-colons, asterisks, and a few other signs I do not know the names of. They make quite a neat little hat—something especially appropriate to wear while writing home for money. (Note: That object hanging to the brim [right] is merely another question mark and not the man's ear, as some have maintained.)

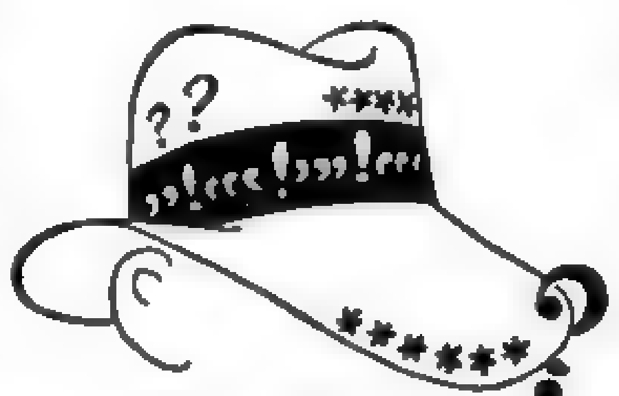


Fig. IV

There is one other model which I feel I must mention. I refer you to Figure V—the Straw-With-a-Smile Model. It is a simple thing, yet one destined to bring a ray of sunshine into the lives of millions. The saw-tooth effect of the brim expresses the desire of the wearer to smile—and show his teeth. The merry little toy balloons, even though they are plainly held captive by the crown of the hat, nevertheless manage a smile for passersby as they (the balloons, not the passersby) sway in the summer night's breeze. Everything, you can tell at a glance, is peachy and bully, and fine. I would not change a single thing on this model—not even if you tried to bribe me with a chocolate ice cream soda.

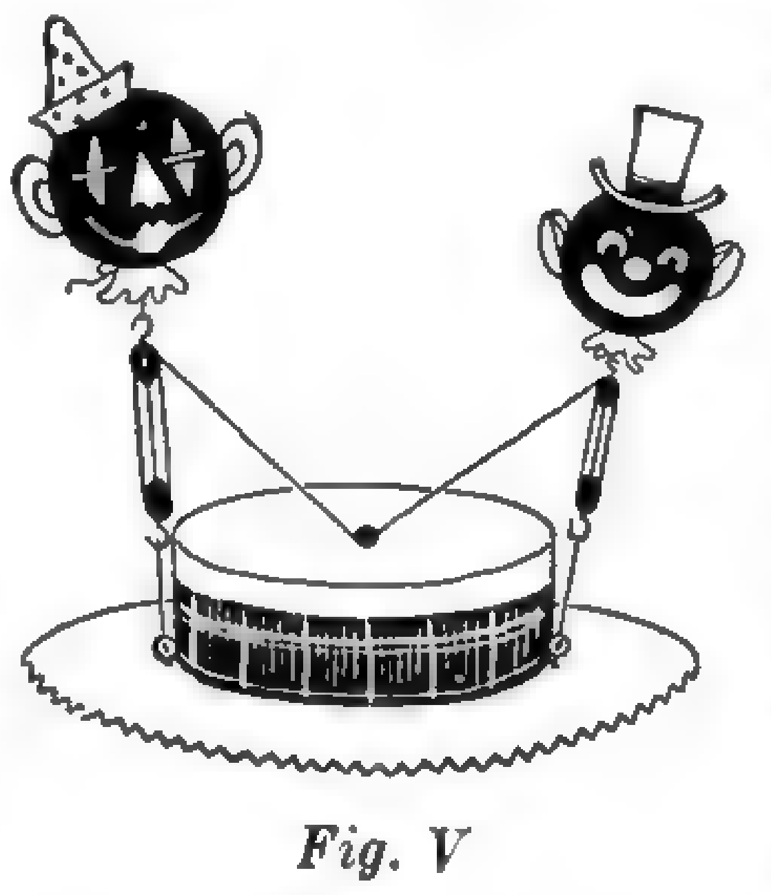


Fig. V

* * *

There are many other hat designs running through my head this very moment; but I think these few will suffice to show you how I propose to save the straw hat industry. Yes—I am *sure* these few will suffice; for as I look over the drawings again, I feel confident that every hatless man who sees them in print will immediately dash out and buy himself the first straw hat he can find rather than take any chances on having Figures I to V (inclusive) ever get into national circulation. ###

The Ordeal of Abe Spiegel

He had come from the land of pogroms and his dearest wish was to be called an American

by DAVID L. COHN

▪ FICTION ▪

The first time that I saw him he was standing in front of his store.

ABE SPIEGEL
OUTFITTERS TO THE ENTIRE FAMILY
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED

The merchants of Pure Gold, Arkansas, where Abe lives, hang the tempting bait of their merchandise above the doors of their stores so that all who pass may be lured to enter. Abe's slight figure was almost lost to sight as he stood half-enwrapped, half-choked in the folds of a pair of overalls flapping above the doorway. Blue denim, swayed by the breeze, flowed over and around him, alternately hiding and revealing him, as though he were playing a game of hide-and-go-seek with the passerby. Abe likes to stand in front of his store looking up and down the street, talking with friends, waving to people in automobiles, and gossiping with Negroes about crops. It is hard to tear him away from the door even when customers inside the store demand his attention.

I see Abe two or three times a month when I go to Pure Gold. We always lunch together and I have come to know him intimately during the past few years.

I have seen his citations for bravery in action during the Great War, and I went with him to the veterans' hospital in Hot Springs where a shell splinter was removed from his skull. But try as I may, I cannot realize that Abe was ever a soldier. He and Mars seem the most unlikely playmates in the world.

When I had come to know Abe better I thought often of my first glimpse of him: of that wraith of a body which had proceeded through such strange detours until it had finally come to be opposed to the might of Hindenburg. The facts did not make sense. It was as though a ray of light from a remote star had hurtled through space for years, only to be ingloriously extinguished in the blaze of an electric sign above a grocery store. The A. & P. triumphant over Betelgeuse!

You can almost look through Abe's fragile body when he stands in the bright sun. It is an anti-martial body and anti-heroic. It would be sacrilege for the *Marseillaise* to blow out for him; sheer ridicule to sound the *Star Spangled Banner* above his little bag of bones. A field marshal, seeing him in the ranks, would have thrown down his baton and gone home, his pride wounded that his country had provided him with such a poor pawn. An enemy gunner would hardly have thought him worth killing, save that in modern warfare all bodies are broken alike by the unseeing and unknowing guns.

Yet it is Abe's war service that gives him his unique position in the social and business life of Pure Gold. That is why he is asked to speak so often at Chamber of Commerce banquets and high school commencements despite his strong Russian-Jewish accent that falls doubly strange upon insular Anglo-Saxon ears. And it is the reason why his sleep has been often troubled; why he is sometimes moved to leave Pure Gold where he is a prominent and respected citizen. And the town's only Jew.

Abe came to America from Russia when a young child. In the late nineties of the last century there was a pogrom in his village. His father was killed. His sister Hannah, aged seven, went insane. His brother Solomon, survived and made his way to New York. His mother Marianka, the Good One, as the peasants called her, lost an eye. But Abe escaped whole. He presented a problem in concealment too difficult for simple Cossacks to solve. He was hidden in his mother's womb.

When he was twelve years old his mother suddenly decided to send him to America. She would remain with Hannah, for the insane could not enter the United States. Hyman Rabinovitz, the pock-marked one, was going, and Abe could go with him.

The villages were quiet. Peace lay on all Russia like the snows. But one could never tell. Governments are unknowable. It is certain, however, that barley is never reaped until it ripens; bee hives are not robbed until they are filled with honey.

On a bitter day in December, Abe and Hyman sailed from Trieste. On New Year's Eve their ship swung anchor off New York. It lay in a blinding snow storm fending off approaching vessels with repeated blasts of its fog horn. Abe and Hyman peered in vain for sight of the fabulous city. They saw nothing. Its teeming millions and topless towers were lost. Only the sounds of the city came to them vaguely muffled, and the plaintive cries of sea gulls. Loneliness fell upon them like the snow. Loneliness searched out the crannies of their souls, as the sifting snow searched out the crannies of their ship.

At nightfall the snow ceased. The towers of New York blazed into the wolfish darkness. Lights danced, marched in formations, straggled and formed companies, tossed themselves aloft, were dimmed and suddenly shone again. Light ran in rivers, foamed in seas, broke in waves against the blackness of the night. Light hung in garlands from inaccessible towers; flung banners across the visible world; stood between the earth and sky. Abe's eyes ached as they tried to absorb this too-bright and too-burning beauty. It must have been like this in the beginning. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

Abe and Hyman went to bed early. They were drained of feeling; too tired to think of the morrow; too tired to give thanks to God who had brought them out of bondage. Then suddenly at midnight, they were jolted out of profound sleep by a tremendous clamor. Whistles shrieked in the harbor, and screamed in the city. Bells of a thousand tones boomed and rang. Shouts and cries and pistol shots rang out like iron rain falling on the metal roof of the world. Abe and Hyman shook with fear. Horror pulsed in their throats. They thought that they had been betrayed and returned to Russia in the midst of a pogrom.

Night long they shivered and moaned with fear under their bunks. At any moment they expected the door of their cabin to open and reveal a Cossack with knout and gun. And there in the morning the steward found them. When they told him why they had hidden, he burst into roars of laughter. It was very funny. He laughed all over again whenever he thought of it. Perhaps it is as Zangwill once said: "The Jews are a frightened people: nineteen centuries of Christian love have broken down their nerves."

Abe and Hyman would not be reassured until the steward led them tremblingly on deck. There stood New York bright and shining in the New Year Morning.

Solomon, Abe's brother, greeted him haltingly in Yiddish. For want of practice he was fast forgetting the language of his fathers. He wreaked extreme violence on the unoffending English tongue. His paths were strewn with mangled corpses of sentences. But the egg men understood him at the auctions, and he made his meaning clear to the owners of little restaurants who bought his eggs. Had he not heard a strange phrase during his first week in America? "Money talks." Then why worry about verbs?

When Abe was seventeen, his Boy Scout troop held a Fourth of July celebration. Born in Russia, he had never heard of Peter the Great. He was to encounter Catherine of Russia for the first time years later in a Hoboken moving picture show while awaiting a troop-ship to France. But he knew all about George Washington from the cherry tree to Valley Forge. George the Third of England and the Czar of Russia were tyrants. They hated freedom. And he hated them.

At the beginning of the ceremonies Abe mounted a box and unrolled a scroll. He read from it in an earnest reedy voice to his fellow Scouts seated on the ground around him. He felt that he was in a holy place reading aloud from the Torah on the holiest of Jewish days, the Day of Atonement.

"When in the course of human events . . . to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them . . . We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights that, among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness . . ."

The sonorous periods rolled on. They were like organ music. They almost made you cry. They were America. Abe's throat ached to shout the words so loud that they would go winging around the world forever and forever, so that all men everywhere might listen and heed and live again.

When Abe was twenty-one he took out his first citizenship papers. A year later the Great War started in Europe. For a while Abe continued to get letters from his mother. She was all right. Hannah was all right, too. Nothing could touch her. She lived in the inviolable world of the insane. Then silence. Germans and Austrians and Russians were at death grip in the land where their village lay.

In 1917 America entered the war. She allied herself with Russia. The land of freedom prepared to march with the land of despotism. Governments are strange. How often Abe had heard this as a child. He did not wonder about it for long. Jews have lived under so many governments. Some of them vanished so long ago and so completely that even historians have no record of them. After all they do not matter. Governments come and go. One's country is where one lives and is permitted liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Was that not the meaning of the Declaration of Independence? Had he not taken out his first papers and would soon be a full-fledged citizen? And as for that, he had been given liberty and permitted to pursue happiness from the first day that he had set foot on American soil.

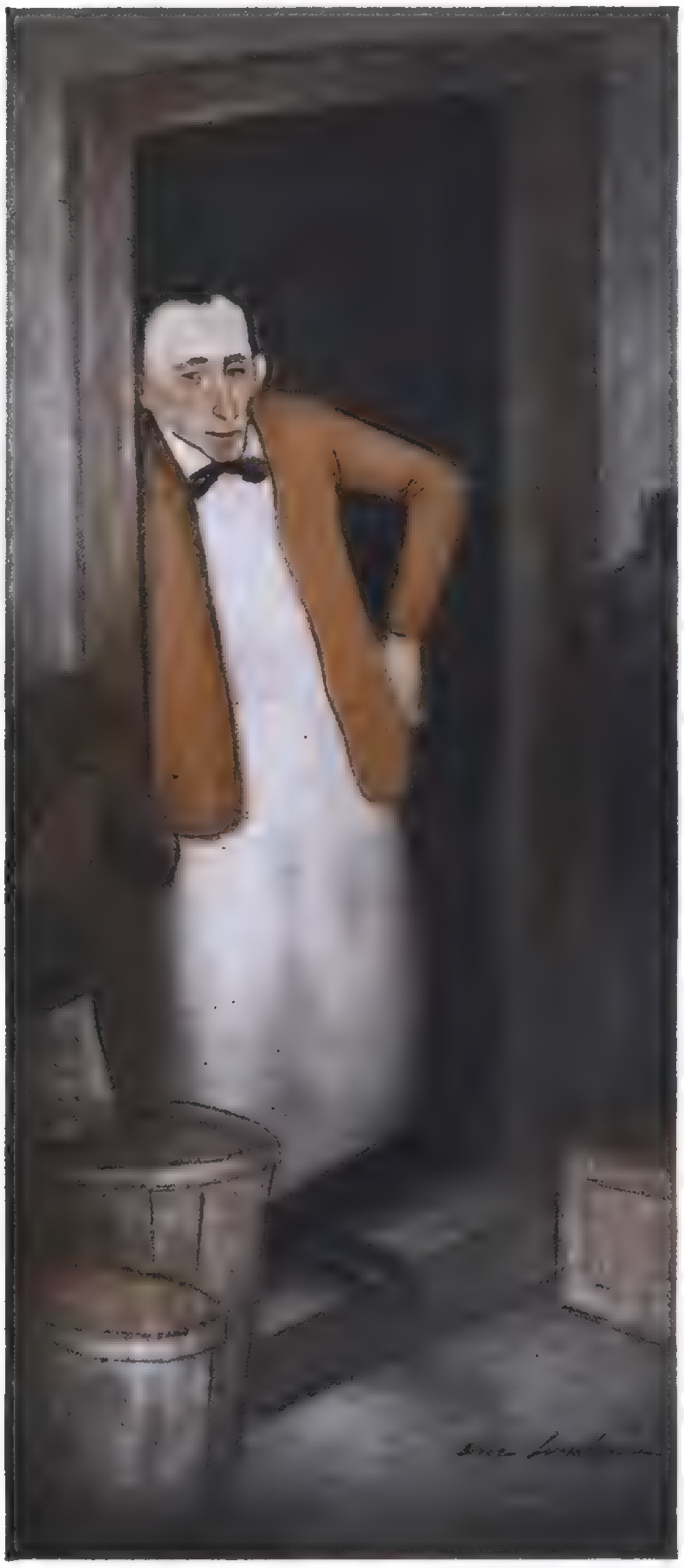
Abe enlisted in the army. A man with his first papers ought to show that he is worthy of them. He was poor soldier material, it is true. Small and frail and sickly looking. What did it matter? Throw big apples and little apples into a cider press. All come out juice. And you who drink the cider? Can you tell which part of it came from the big apples and which from the little apples? War is like that.

Training camp was a long agony to Abe. The marches exhausted him. The intricacies of guns baffled him. The loud roaring horseplay of his fellows stunned him. On week ends they went to New York in search of whiskey and women. Abe did not drink. Women rarely interested him. Besides he was always too tired. Rest was precious. Sleep was dark sweetness. And there was so much to learn in this new world into which he had been flung, when he could he lay in his bunk and read the manual of arms.

He remembered a drill manual that his Uncle Levi had brought home after completing his period of compulsory service in the Russian army. "The first duty of a Russian solder," it had said, "is to love the Czar." The American manual said nothing about loving the President of the United States. You simply loved your country. It was a free-will offering. Obedience can be commanded but not love. You give it or you withhold it. And it is the fiercer when freely given.

One day Abe's regiment disembarked at Brest. He was in Europe again. Far to the east lay Russia. His mother and sister were lost there. The Russians had killed his father and tortured his family. They had driven him from his native land.

Now he was their companion in arms. It wearied him to think about it. It was like marching endlessly through the black night into the teeth of a cold north wind.



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

One day at Château-Thierry Abe lay in a shell hole. A rifle bullet crashed through his shoulder splintering bones into fragments that stabbed his flesh like thin daggers of fire. For a while he lay unconscious with pain and shock. Blood streamed down his arm and coagulated in little knobs of dark crimson on his finger tips. When he awakened the sun was going down. Its dying rays outlined the figure of a man in a nearby tree. Abe slowly forced his body up and braced his back against the side of the shell hole. Inch by inch he fought to raise his rifle. It was a monstrously heavy thing to bring to the dizzy height of his unwounded shoulder through a great arc of space and an infinite span of dragging time. He fought with it as a man fights with the inert mass of a heavy stone that he attempts to lift from the earth. Finally he brought his rifle to firing position and pressed the trigger with the bloody knobs of his fingers. A German sniper fell out of the tree and crashed upon the ground.

"I want to show you something," Abe said to me one day in Pure Gold. "Do you see this ring? It ain't worth a cent. But I wouldn't take a million for it. A German prisoner made it for me out of the case of the shell that killed the sniper who got me."

Abe recovered from his wound and returned to the front. A shell fragment tore out a piece of his skull during an attack. He was sent home to a military hospital in Arkansas for treatment. He liked the Southerners about him. They spoke softly and seemed so gentle. Abe felt that his shattered nerves could never again endure the bustle of New York. He decided that he would remain in the South when he was well again. That is how he came to live in Pure Gold.

If you stand on the main street of Pure Gold and look south beyond the Amusu Theatre, you see corn fields. If you look north past Baird's, the Live Druggist, you see cotton fields. The town is small but growing. It is negotiating now to bring a hoop factory from Missouri. And only last week Sam Hirshberg, President of the Spread Eagle Shirt Company of Brooklyn, conferred with the mayor on the prospect of removing his factory to Pure Gold. "Too many agitators among them foreigners," he explained in a thick accent. There seems little doubt that the town will reach its goal of "3000 by 1940."

The town has recently acquired a weekly newspaper—the Pure Gold *Enterprise*. Abe christened it at a Chamber of Commerce meeting after vigorous debate. The owner had asked the leading citizens to give it a name. Reverend Hammond, of the First Baptist church, wanted to call it the *Bugle*. Dick Hutchinson—Hutchinson's Feeds and Seeds—proposed the *Gazette*. Harley Henderson—Everything in Hardware—suggested the *Eagle*. Dave Venable—Kansas City Meats and Market—ventured the *Tocsin*.

Then Abe arose. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have heard the names mentioned by everybody and I think they are all good. Now I have got one. I make a motion that we call the paper the Pure Gold *Enterprise*. That carries the name of our town. It's free advertising. And *Enterprise* shows the world that we've got enterprise." The motion was unanimously passed amid applause and the newspaper was born. The first issue carried a story of the christening and said some pleasant things about "Abe Spiegel, our public-spirited fellow citizen."

The people of Pure Gold, except the Negroes, are all of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. They are blond, tall, lean and blue-eyed. But there is no gold in their hair and no softness; their eyes and cheeks are drained of color and glow. Hot sun, cheap whiskey, chills and fever, boredom and a fanatical religion have washed them pale, just as the rains have scoured away the rich loam of

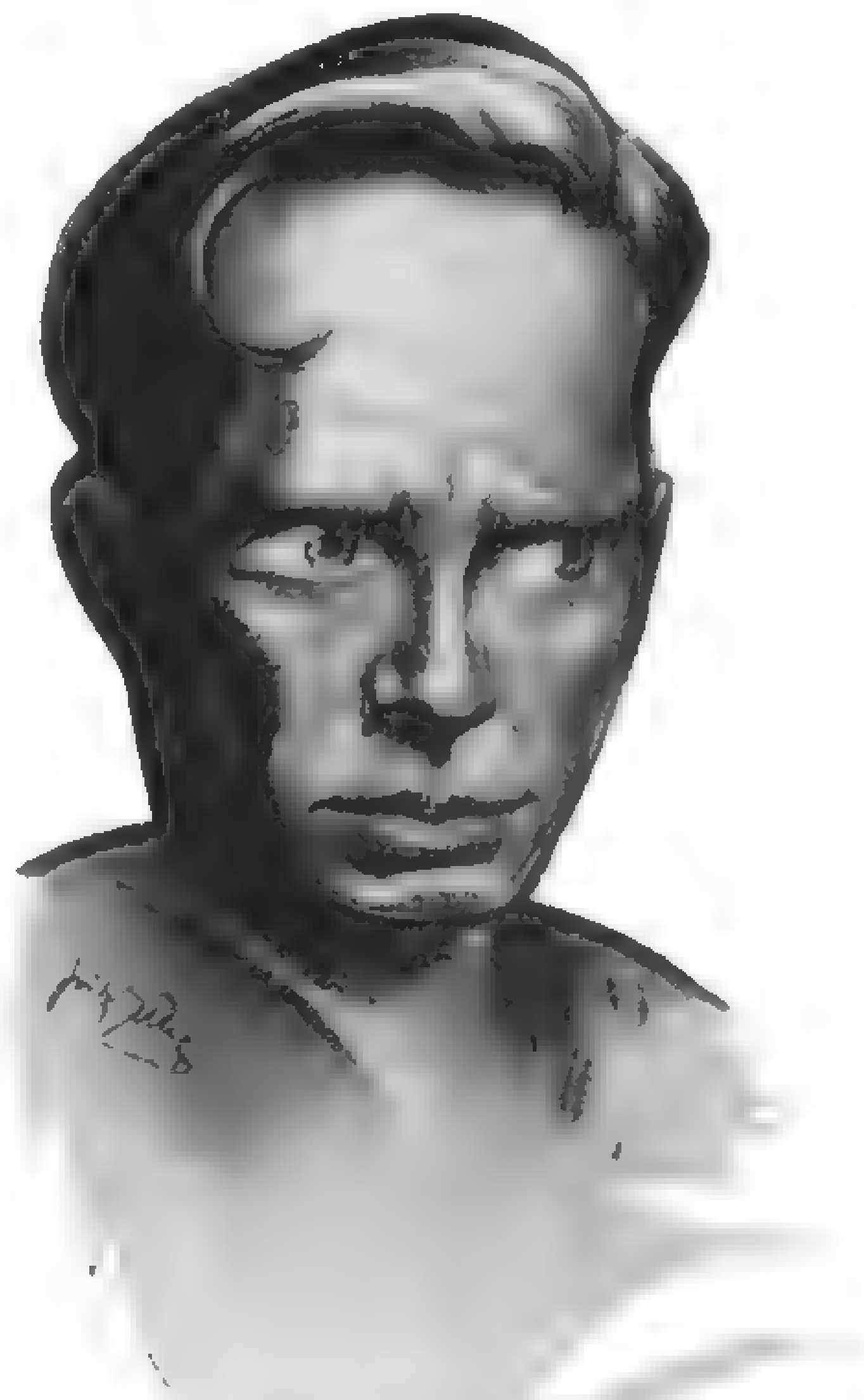
Continued on page 168

Something About Pegler

This tough guy never panders to women in his column—and women never cotton to Pegler

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •



When Pegler descended on the British, toward the end of 1917 or so, he was the youngest newspaperman going around to the conferences at which the various departments told us what they wanted us to know. I was aware of his youth because until he arrived, I was the youngest. I was pretty sore at Pegler for displacing me. I was a little perturbed at his methods, too. Before he arrived there was the legend of his brief stay at Queenstown, where some of our sailors had got into a brawl. That brawl interested Pegler; he insisted on doing some cabling about it. Fresh from the police court run in Chicago, he thought a fight was news. All the rest of us had by that time fallen under the spell of the censor; we thought that "on the rest of our front there is nothing to report" was news. Pegler, we heard, had been shifted out of Queenstown. I think he was working for the U.P. then, and they took him to London.

I don't remember whether the Army gave the boys any dope, but the Silent Service had appointed Captain (then or later Sir) Reginald Hall to meet us at stated intervals, and he was a robust, red-faced and completely genial Englishman (or maybe Scot or Welsh), who told us a lot and concealed a lot and we treated him with the respect which the British Navy required. And Pegler would pop up from the back row and say, in effect, "Say, Cap, is it true that the subs got six grain ships day before yesterday?" and Hall would blow like a grampus. Hall was a good man; there was a story of his dining with the captured commander of a U-boat, getting him drunk, and extracting quite a lot of information. There was even the rumor of his having let his guest escape—to encourage the others. But Peg got under his skin. And he scared us. No one talked that way. It was indecent.

I wouldn't be sure that all the details above are right, but the atmosphere is right. Pegler was a tough and brash young reporter and nothing impressed him. What happened after that, I don't know. Presently Pegler was writing a tough sports column and a couple of years ago a syndicate saw that he was good and promoted him to writing a regular column, and the salary they paid him became news and Pegler got preferred position on the Scripps-Howard papers and the first thing anyone knew, he was defending a lynching. His point was that the lynching was done by men impatient of the law's delays, men who (I suppose) had carefully studied the statistics of criminals who escape and of life-termers who serve ten years (which is said to be the American average). It was that celebrated California lynching and men of God telegraphed the governor their congratulations because he also defended the mob; it was a lynching to put the fear of God into the hearts of all murderers and to make California safe against lust and murder. It didn't quite have that effect.

On Pegler the event had a great effect. He knew he was sticking his neck out, but the violence of the attack upon him was terrific and he still refers to it, after several years. He worked up an inner defence for himself: that he was the representative of the average man. His own natural anti-highbrow temperament helped. Pegler became a sort of crusading anti-crusader. 'Tain't right, said Pegler, and said it brightly and well. You were expecting to see him give an O.K. to any dictatorial demagogue who would have ten grains of common sense.

Then as luck would have it, Pegler went to Germany for the Winter Olympics and was made safe for democracy. Perhaps he was annoyed because sport, about which he knows a lot, was being debased to make propaganda. Perhaps he was annoyed because newspaper work, about which he knows a lot, was being debased to make propaganda. Or it may have been that he simply couldn't take the raw handouts stuffed into his letter box, virtually instructions to correspondents on the way to handle the show. He wrote back a series of superb despatches for which I would cheerfully have handed him all the Pulitzer Prizes going—history, drama, and public service combined. His sardonic humor played over all the pretences of the show—the soldiers who were not soldiers, the politics which were not politics. And he came back with a profound distaste for tyranny. He disliked it in President Roosevelt, whom he called Mr. Big—not as a Liberty Leaguer, but as a liberty lover. He disliked it in Louisiana and complained bitterly because tax suits inaugurated to annoy Huey Long were not prosecuted when the Long machine, after the leader's death, became obedient to the Administration. A thoroughly independent man, he flails about himself, not every day, not too persistently—but with complete disregard of the standing of his enemy. He has become a part-time crusader against injustice.

But Pegler doesn't forget that he is representing the average man, who may be the average newspaperman or the average baseball player. He still gets tough with the intellectuals. When he found a lot of them on the side of the sit-down strikers, defending this seizure of property as a retort of impatient men to the law's delay, he said they were justifying his own stand in the matter of lynching. He is probably the last man in the world to feel that a man's factory and a man's life are exactly on a par, especially when it comes to the point of taking either away from the man; but fair's fair and he is sticking up for somebody's rights—no matter whose.

He got violent the other day over untaxed incomes—in the State of New York, and probably elsewhere, salaries paid by the state are exempt from taxation. It was the injustice to the man who does pay that got Pegler. So far as I know he has never gone on to the injustice of allowing only a minute fraction of our citizens to have incomes big enough to pay taxes on at all. That might make him a burning reformer—Pegler burns up, with anger more than with zeal.

Now a man who writes a daily column and deals with dictatorship and taxation, among other things, is a thinking individual. Even if he writes in a bright sardonic vein, as Pegler does, he is thinking seriously. That, I think, surprises Pegler every once in a while and he hurries to dissociate himself from that mob. Not only the mob of serious-thinking writers, but even of readers—those "who read the ideology magazines and know all about the Supreme Court, the Constitution, the Ukraine, Stakhanovism and soil erosion in Tennessee." (I'll bet a quarter Pegler knows more about any and all of these than ninety-nine per cent of the rest of the people in the United States.) He speaks of "those rare occasions when I tiptoe into their solemn company to the extent of buying a copy at the hotel newsstand to while away an evening puzzling out the editorial." And then he makes a great discovery: "It seems that these serious thinkers are great dummies on the subject of sex"; they read "sex books calculated to teach them homely fundamentals which most adults regard as matters of common knowledge. Somehow ordinary people, living on a lower plane, just pick up this information . . . and come to maturity with a fair practical understanding of what it is all about . . . and those who lived on farms . . . can

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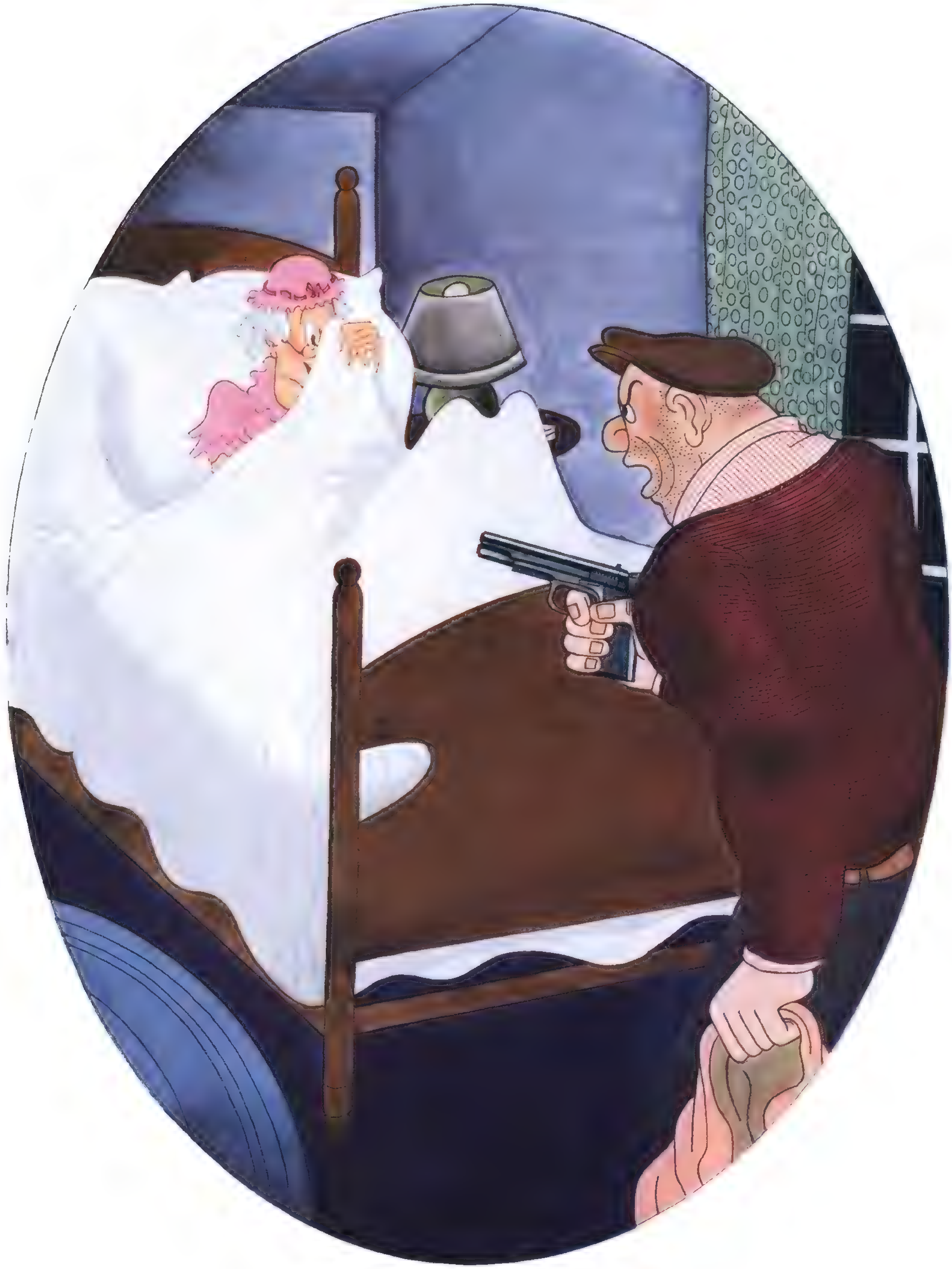
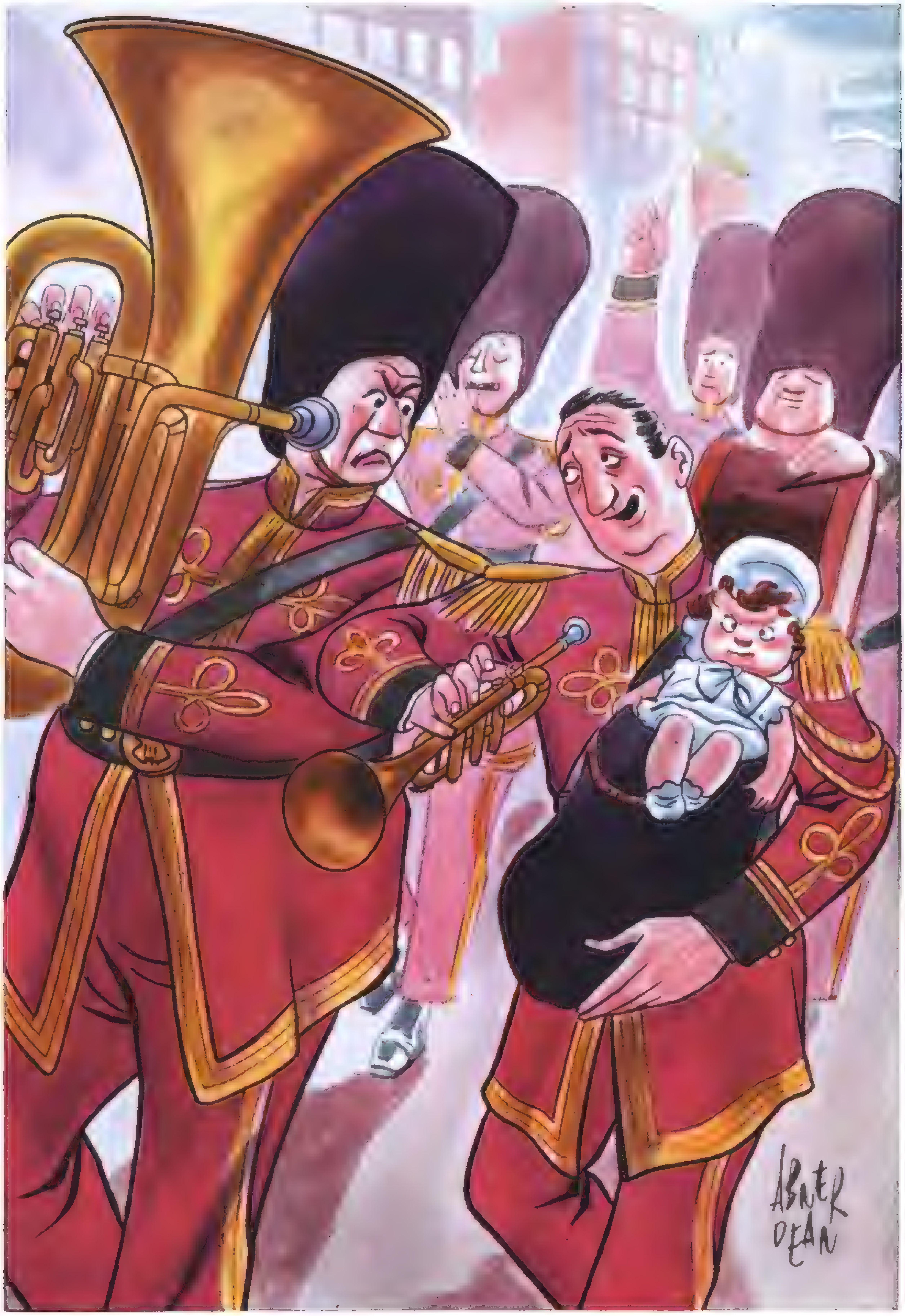


"Listen lady—I'm a busy man—lay off dat peek-a-boo stuff!"



"—and she says 'Parade or no parade, it's your turn to take care of the baby'"

The Spirit of '76 Was Rum

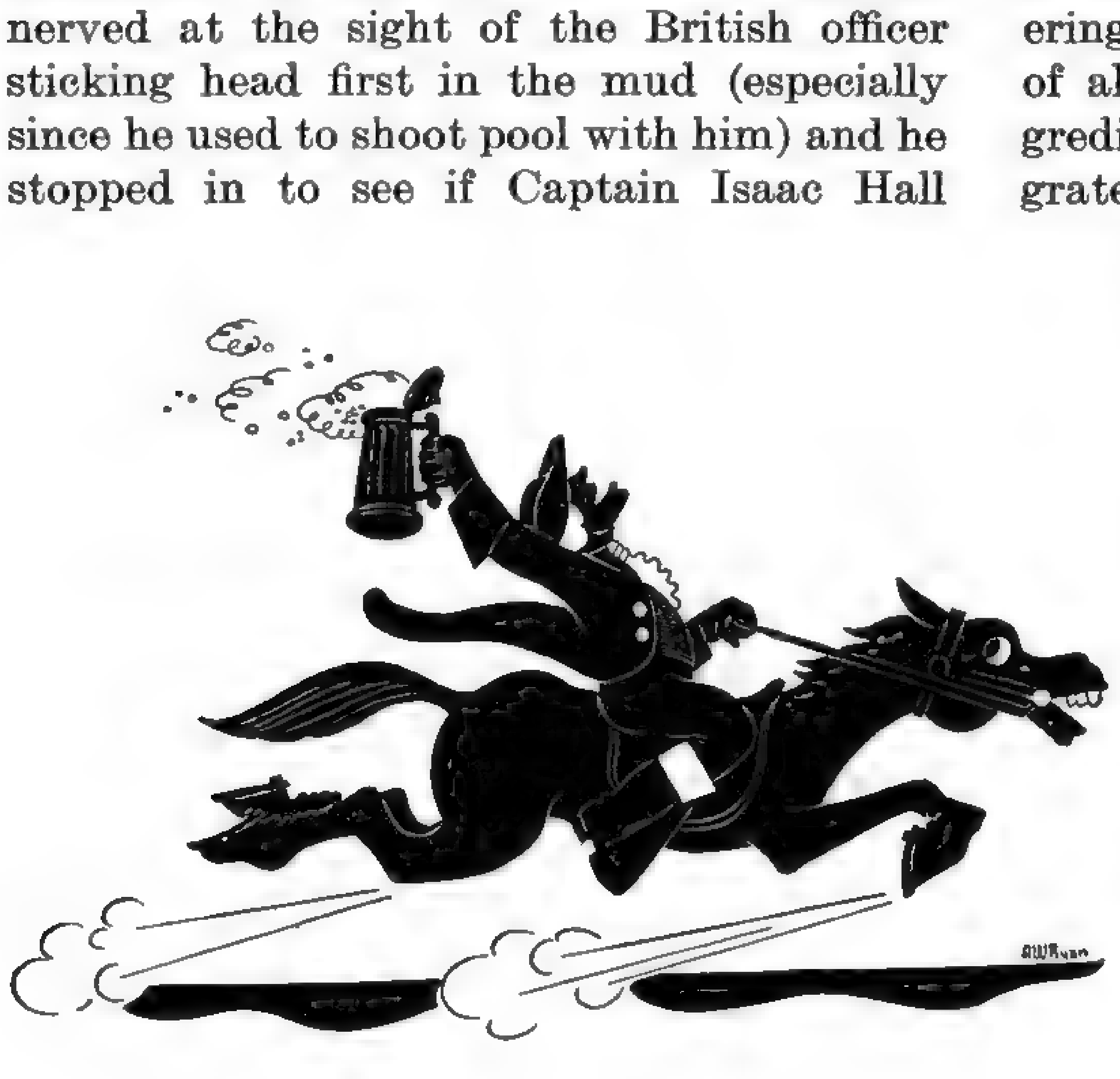
If Paul Revere hadn't stopped at the Captain's for a snifter, we'd all be singing: *God Save The King*

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

▪ POTABLES ▪

So you thought it was tea that caused our rebellion and that the spirit of '76 was some noble spirit of abstract independence! Well, it was nothing of the sort. The whole affair was caused by the British customs men getting mean with a couple of slick smugglers, Hancock and Adams, who were bringing in sugar molasses without duty imposed by the Molasses Act of 1733; and the real spirit of the times was good old Medford Rum. For it was rum that made the world go 'round in those days of our beginnings; not only the standard of shipping exchange but the potion that kept the pioneers warm between sermons and kept them aroused to an articulation of their grievances, in the ordinaries and taverns of the land. You don't have to take my word for it. John Adams says so and also a lot of historians who write books for reading after you have left school.

It is a cheering thing to read the accounts of our ancestors not sweetened up for kiddies but presented with a reality that is pragmatic and convincing. Cheering even if it knocks in the head some of the legends the more pansy poets wove about the brows of our heroes. Take Paul Revere. It's nice to think of the silversmith, frame-maker and general tinker, waiting for the light in the old tower to tell him whether it was one by land, or two by sea, infused with the burning spirit of rebellion, eager to be off and wake the countryside. But listen my children. Paul was sent on a very private mission: he was put on a horse and told to ride out and tell Hancock and Adams that the British were on their trail and that they had better beat it to the woods until the affair of the sugar wharf had blown over. But as he left town, a couple of British followed him and he managed to lose one and lead the other into a clay pit where the horse floundered in the mud. Revere was unnerved at the sight of the British officer sticking head first in the mud (especially since he used to shoot pool with him) and he stopped in to see if Captain Isaac Hall could help him out with a dram. The Captain ran a still back of the barn and he did the right thing by Paul. He beat him up a flip (one quart was considered a fair tipple in those days) and told Paul not to mind too much about the British soldier, they had a nerve anyway telling the Colonials how to run their business; when government sticks its nose into business something's bound to happen, and so on. After about the fourth flip, Paul thought about Hancock and Adams and that he ought to be jogging on.



Paul was known as a silent man who kept his own counsel. And the mission to Hancock and Adams was secret. But something was happening to that horse, and that ale and rum somehow would not ballast. And then there was that red coat sticking out from the clay bank, and of course horses' hoofs, lots of them. There must have been a hundred, at least a thousand. Paul let out a yell. Every place he looked he saw red coats, standing on their heads, riding two horses. He woke the countryside all right. They had to dunk him under the town pump before they could find out what all the shouting was for. But now it was too late and a rebellion was born.

If Paul Revere had minded his own business and not stopped in at the Captain's for a snifter, the Colonials might have decided that after all a King was a King, and that if a couple of smugglers had been caught it was just too bad. Plenty more where they came from. Thanks to Cap Isaac's flip or two, things transpired otherwise and here we are instead of are you there.

The flip referred to was the popular drink of the day along with a punch, the latter being reserved usually for more formal gatherings. Captain Isaac, as well as the keepers of all taverns and ordinaries, kept the ingredients close at hand. In a mortar were grated ginger and nutmeg with dried orange peel. When a guest wanted a flip the procedure was to put a pint of ale on the fire to warm, then beat up three or four eggs. When the ale was simmering there was added one quart of rum, a teaspoon of the spice from the mortar and the beaten eggs. The stuff was then poured into a bowl and then back into the tankard, back and forth until the drink was creamy. If it had lost heat during this, a hot poker or loggerhead was thrust into the bowl. The flip was usually consumed from the bowl. A study of the tavern bills of those days will surprise you as to what was considered a fair cocktail time's drinking. Ministers, especially, could dash off two or three bowls at a sitting. Owing perhaps to the tendency to break out in speech, the flip in some quarters was known as "One Yard of Flannel."

Before we leave the flip, did you know the origin of the phrase "at loggerheads"? Neither did I. But all fireplaces of those days had two loggerheads, or long pokers. These were used not only to stir the fire but to warm the drinks on a cold or rainy night. You know how those things are yourself. The argument might be about George II or VI, but there you are with the hot poker in your hand. And this guy says something that you don't like. Well, "at loggerheads," my children, came from that good old American custom of backing up your argument.

Eighteen years before Paul Revere flipped the fate of a world, a young man down in Virginia had learned about rum. His name was George Washington and he was up for the Virginia House of Burgesses. But George was busy at his planting, couldn't find time for campaigning, and told his henchmen to bring in the votes. They did, 301 of them and with the votes a bill for the cost of campaigning, as follows:

4	gallons of rum punch
15	gallons of wine
3½	pints of brandy
13	gallons of beer
30	gallons of strong beer
26	gallons of Barbados rum
12	pounds of sugar
96	half-pints of rum
1	pint of wine

The one-pint guy must have been a piker or didn't know how to speak up. None of this was set down in scandal. Rum was considered a legitimate means of vote-getting. If you couldn't take a man into a tavern and tell him about your candidate you couldn't expect much of a response.

Another amusing marginal note in the profane history of the father of our country is the account of old Tom, a slave that talked back. The Constitution wasn't what it is today and there was no place for Tom's soap box.

Washington decided to send him back where he came from. He sent him off to a friendly ship captain with a note that he was to drop Tom at one of the sugar islands where they needed slaves. But the Captain was

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A Field of Clover

The hay piled up in the wagon like green snow, and the faster he pitched, the faster it fell

by HOBART LEWIS

• FICTION •

It was a country road of yellow clay stretching between waving masses of green. On it a man was walking. Over his shoulder, slung like an empty sack, he carried his jacket. His trousers, of a color other than that of his jacket, hung loosely from a single frayed suspender which he wore diagonally across his narrow chest. Hatless, his reddish hair uncombed, his face in need of a shave, he was the sort of man at whom dogs will bark on sight.

The sun was still low in the sky, but the air was warm as though it had not been cooled from the heat of the day before. The grasses which grew in the ditches by the roadside were dry.

It was the haying season and as the man walked he seemed to be wading through great seas of grass which rippled above him on either side. Clover gave way to timothy, timothy to alfalfa, and alfalfa to clover again. At the level of his eye and as far as he could see, the world was green, broken now and again by a house or a red barn; occasionally a great silo would stand up round and towering in the distance like a lighthouse.

The man was looking for work. He had stopped at three farms that morning. Three doors had been slammed in his face. He was hungry. Although it was only half-past seven, the clock ticking in his belly made him feel that it must be noon.

If he was a horse, he thought, he wouldn't go hungry, not in this country; with the hay all around him like that, it'd be a banquet every day. He'd eat and eat and eat and then just lie down and roll over and go to sleep, right in his food. He wished he was a horse, or a cow. He wished he was a rabbit. A rabbit in this country'd be in clover, he thought, and he smiled in his mind, but on his face there was simply a weary, dogged expression as he stared a few paces ahead of him, plodding up the yellow road.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Here was another place, another lane with another dog he couldn't kick. He liked dogs, too, but now he wanted to kick every dog he saw, every farmer's dog, anyhow. He walked up the lane, hoping. When he came in sight of the barn he saw a young boy hitching up to a wagon. A dog barked from somewhere, making the boy look up.

"You lookin' for work?" the boy called as soon as he saw the man in the lane.

The man, surprised at the question, nodded his head and somewhere inside him he said, "Yeh."

"Hey, Pa, here's a feller lookin' fer work. Wait a minute, you," the boy said to the man who was now standing beside him.

The man waited; he had folded his coat over his arm and was sucking a stalk of tufted timothy. The boy disappeared around the barn. Food, the man thought, food. He leaned against the hayrack remembering his boyhood on the farm. Remembering the breakfasts; remembering the pancakes, smelling the coffee. Food, the man thought.

In a minute a red-faced man, a farmer, the boy's father, came around from behind the barn. Over his shoulder he was carrying a full set of harness. His faded blue shirt was beginning to darken with sweat. He looked at the man who was leaning against the wagon. "Work?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man.

"Ever pitch hay?"

"Yeh, I pitched hay," he said.

"It ain't easy," said the farmer looking at the man's trousers hanging loosely around his middle.

"No," said the man, "I know it."

"All right, dollar and a quarter a day and your food, sleep in the barn," the farmer said and he went around the barn with the harness.

Food, the man was thinking. Should he tell him he didn't have no breakfast? After a minute the boy came around the barn again.

"Say," he said to the man, "Pa says fer you to go up to the house and git some food. He says you can't do no good without somepin under yer belt."

When the man came back to the barn the teams were just starting out. There were three of them. "You go with that one," the farmer said. "There's a hay loader with that one; it ain't so tough with a hayloader."

As the wagon rumbled and jarred along the man felt happy. He sat on the side of the rick with his feet hanging down outside the little fat wheels. Just like he had done at home, except that his legs were longer and he had to be careful not to swing his feet in between the slowly changing spokes. Every time the wheel under him hit a stone he would lean out and spit back; sometimes he hit the stone, sometimes he missed. He hit it more often than he used to.

It was going to be easy now, with a hay loader. None of that pitching up over your head; none of that back-breaking stuff, not even any hay down your neck, maybe. That farmer was all right. First off, he gives you a breakfast, and then he gives you a hay loader.

They had got to the field now, where the hay had been pitched into long, narrow strips, stretching across the field; they didn't pile it up any more now that they had hay loaders. The two men who were on the wagon jumped down; they backed the wagon into the hay loader, hooked on and were ready to start.

"You drive, Mike," said the short man, "and I'll clean up behind. Redhead, here, can build the load. Ever build a load, Redhead?"

"Sure," the man said. It was easy. All you had to do was to see that the corners were square—just build out the corners. He'd done that when he was nine years old. With a hay loader, it was going to be a cinch.

Mike started the horses along the narrow strip of hay. The hay loader trundled after, making a constant clicking noise like a mowing machine backing up.

The hay began to come up the chute slowly and then it spilled down into the bottom of the wagon around his feet. He shoved it out to the corners, along the sides. Build up the corners, boy, and you got a nice square load, his father had told him. He put some in the right corner, then he put a forkful in the left. When he came to pull out his fork it was stuck. He struggled with it hur-

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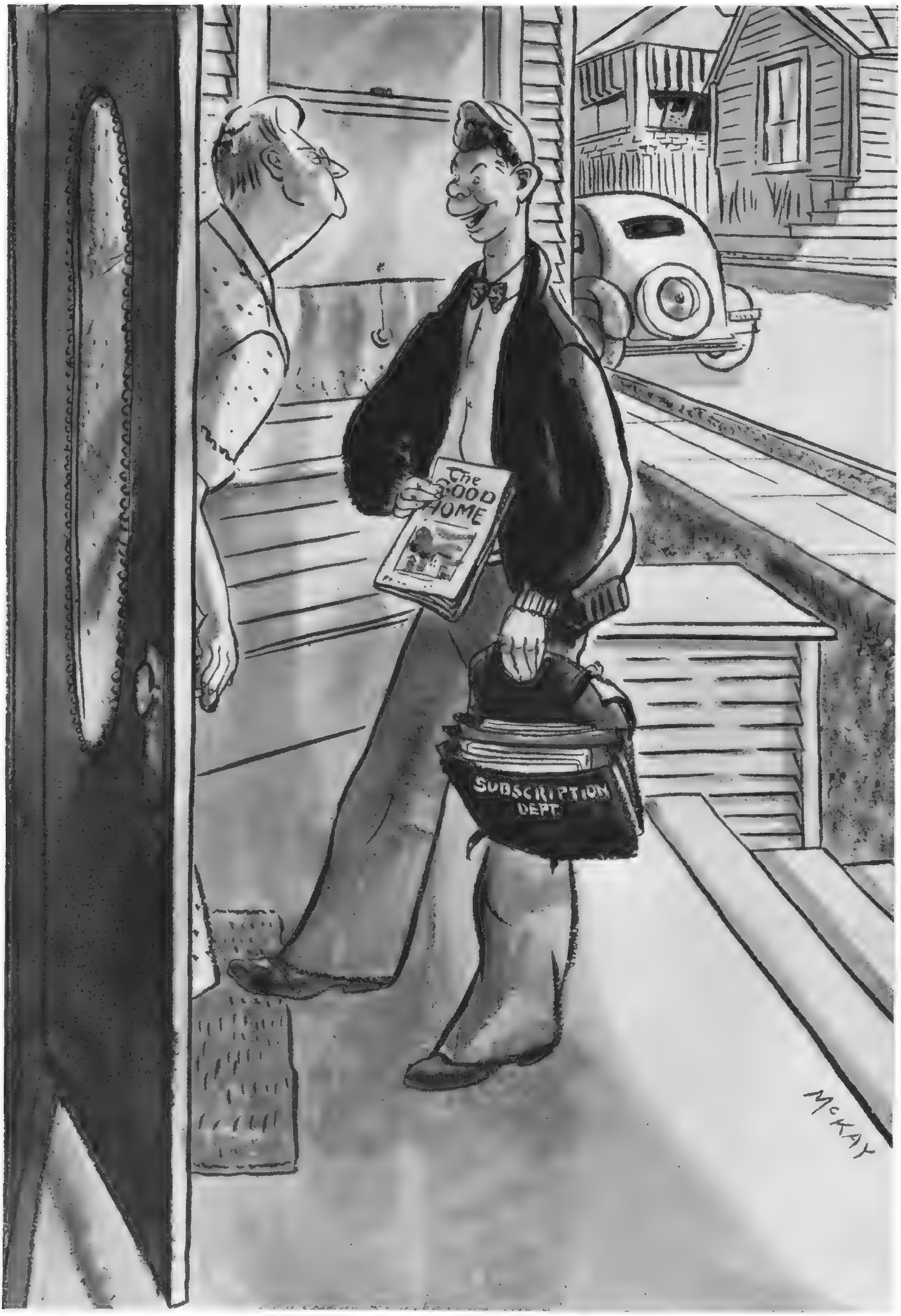

The GOOD HOME
SUBSCRIPTION DEPT
McKAY

"That's fine! If I can get a few more refusals I won't have to go to college!"

Roulades and Cadenzas

Salzburg may look to its laurels since Ann Arbor, White Plains and Princeton are having a fling at the music racket

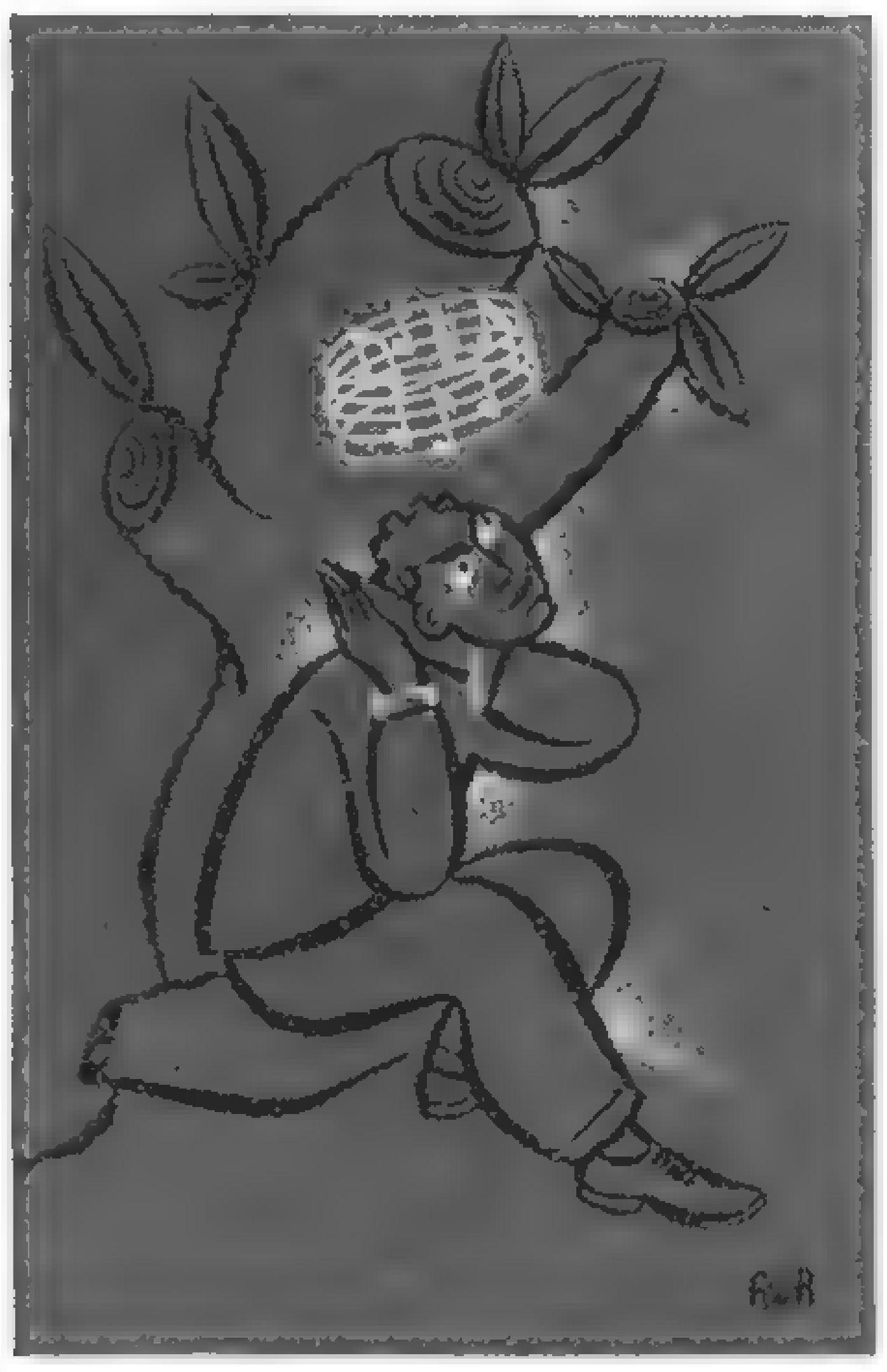
by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

AMERICANS are, at last, taking up the Summer Festival racket, hitherto a European monopoly. It's about time. Since the war, every hamlet from Havre to Ragusa has had its annual musical convulsion. With a weather eye on the culture-commuter, every burgermeister who could get a prima donna and a prompter together the same week, shipped out carloads of quaint, gaily colored folders and hired an American press agent to bring in the yokels.

This year, according to advance disclosure, Bad Nauheim's musical fiesta will extend from July 28 to July 29. Donaueschingen is still recovering from its frolic on July third and fourth: Wuppertal is crowing in our prints over its Singing Competition in German Dialects: Bad Hersfeld's Music Festival in *the* Ruined Monastery is scheduled for mid-August: Venice divulges that it will promote *without fail* a frippery music festival for which the dates cannot be determined: Kassel is making ready for its "Music Days of the German Work Circle for Home Music": etc., etc.

Even the English have given in, and soft-pedal garden parties, gymkhana, and cricket, in favor of a dulcimer, a spinet, and a few virginals. The emphasis now is definitely on ancient instruments: the penny-whistle, xylophone, harmonica, and such. They have always had a yen for pageants, jubilees, coronations, tattoos; but, in addition, visitors are now conveyed to choir festivals, clan gatherings, and the *eisteddfod*. From Plymouth to Brighton, Machynlleth to Inverness, beckoning signposts are out.



The Italians started rather late with Florence—Verona has always been a local affair—and have never been able to get the school marms and their flocks across in time.

Mussolini has been asked to do something about the weather, to reduce moisture and the excessive heat so that the peak months, July and August, can be utilized.

Only the French, the usually crafty French, completely overlooked the Festival graft. Probably because they didn't think it would pay. And somehow, they never have caught the psychology of our "improvement-addicts." They always have sold us more obvious pleasures, and to them, this festival *gaucherie* seems a bit too involved. Why should anyone complain that their foremost musical blowout is in a hospital town, Vichy—an adjunct to the Casino? Could anyone seriously mind that their operas are rehearsed only once and that on the afternoon of the performance? And they will never understand why *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is not considered as piquant and intriguing in French as in German.

The Austrians really have taken the cream of the trade. Lush with sentiment, they capture the sympathies of the gullible excursionists: they are the under-dogs, down at the heel after a raw deal in the last war. With big names shoved into their laps, they make the most of them. Wily porters "scalp" on Festival tickets while hotel managers sell rooms to the highest bidder, reservations or no reservations. Last summer's Salzburg Festival brought to Austria a sum equal to half the whole country's 1936 bill. It's gravy while it lasts.

* * *

The inevitable conclusion is that it won't. With our orchestras and top-notch conductors we can, should we choose, offer superior musical fare in settings more convenient and as beautiful, if not as hallowed. Our need is atmosphere! That will take time and a few broadsides. Forward-looking as our impresarios are, they've yet to send out variegated *pronunciamenta* brochures and pass around ribbons and free transportation to journalists.

Something should be done about it. Not only could we keep home those rustics who now busily inquire about the present occupants of the Palace at Versailles and pay twenty-five cents for felt shoes to polish the *Sans Souci* floors, but we could provide entertainment worthy of those connoisseurs who cross the Atlantic to hear the two or three superb performances available.

European festivals, at best, are built on shifting sands. Should the Nazi influence, for example, gain ascendance in Austria, Max Reinhardt and Bruno Walter would be asked to leave Salzburg and Arturo Toscanini would follow. The Festival would collapse

Sooner or later, the inevitable European holocaust will end all festivals anyway. We'll need to be prepared, then, not only to entertain our own vagabonds but the distinguished artistic gentry who now honor us with their presence only in winter.

* * *

So, while we are building, we might as well build permanent summer music festivals. In addition to sylvan retreats minus billboards, gas stations, and out-houses, there is need to have the parking lots, train sheds, and gravel promenades at a safe distance from the podium. Not all those who flatter the muse in summer are aware that silence is a necessary background for her. Convenient as it is to relax under the blue, festival music was not intended to furnish an accompaniment for pop and popcorn.

Let us shift emphasis from quantity to quality. Why should every music feast be turned into a field day for the great unwashed? It shouldn't be necessary to take glasses in order to spot the soloists.

And why, now that we are on the subject, must every festival hall be a barn without acoustical properties, a place either where you cannot hear soloists at all or where you hear them in a dozen places at once? Delicacies such as balance and precision are not mentionable because our average promotion committee still retains the adolescent notion that if forty sing the *St. Matthew Passion* well, four hundred will do it better, and four thousand will positively annihilate it.

Anyone who has heard the average chorus around the country feeling their way from one interval to another in a Bach score and counting one, two, three, four, for dear life, knows that such dragging, tentative, and half-bewildered efforts, not to mention their intolerable noise, suggestive of Indians with a pain in the middle, could be perpetrated only by people who are either deaf or musically dumb.

* * *

Once standards of performance are established, the same rules of entertainment apply in summer as in winter. It is gratuitous to dwell on such obvious facts, but my sitter-downer has such vivid memories of our famous May Festivals that it seems wise. Intended in the beginning to present works of merit requiring exceptional resources, both artistic and financial, they have deteriorated into long evenings of indigestible bombast.

Not only is the music mostly beyond the capacity of the singers, but the quantity of it is beyond endurance. In defense, audiences chatter, drop their programs and their sandwiches, work crossword puzzles and finally leave. The soloists at one famous Festival concert, having waited one hour and forty-five minutes on the platform without having opened their mouths, declared a sit-down strike.

The result is to reduce all sensitive listeners to a state of insanity. What isn't accomplished by the length and the number of the concerts, usually two in a day, is completed

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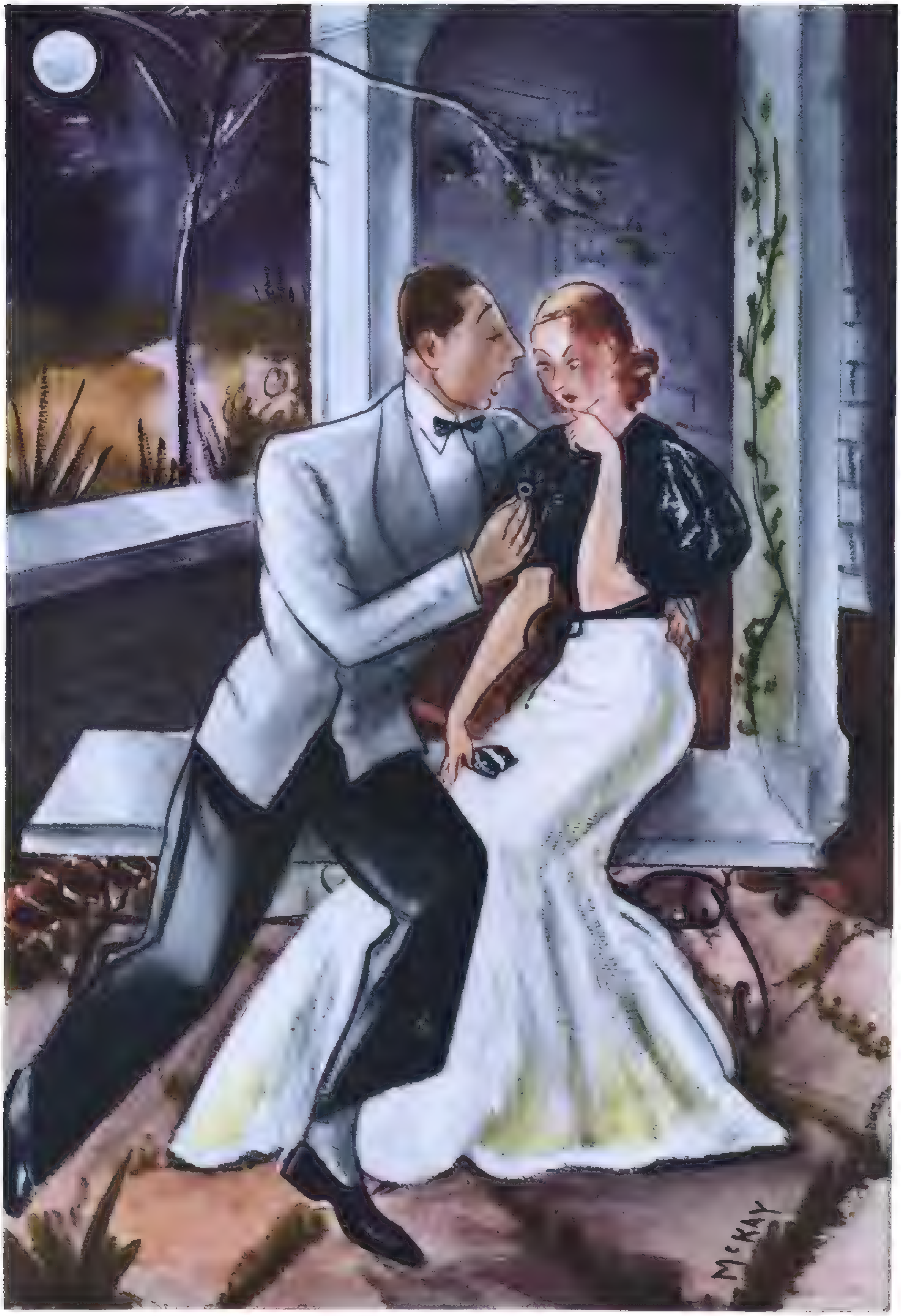
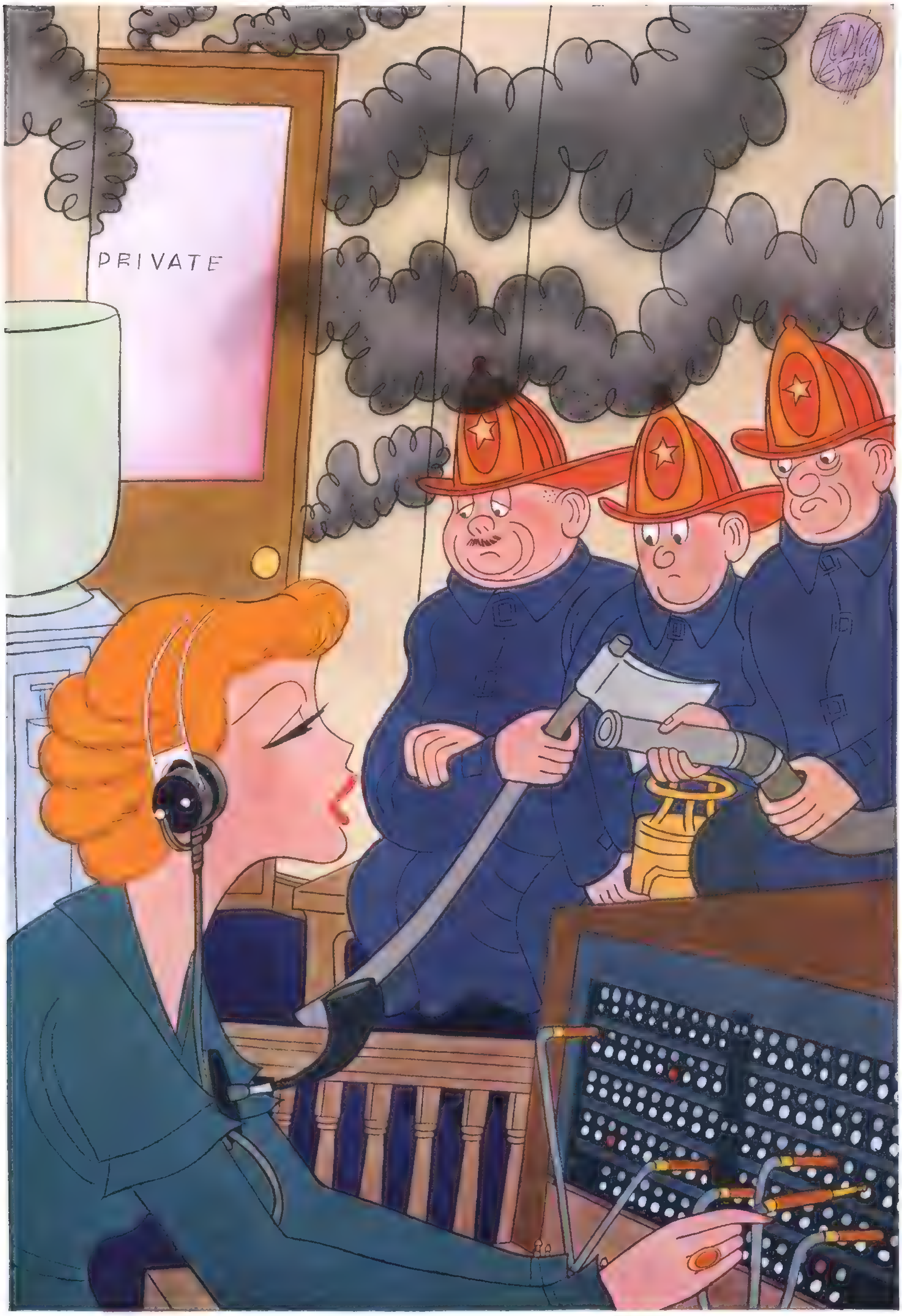


"Take it, precious! It's my mother's fourth wedding ring!"



"You may go in now"

The Smell of a Good Cigar

Now they're rolled in ultra-modern plants by neat young girls, to the accompanimentof soft piano music

by LESTER HUTTER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"WHAT this country needs most is a good five-cent cigar," uttered the late Vice President Thomas R. Marshall. But that was way back in the early 1920's—before the cigar revolution. Since then, thanks to inventive genius and modern mass production methods, so many good nickel cigars have appeared on the market that almost ninety per cent of the five billion cigars Americans annually turn to smoke are in the five-cent class. Four and a half billion nickel cigars!

Until the end of the nineteenth century, a full four hundred years from the time Columbus and his hardy Castilian crew first set eyes on the naked cigar-smoking natives of Cuba, no essential change had been made in manufacture. The art was a closely and jealously guarded one, calling for great skill and long years of experience. Father taught son, and so as the generations passed cigar makers grew more and more expert and efficient turning out a finer finished product in a shorter time. But the same basic methods—which, incidentally, are still used in the production of the finest Havana cigars—remained substantially unchanged. Perhaps the greatest single advance was the substitution of a pot of vegetable paste to seal the wrappers, instead of the equally effective, more convenient, though less hygienic, natural oral secretions of the cigar maker. There remained the same crude rolling board, the simple, handleless knife. Add the ten amazingly dexterous fingers of the cigar maker, and there you have the entire "machinery" constituting a one-man cigar factory.

But this almost primitively conducted industry could not long exist. The industrial era was in full swing. On a thousand fronts the modern manufacturing technique had invaded the handcraft trades without a single defeat. Though the limited number of really expert cigar makers gained strength by powerful unionization and managed to stave off the "enemy" for a full generation, all the ammunition was on the side of progress. The day was soon to come when the cigar maker was to be one in name only.

In spite of loud protests, demonstrations, and innumerable strikes—for the cigar makers intuitively sensed this was the first step in a long but steady march to their own graves—the sheer force of those innumerable circumstances that drive us ahead to progress succeeded in forging the first link in the evolution of the modern cigar. Exit: the cigar maker. Enter: the teamwork method.

Under the old Spanish custom the operator was an artisan taking great pride in his work. Proudly, he could point to his daily batch of cigars and tell the wide world he made them. But not so under teamwork where operators worked in crews, each doing his assigned part to *assemble* a cigar.

To understand the assembly of a cigar calls for some knowledge of anatomy: A cigar consists, essentially, of two parts; a filler and a wrapper. The filler is made up of a quantity of select sprigs of tobacco placed longitudinally so as to insure an even draw and combustion. It is the core of the cigar, constituting a full ninety per cent, if not more, of the cigar's total bulk. The wrapper is a choice thin type of leaf, selected for its color, aroma and elastic properties. Since the leaf has a stem it becomes necessary to remove it, leaving two halves of a leaf; one half having veins extending toward the right, and the other half with veins running toward the left. The wrapper must be applied with the glossy side of the leaf outward, and in a spiral direction, so that the small veins run lengthwise on the cigar. Result: left-hand and right-hand cigars; left-handed and right-handed cigar wrappers.

The teamwork method demanded a change in the cigar's structure. A crude sort of wrapper, called a *binder*, was rolled over the filler, the whole constituting a *bunch*. And then the wrapper was applied to complete the cigar.

One operator did nothing all day long but remove the stems, or midribs, from the wrappers. Since a less skilled person was demanded, economy number one was realized. Then in units of three—two wrapper rollers, a left-hand and a right-hand, to one bunchmaker—the teams worked. The terms are self-explanatory: the bunchmaker fashioned the filler and applied the binder, forming the bunch, while the wrapper rollers applied the wrappers, and trimmed the cigars to size.

With this division of labor came several economies: payrolls decreased because less experienced help was required for certain operations, while production increased as workers grew more and more proficient from confining their activities to a more limited series of operations. Net result to the consumer: better and less expensive cigars. But this was only the beginning.

It wasn't very long until machinery muscled into cigardom. The oldtimers fumed and burned up at the introduction of the mould process. But after all, what else could they do in the face of the industrial revolution but eventually calm down and puff away at their daily quota of free cigars?

The mould was nothing more than a simple matrix of wood with a series of some twenty-odd cigar-shaped cavities. The bunchmaker, instead of passing his output to the wrapper rollers, now placed his bunches in the mould, fastened down the cover, and left them there long enough for them to shape themselves perfectly. The economy in labor was sizable. Production was again pushed up; labor costs pulled down.

Improvement after improvement followed. A clever machine that removed the wrapper stems. Then the suction table to hold the leaf in place while the operator hand-cut the wrapper to size and shape, only to be shortly followed by the almost automatic wrapper cutter where the operator merely placed the leaf over a cutting die, and presto, out came a perfectly cut wrapper. But the deadliest blows were yet to be dealt: came the bunch-making machines, and finally the knockout punch in the form of automatic wrapper-rolling devices. Combine these various units, coordinate them, and you have the modern factory turning out machine-made cigars.

The modern mammoth cigar plant, turning out nickel goods, substitutes teams of machines for teams of men. With a machinery investment running well into the millions, it turns out three, four, and five hundred million cigars a year. To watch these machines at work is a liberal education in mechanics and

Continued in center of page 116

Of Burke, the Cop

He could tell everyone hated him by the way they looked when they passed by—especially the kids

by HENRY ANTON STEIG

• FICTION •

The palm of his hand was so wet that the club, which had become extraordinarily heavy, might have slipped from his grasp if not for the leather thong around his wrist. Drops of moisture rolled down the polished wood. Burke watched one of them reach the end of the club and fall to the hot pavement where it made a dark spot which quickly shrank and disappeared. There was a hot stickiness in the air and he was uncomfortably conscious of the heavy gun in its holster and the handcuff chain swinging from his belt. It used to be worse, in a way, before the dress regulations had been changed, when he had to wear a heavy jacket and a stiff high collar tight around his neck. It was cooler without the jacket, but he had never quite got over feeling somewhat naked with his instruments exposed. And with the jacket one always looked neat—one could sweat without being made self-conscious. But now everyone could see the big dark blotches spreading out from under his armpits and the equator of wetness sucked up by his shirt from under his belt. He was miserably aware of the center of his back where the blue shirt, warm and sodden, stuck to it like a plaster.

He reached over his shoulder and pinched the cloth away. Between it and his skin there was a pleasant little pocket of coolness, but he couldn't stand there on the corner for long with his arm in that position. It made his arm ache, it wasn't dignified, and besides, he didn't want people to see that he was uncomfortable. Ever since he had been assigned to the Webster Avenue beat, a year back, he had felt their hostility. Though there were many second-generation Americans among them he thought of them only as foreigners. Wops, Sheenies and Polacks. They were all afraid of him and they hated him too. He could tell from the way they looked at him when they passed by, especially the kids. No, he wouldn't give them the satisfaction of seeing that he was distressed. Regretfully, he released the shirt, and with repulsion felt it reattach itself to the flat of his back.

A trolley car, swaying as it took the curve of a bad piece of track where the avenue bent, screamed by over the cobblestones. Clinging behind it, ducked down out of line of the motorman's mirror, were two unkempt boys. Emboldened by the drunken speed of their vehicle, they screwed their faces up in an expression of contempt and defiance, stuck out their tongues and thumbed their noses at the cop. It was too hot to do anything about it; Burke just stared at them, wearily. Christ, but they got some tough kids around here, he reflected; you'd hardly think so, though, to look at their parents. The trolley car had left a bitter, acrid smell behind it. Burke distastefully munched the hazy air.

Something about the roadway made him look at it as if for the first time. The cobbles had suddenly become skulls, their smooth, rounded tops dully glinting in the sun. He felt he had to have a drink, immediately.

Kaplan's candy store was a half-block away. Burke had already had one drink, before noon, and here it was, only a little after two and he was thirsty again. He tried not to take more than two a day, the second usually late in the afternoon, but well, he thought, it was so damned hot, Kaplan would have to make allowances. After all, there had been cool days when he had chiseled only one soda. Come to think of it, Kaplan owed him a lot of sodas.

As soon as the officer, resting his hot palms on the cool marble slab, showed his face in the opening of the sidewalk counter, Kaplan turned to the fountain. He picked up a large glass (there were three sizes—two cents, three cents and five cents), squirted two squirts from the tap marked "Cherry" into it, stirred it, and handed it over without a word. He had a patient, preoccupied sort of look on his face.

Mr. Kaplan was a very patient man He had to be, in his business. People wanted so much for their pennies, nickels, dimes. Pennies, nickels, dimes—a fuss over each coin, fourteen, sixteen hours a day. Partly bald, with orange-colored hair curling out of his ears and showing at his nostrils, the storekeeper was of medium height, but so thin that he looked tall. He leaned back against the cigarette shelves with his hands in his apron pockets, idly playing his fingers through the coins, guessing how much they totaled. It was a game he often played with himself, and he had become very accurate at it, as the accounting, late each night, had proved many a time. He regarded the huge blue and pink bulk of Burke, the cop, with as much apparent interest as he might have shown in the fire plug, outside, at the edge of the sidewalk. Big, senseless dolt, he was thinking. The law—represented by a moron, mentally irresponsible—entrusted with a gun and a club! He turned again to the fountain. A thin little girl, her hair tucked up behind her ears, wearing only tiny bloomers and slippers, had entered the store with a pitcher. She hoisted it onto the counter.

"Soda," she ordered, "and mamma said you should put in some pineapple—from the jar. Not from the faucet, from the *jar*, and some real pieces of pineapple."

She placed a dime near the pitcher. It held three pints if it held an ounce, thought Mr. Kaplan, resentfully. All for a dime. And synthetic flavor wouldn't do; they had to have the real thing. Resignedly, he lifted the cap of one of a row of sticky jars, each containing a different preserved fruit. He hooked a finger under the little curved dipper inside the jar, lifted it, filled with greyish bits of pineapple and syrup, and emptied it into the pitcher. He replaced the cap of the jar.

"S'more!" said the girl, angrily. "Don'tcha be so stingy"

Mr. Kaplan opened the jar again and added about a teaspoonful of the preserve to the pitcher. He filled it with charged water and handed it to the girl.

"Dun't drop it," he warned.

"Don't worry, I won't drop it!" the girl said, curtly, and went out.

Not being able to make it last any longer, Burke had finished his soda. He stepped into the privacy of the store for a smoke. Now take Kaplan, he thought, as he lit a cigarette, a quiet man who minds his business and never gets into trouble. How does he come to have a son like Srooly? Not nine yet, but what a bloody kid! Burke couldn't figure it out.

There was the time when that big crate had mysteriously caught fire, just after it was delivered, outside the glazier's, on the next block. Burke was sure he had seen Srooly standing innocently near it when he had passed by a few minutes before. It was easy to visualize the sneaky kid scratching a match behind his back against the boards and dropping it into the excelsior between the sheets of plate glass and then slipping away. Later, when the excitement was over, (the glass had all been cracked by the flames, and Althaus, the glazier, had almost gone out of his wits over the loss) he had remembered that Srooly hadn't been anywhere about, and it wasn't like Srooly *not* to be about when there was a fire. The kid had plenty of brass, but not enough to stay and see the damage done. He couldn't prove it but Burke was certain that Srooly Kaplan had done it. The kid was a positive menace—always monkeying with sewer lids, placing stones, milk bottles or firecrackers on the car tracks, and Burke would have sworn that he was responsible, too, for most of the false fire-alarms rung in from this district.

Burke had a special reason, besides all this, for disliking Srooly. He was sick and tired of hearing:

"Chicky duh cop behind duh rock,
Duh monkey's in duh barber shop."

Most of the time he didn't see Srooly—the brat was always hiding in cellars or hallways—but he knew that shrill voice very well, and had come to hate it. One day, when Harrigan, the sergeant, had been talking to him, Srooly, unseen, had derisively shouted the ditty from somewhere. It was inane, meaningless (didn't even rhyme properly), but it had a peculiar power of irritating him, and Harrigan had noticed his irritation and had been openly amused. Burke had felt humiliated.

"Harry!" Mr. Kaplan's wife called from the doorway at the back of the store. "I put op a bite fah you. Gaw head, I'll mind duh store."

"Soon'll be soppuh-time and now you give me lunch!" said Mr. Kaplan shaking his head. He slipped out of his apron, helped put it on his stout wife, and went to eat.

"Hollo, Mr. Burke," Mrs. Kaplan said. "Some heat, hah? Look, even duh pipes is sweating!" She pointed at the glistening fountain and laughed aloud at her joke.

"Yeah, it's sure warm," said the policeman, ineffectually wiping his face with a moist handkerchief. "No fun pounding a beat today. Them sidewalks is *hot!*"

Srooly, carrying a two-foot section of broomstick, dashed into the store. His face clouded. "How 'bout a malted, mom?" he said, turning away from Burke.

"All day running arond in duh hot sun! Kentchoo stay in duh store, where it's a liddle cool at least? . . . All right, sit don, I'll make you a malted." Mrs. Kaplan sighed and got busy with the milk drink.

Srooly dropped the stick, lifted himself onto a stool, and leaned his elbows on the counter with a proprietary air. Burke studied him from the side. The boy's short bristly red hair and the furtive glances from the pale eyes, which seemed to have been tinted with a thin wash of water-color blue, were somehow extremely offensive.

"See much?" the boy sneered, turning suddenly around, as if he had guessed the policeman's thoughts.

"Srooly!" his mother worriedly admonished.

Her son doggedly bent his head over the counter and began tracing in its wet surface with a forefinger.

What angered Burke even more than that the boy detested him was that he wasn't afraid to show it. Burke looked at the two thin cords at the back of the bent neck. He would have liked to crush them between his thumbs. But he tried to joke.

"Been playin' 'cat-and-stick', hey? How many windows did you break?"

"Six uh dem!" Srooly taunted.

With a great effort, his face turning from pink to deep red, Burke controlled himself. He managed to smile.

"I think I'm gonna run you in one of these days!"

"Yeah? Well, yuh t'ink is wrong," the boy answered, defiantly.

"Srooly! Is dot duh way to talk to a ufficer? Shame on you!" his mother exclaimed. She gestured, apologetically, to Burke.

She removed the metal container from the mixing machine and placed it with a tall glass before Srooly. Srooly ignored the glass. He lifted the container to his lips and began to gulp.

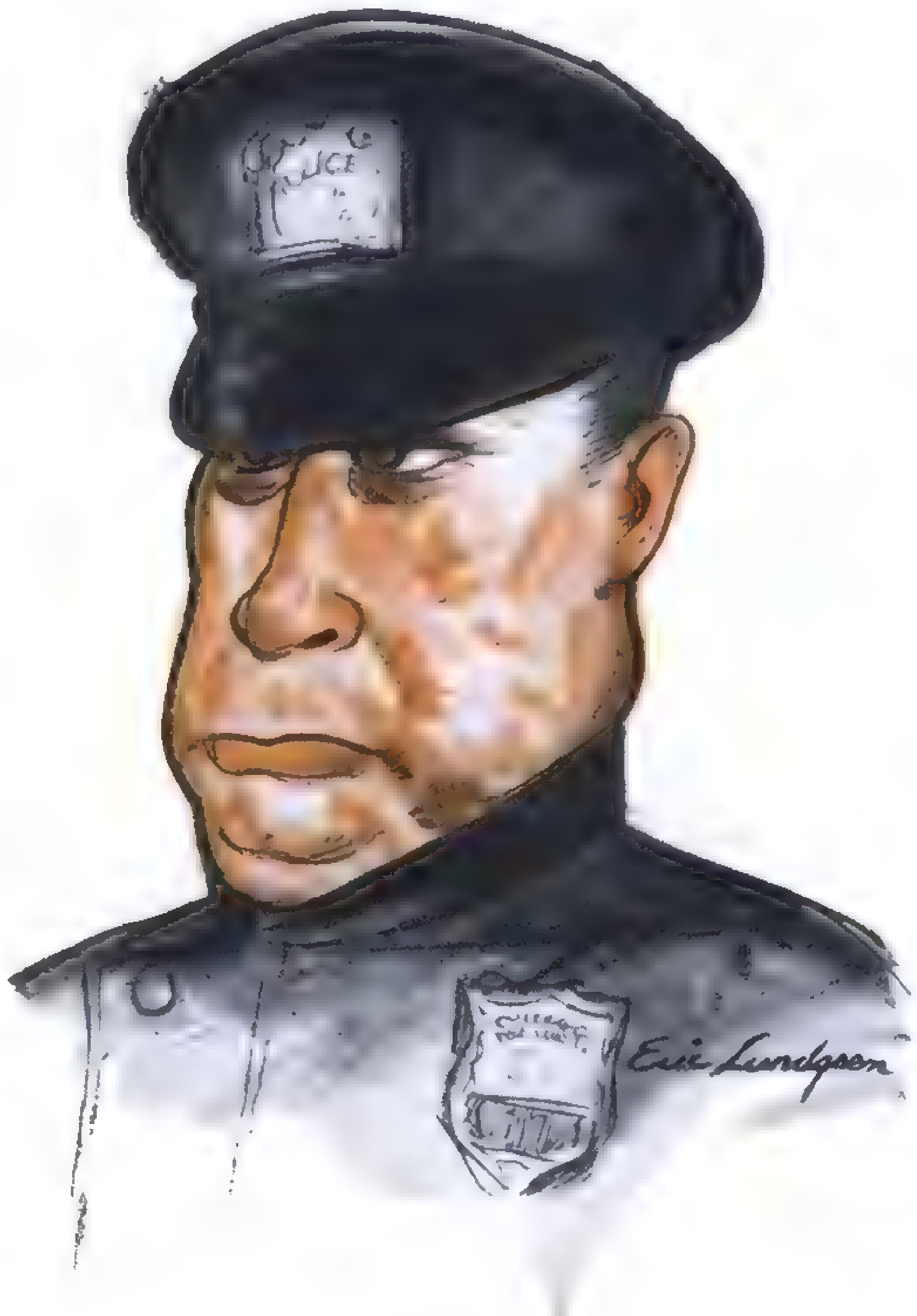
Burke grinned uneasily at Mrs. Kaplan and shrugged his shoulders. He dropped the remaining half-inch of cigarette, smeared it with his shoe against the floor, nodded, and started to walk out.

"Sh' I make you a gless cherry?" Mrs. Kaplan asked. The policeman was very patient with her son. She wanted to be nice to him.

"No—thanks," he said, though he was still thirsty. He felt, at the moment, that the drink would have choked him.

Outside, he looked at the headline of a paper on the newsstand. HEAT KILLS SCORES IN MIDWEST. Wave Coming East, a sub-heading announced. ''Coming!'' Burke muttered. "What the hell we been havin' all along, a *freeze?*" He cursed the weather man.

He glanced into the store at Srooly, most of whose face was hidden in the opening of the up-tilted vessel, bit his lip, and strode up the street. He noticed that the iron-fence-enclosed plot of grass, a block north, squeezed into the angle formed by the junction of Webster and Clay Avenues, was dotted with people. Damn it—the minute his back was turned! Dodging a truck, he rushed across the street.



"Cheese it!" someone shouted. The people got to their feet.

The officer stepped over the railing into the grass. There were several Keep Off signs. "Can'tcha read English?" he shouted at the dispersing men, women and children. "Get outa here, c'mon now, alla you!"

A few seconds later he was standing alone on the parched grass, surrounded by sheets of newspaper, thickest under the few small shade trees. There was a big park close by—all they had to do to get to it was to cross another street, but no, they had to mess up this piece of green too! Why the hell couldn't they sit right on the grass, anyway? Why did they have to have papers? He picked up an armful of the papers—it made him feel righteous and very public-spirited—and carried them out of the plot to a refuse barrel. He looked back at the plot. He had got only a small part of the trash, but the noble impulse had left him. Well, he decided, it was really the park department's job; he wasn't a street cleaner! Bending had made a few inches of wet shirt work up out of his trousers. He stuffed it back, glanced stiffly around, and continued on his beat.

A few blocks further north a stream of boys and girls with homemade soap-box wagons, old baby carriages, basins, filed into the coal and lumber yards, past the ice station and, laden with chunks of ice, out again to the street. There, many began running, afraid the ice would melt in the terrific heat before they got it home. It was cheaper buying it at the yards than having it delivered by neighborhood dealers. Burke watched for a few minutes. There was no cause for interference here. Feeling slightly frustrated, he went on.

At 171st Street, in the short block between Brook and Webster Avenues, a little filthy-white poodle nosed along in the gutter against the curb. The hot asphalt burned its paws. Every few moments it stopped, lifted one leg, then another, trying to get them all off the ground at once. It could find not a single moist spot in which to cool its snout. It mounted the curb and ventured into the shade on the sidewalk below an awning outside a vegetable store. The dealer, going to a scale to weigh something for a customer, stumbled over it. "Beat it! Scat!" The poodle was angrily shooed back into the gutter. Everybody had been unkind to it today.

* * *

"Can'tcha stay here for a liddle while?" Mrs. Kaplan said to her son. "You'll get sick."

Srooly had been dashing restlessly in and out of the store all day. He went back of the fountain to mix himself a drink. After a sip he looked thoughtfully around the store and said, "Where's Snowball, Mom? Ain't he here?"

"I dunno—maybe in duh back. But dunt annoy Papa."

Srooly went to investigate. He had picked up the dog a few days before and had adopted it despite protests from both parents. Snowball wasn't much to look at, but it was alive and very smart, and it had become precious to him.

In the dark, small, crowded, fusty dining-and-living room, Mr. Kaplan lay stretched out on a sofa, on his back. Srooly looked under the table, in back of the sofa, all over the room.

"Dja see Snowball, Pop?"

"No, I didn't see Snowball," Mr. Kaplan answered in a dead voice.

His wife had her housework to do, Mr. Kaplan realized, and he wanted to go back to the store, but he just couldn't lift himself from the sofa. It was four o'clock. He had lain down, after lunch, and had remained there, guiltily motionless, ever since. He was too spent with the heat to move.

Srooly searched the kitchen, bedroom and bathroom and went back into the store.

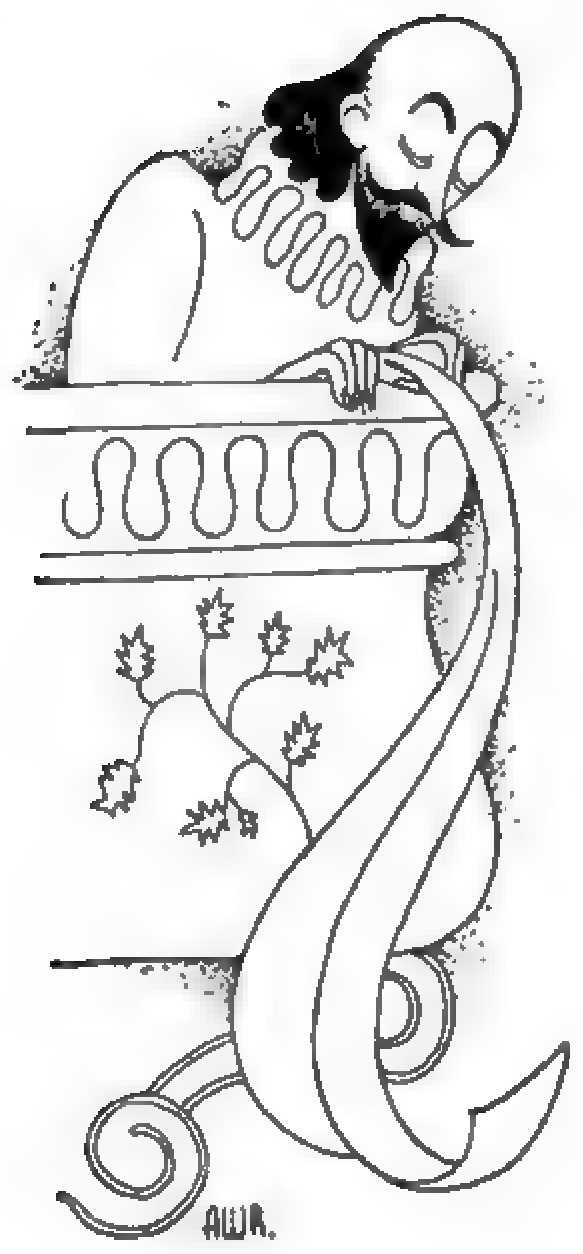
Continued in center of page 109

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Nobody's going soft on Van Wyck Potter, but it does seem that he, or she, had the germ of an idea

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

▪ THEATRE ▪



Directly before I was cajoled through the combined serpentine wiles of the editor of this magazine and several auxiliary gratis flagons of sack to conduct this department for the education and enlightenment of the culture-hungry masses, there performed for some months on this page an egregious fowl named Potter who enthusiastically nominated himself an arch-Archer and proceeded forthwith to attempt to prove to the drama critics that he was the only man in the world who knew what they weren't talking about. Most critics, this bird contended, were blockkopfs of a low and measly cut, far better suited to serve as interior decoration of lunatic asylums than as acceptable commentators on the theatrical arts. Among the boys thus laid out was your present guide and mentor who, like all critics something of a pert rooster, contented himself with an airy and very lordly wave of dismissal, accompanied by a *sotto voce* crack on the high probability that the fellow was merely some disgruntled actor or other such theatrical sorehead, and hence one to be contumeliously sniffed.

Lately, however, I have been munching the matter and, although I still have the honor to consider the M. Potter an ahss and many of his expressed opinions peculiarly imbecile, it strikes me that we ought to have more of this business of criticism of critics, provided only it be pursued by persons of some intelligence and perception. In his thoroughly interesting, recently published attack on the English critics, *The Flying Wasp*, Sean O'Casey, that admirable dramatist, says: "To make things secure for themselves, they have built up a cosy protection by bringing into being a nice little code of laws which say that no one criticized by them should have the indecency or vulgarity to answer them back. A grand little code of honor—for the critics. The critic is to have a mile of space in a year in which to let himself go . . . while those who aren't under the veil of Isis can't have an inch . . . If this curious and comfortable (for the critics) unwritten law remains unresisted, it will soon come that almost anything that a critic may say must be received with everlasting acceptance and silence."

There is no reason in the world, I wholeheartedly agree with Mr. O'Casey, why such a state of affairs, presuming it to exist, should be permitted to exist. If criticism is a healthy thing for the theatre, criticism of criticism should be an even healthier. Let any person who detects any nonsense written by a critic—and a lot is written every season—proclaim it as loudly as he can and throw it back into the critic's face. It would do everyone good, including the critic himself. The only trouble seems to be that the answerers of critics' nonsense in this country are often quite as nonsensical as the critics themselves, which gets us nowhere. And if the business is to be set going, we ought to get somewhere. Otherwise criticism of criticism, perhaps going on to criticism of criticism of criticism, and proceeding then even to criticism of criticism of criticism of criticism, will drive us all crazy, and God knows a lot of us are already crazy enough as it is.

What has brought me to a sympathy with O'Casey's and even Potter's point of view are certain of the critical performances upon an experiment of my own, not long ago offered to the public in book form. This experiment, called *The Avon Flows*, consisted in an effort to show in Shakespeare's own language what would have happened to the Romeo-Juliet marriage had the lovers lived. For the purposes of the demonstration I employed parts of three of the Bard's plays, to wit, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, clearly stating and heavily emphasizing in a conspicuous prefatory note that the Shakespearean line remained throughout absolutely unchanged and intact, that not so much as a single word of my own had been incorporated into the text, and that my sole contribution to the orchestration of the three plays, aside from the job of the orchestration itself, was a few stage directions.

I am not a playwright; I lay no claim to being a playwright; and I haven't the faintest wish or desire to be a playwright. I have enough to do laying claim to being a critic. But as the experiment naturally and inevitably had to take the dramatic form, I suppose it was only to be expected that certain critics, both dramatic and literary, would argue that it was as a playwright I offered myself. And consequently, had I been or were I a playwright, I can—through the incompetence and befuddlement of some of the reviews—appreciate the impatience with certain critical fish that must be felt by such real playwrights as O'Casey.

Whether the result of the Shakespearean paraphrase which I attempted was good or bad isn't the point. The point is that, good or bad, or even considerably worse than bad, some of the criticisms of it, whether favorable or unfavorable, showed that the critics in question knew utterly nothing of the work of Shakespeare. I offer a sample in evidence. Writing in the New York *American*, my old friend Charley Towne (Charles Hanson to the butler and *Who's Who in America*) delivered himself as follows: "His first act consists of several transposed scenes from the play as Shakespeare wrote it, and then your modern Mr. Nathan enters with his own lines, his own remoulding of the chief characters, with the introduction of others we knew not of." The fact, plain enough to anyone who knows even faintly his Shakespeare and his *Romeo and Juliet* in particular, is that, far from Mr. Nathan entering with his own lines, there is not a single line that isn't Shakespeare's very own. Nor is there the introduction of any character who does not figure among the dramatis personae of the three Shakespearean plays named.

But the real critical humor was yet to come. "Who," asked Charley, "would have suspected Mr. Nathan of being a poet in his own right? He has a few high moments in playing the part, as when he has Juliet say:

'Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person.'"

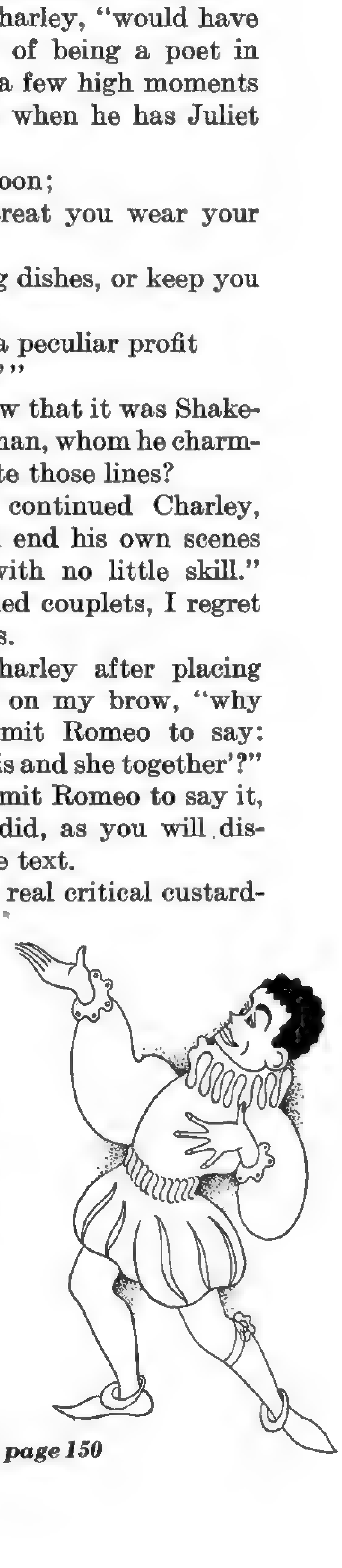
Doesn't Charley know that it was Shakespeare and not Mr. Nathan, whom he charmingly flatters, who wrote those lines?

"And," flatteringly continued Charley, "he (Mr. Nathan) can end his own scenes on rhymed couplets with no little skill." Every one of the rhymed couplets, I regret to say, is Shakespeare's.

"But," protested Charley after placing this undeserved laurel on my brow, "why does Mr. Nathan permit Romeo to say: 'Yes, you have seen Paris and she together'?" Mr. Nathan didn't permit Romeo to say it, Charley, Shakespeare did, as you will discover by consulting the text.

We come now to the real critical custard-pie. "You may be shocked at a few of the lines," wrote Charley, "and either Shakespeare or Bacon, according to your belief, might turn in his grave could he read such a passage as this:

' 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hun-



Continued in center of page 150

OLYMPE BRADNA
Hurrell Photograph

JOAN CRAWFORD
Hurrell Photograph

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

John Steinbeck says that hexing is not a superstition, but the operation of concentrated hate

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

JOHN STEINBECK was in New York for two weeks in May. He and his wife had come from California by way of the Panama Canal on a freighter. He will have two plays opening on Broadway in the fall. *Of Mice and Men* and *Tortilla Flat*. The first is his own workmanship; the latter is that of an adapter. He is toying with the idea of using the drama hereafter as his medium.

This is quite understandable to any writer who has followed Steinbeck's work closely; for in each of his several novels he has explored and exploited the technical resources of an equal number of different themes and treatments. Each of his novels bears so little resemblance to the other that you would hardly suspect that they were all written by the same person except for the consummate technical perfection of all but *Pastures of Heaven*, his second published novel, out of which have come the germs of his succeeding novels.

What *Pastures of Heaven* lacks in sheer perfection of form it more than makes up in content, for it is stuffed with the richness of the author's experience and personality.

In the first edition of *Of Mice and Men*, which I analyzed carefully immediately after I had read it, I could find only one word that I thought was out of place in the seamless pattern of delicate narrative. The word was "pendula" in the sentence, "His arms did not swing at his sides, but hung loosely and only moved because the heavy hands were pendula."

He had used the word precisely: that was exactly what he meant—that the man's arms moved only because the hands were like the heavy weights at the end of a rod, the swing of which regulates the movement. But the Latin plural of "pendulum," set in the simple and subtly cadenced prose of the novel, jumped out at the glance, unnaturally. It was a pleasure to observe that Steinbeck's artistic eye caught and dropped the word as the only correction in the second edition.

Tony Palazzo

I first met Steinbeck at the dinner given in honor of Thomas Mann by the Friends of German Culture. He and his wife were at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Pascal Covici, Ruth Gannett and Lewis Gannett. On first glance his resemblance to E. E. Cummings is startling. I found myself saluting a familiar face among the crowd under the impression that it was Cummings' and when there was no answering sign of recognition I observed that the man was with Covici and Gannett, which meant it must be Steinbeck, for I had heard that the Steinbecks had arrived in the afternoon. And so they had, and had come straight from a welcoming party to them in Covici's office. Those at the Covici table were the only ones in the great banquet room of the Ritz who were not dressed. Steinbeck had arrived in town wearing blue linen slacks, sneakers and a sweater; but had been fortunate enough to borrow a dark blue suit that fitted him from one of Covici's employees. The others had not dressed out of deference to the Steinbecks.

Their welcoming party had been a gay one and a reaction had set in during the long wait for dinner to begin; so both the fish and meat courses of the dinner found Steinbeck, Gannett and Covici absent from the table and at the bar. Ruth Gannett signaled me and I joined her at table for the two courses, meeting Mrs. Steinbeck, a handsome, freckled, darkly tanned girl, athletic in build and appearance, with speckled, dancing eyes, a droll, drawling speech, an utterly natural and engaging camaraderie. She and I began talking as though we had known each other for twenty years and, in fact, were taking up the thread of a conversation that we hadn't finished yesterday. She seemed so admirably the proper mate for Steinbeck who is a natural man himself. His muscular frame, somewhat above average height, ruddy countenance and leathery hands remind one of the fact that he worked as a hod carrier in the building of New York's present Madison Square Garden when he could find no welcome in the city he now hates and dreads for his literary work and they bespeak his preference for outdoor life in California's "pastures of heaven."

We had corresponded, so when we met it was also as if we had known each other for a very long time. His exterior is that of a diamond in the rough; but let me assure you that this diamond is exceedingly fine cut, its facets hard, clean and brilliant. His mouth is gentle and amused and his eyes are extraordinarily kind; but you have not talked with him long before you become definitely aware that here is a man whose general cultivation is rare and wide, unpretentious but exact, arduously acquired and arduously maintained, a man with a definite awareness not only of the common life about him but of what is going on in the world of thought and literature (he obviously subscribes to a great number of magazines and buys, for a writer, an amazing number of current books—and reads them), a man modest but quite definitely sure of himself, self-disciplined to an exacting degree, shrewd, clever, gifted and determined, at any costs whatever, to make the very most of his gifts.

He abhors and abjures the tag "mystic" which some critics have used in describing him. He is deeply concerned with the problem of Good and Evil, not in any conventional, moral or philosophical sense but as phenomena in life and as animating principles in life. I have heard him use no word indicating the nature of his beliefs and intimations; but I should vaguely describe them as comprising a curious, very modern Manicheanism, derived perhaps in part from the Indians of the West Coast he has known since boyhood, from acute observation or cause and effect operating among primitive or untutored men and from a frank facing of the evidence of his own hidden resources of mind and will. Although I have not heard him mention the late Mary Austin or give any evidence of having read her studies of the mind and will which she derived from the Navajos and other tribes of New Mexico and Arizona, it occurred to me that his psychic beliefs and convictions are probably akin to those of Mrs. Austin and derived from somewhat the same sources of knowledge and experience. Mrs. Austin believed that will, thought and emotion are forces that are immediate, dynamic and kinetic and that they can bring about definite ends, for good or evil, without the employment of any physical means whatever. She believed in the efficacy of prayer and of the power of the will to achieve any result within the limits and quality of the will—and that the result is determined entirely by the nature of the will.

It would appear from a long conversation

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Masters of Pistolcraft

Continued from page 74

esty which we encounter and love? We of the clan are unable to explain our complete immersion in the art—We just succumb!

When we are on the range, or in competition, we open our pistol-case with tender care and view the black, sleek instrument of death with loving awe. We lift it out and heft it wordlessly. The beauty of its slender lines obliterates its terrible potency. We do not think of the murderous path of its bullet through flesh and bone, of the arrogant authority of the command which the spinning lead chunk sends to brain-cells, to stop all the million delicate biological functions of mammal life, homo sapiens and other; of the sudden waste of individual education, culture, the promises of the future, of the appalling extent of sorrow, grief of mother, father, mate, children, of the awful irreparable finality.

We load the pistol matter-of-factly, take our stance, lift our gunhand, aim with micrometric accuracy and attend to the required expertness of trigger handling. Perfectly relaxed, with studious nonchalance, withal concentrated purposefulness, we release the shots.

Mastery of the pistol is just as exact a science as mathematics and just as much of an art as composing a symphony. Everyone of all the many biological centers must be submerged. All mental and physical purposes of the body converge to a pin point, to a concentration so profound that it seems removed from the sphere of earthly endeavor.

While part of our brain may perceive the operations of mechanics within the gun with diagrammatic logic, transmitting the necessary commands to the triggerfinger with everchanging modality, and while another part may supervise the micrometric alignment of the sights, a metapsychic spark is necessary to impulse with omnipotent force.

Until we learn to acquire the proper state of mind and master the bodily endeavors of holding, alignment and squeezing the trigger, we will only be dubs. These things can be reached with intelligent and stubborn practice, but the impulse must come from another sphere. It is in us all—but it is dormant. It must be kindled and it seems as if only absolute abandonment of one's self in our art were able to create the atmosphere so indispensable for its mysterious and benevolent existence.

The instrument we play upon, the Automatic Pistol, is in itself a complicated affair, mechanically. Its ballistical functions and the resultant effect on the shooter are rather peculiar. The moment the trigger is squeezed and the firing-pin ignites the primer of the cartridge, a succession of mysterious processes takes place. To the shooter, the pistol is a fully enclosed apparatus and he cannot observe what occurs inside. There are formidable dynamic releases, in some cases breech-pressures of around 25,000 to 30,000 pounds to the square inch, attacking the comparatively small and light frame, within the thousandth part of a second. A portion of this vicious eruption drives the bullet through the short barrel, the rest pushes the slide or breachblock back and sets in motion a series of intricate maneuvers. The slide, for instance, extracts the now empty shell, causing it to be thrown clear of the gun. As the slide recedes further, it cocks the hammer or firing-pin mechanism. At the end of its lightning-fast backward travel it bumps against a powerful recoil spring and is violently thrown forward again. There it picks a new cartridge from the magazine underneath, guides it into the barrel chamber, locates its extractor hook around the cannelure of the cartridge and then slams tightly against the chamber. The assembly is ready for another shot.

All this happens so fast that the human eye cannot perceive the slide movement.

Naturally, with all these functions crowding each other in violent fashion and within an incredibly short space of time, the shooter will feel abrupt shifts of balances—and the muzzle-blast and flash augment his irritation.

A novice may pick up a .45 Automatic for the first time and hold it forward to pull the trigger confidently, but after the shot has crashed, he has the feeling that he has miraculously escaped grave disaster. He has felt a lethal, leaping thing in his hand, a turbulent something of such positive vindictiveness that his whole nervous system only slowly ceases wincing.

He knows that he has shivered under the harsh draft from the wings of death, with a directness and nearness inescapably real.

This sensation, of course, may dampen down to ordinary "flinching" as he practices and orients himself. As the terrific gas-pressure is kept under leash until the very last fraction of time, the beginner realizes distinctly that, if the force had been held just a trifle longer, it would have been just too bad. All for the sake of expelling a pesky bullet. Yet, the explosion is just a basic function. More important is the fact that the path of the bullet be meticulously directed by the shooter . . . and work . . . work . . . work . . . intelligent, self-denying work is the answer. The stony, steep road to expertship begins.

He will devote himself to mastering the mechanical details such as mentioned before, viz.: trigger control, hold, breathing, stance, etc.

He will come to know that it is humanly impossible to hold the muzzle steady with one hand—or even with two hands. He will understand that the recoil throws the muzzle up as the bullet leaves it. This displacement is compensated by the height of the front sight. The average shooter, however, through inexpert holding and handling, causes deviations of this upward recoil movement and —there we have the difference between hitting a dime at sixty feet or missing the barn door.

The student must tone up his system, attune his vibrations, reactions, reflexes, all the time filing, modulating and fervently hoping for the birth of the spark that lights the torch of mastery.

Until, finally, he may unerringly puncture that ghostly dime at sixty feet—the coveted goal, the Grail, the Olymp.

That then is what he is slaving for, renouncing other pleasures in life—to reach this pinnacle—and when he has arrived, he is just a pistol crackshot—and who cares?

Surely, pistol addicts must be balmy—and we are! We have even organized our madness. We have two powerful National Institutions, one of them under the benevolent eye of the Federal, which fosters the development of marksmanship.

There are numerous handgun clubs all over the country; some with elaborately equipped ranges where a push of a button will carry a target to the standard distance and return it the same way; with electric timers, sound-proof steel booths, with telescopes for sighting, etc. The membership comprises bank presidents and mechanics, priests and atheists, the one no more rational than the other where pistol shooting is concerned.

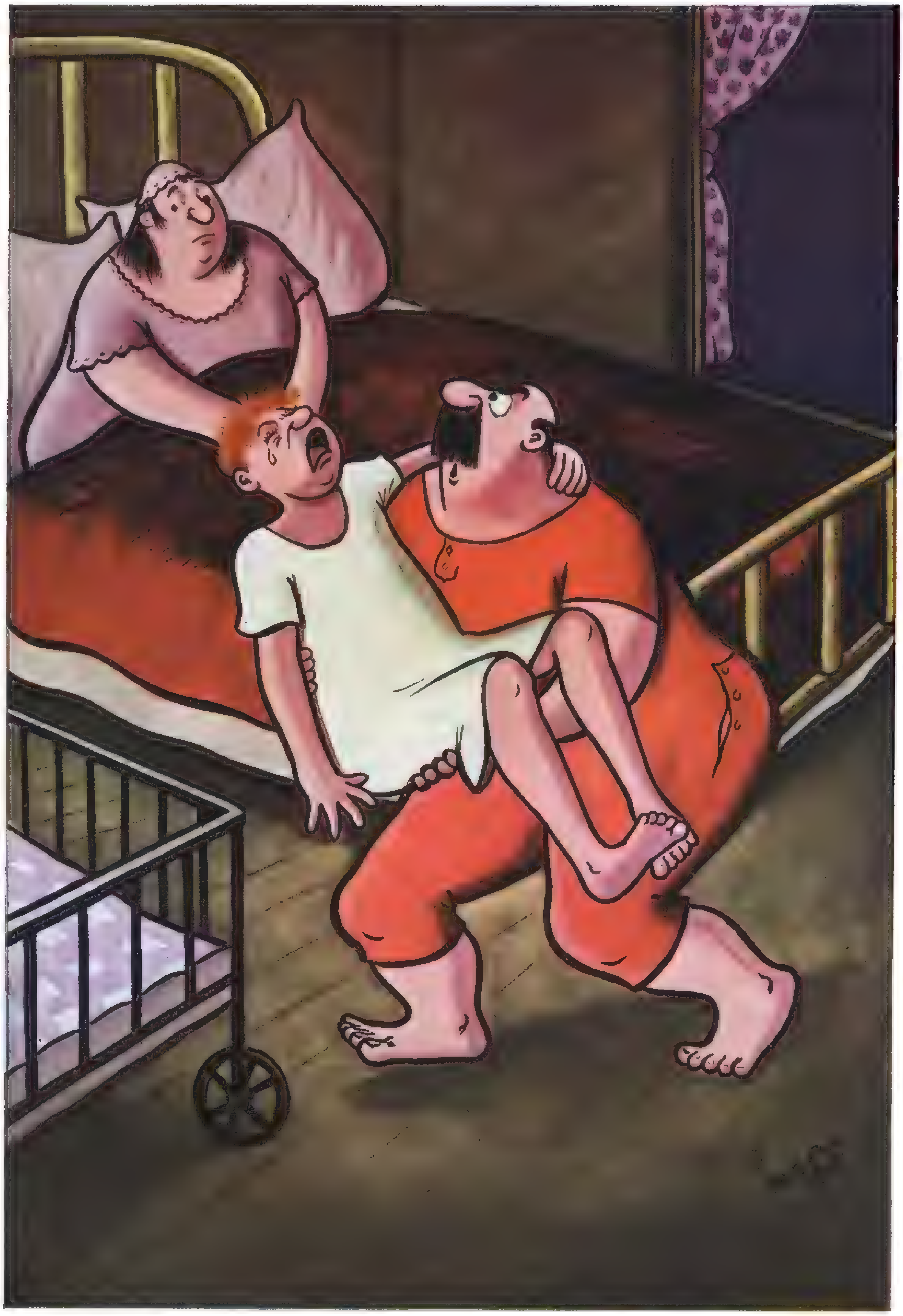
The activities of the many clubs had to be normalized, standard regulations were developed, a uniform set of targets was agreed upon and the entire competition angle was straightened out. For instance, in Indoor Ranges, artificially lighted, there are standard targets for 25, 50 and 60 feet distances. The "Ten-Ring" on the standard 60-foot target has a diameter of scarcely one inch and, if one should have the delusion that this ring can be hit ten times out of ten shots, let it be said that even so-called "machine-rests" often fail to make ideal groups.

Ten shots fired at this target, one shot per minute, are termed "Slow Fire." The so-called "Time Fire" calls for another ten shots in two groups of five, each group to be discharged within twenty seconds, timed and controlled by stop watches, commands and whistles. And there is finally the "Rapid Fire" where two groups of five shots have to be fired within ten seconds each. The rings for the latter two kinds of firing are somewhat larger than those for "Slow Fire." All three targets, covering thirty shots, constitute the Standard American Course. The highest possible rating is, of course, 30 times 10, or 300, a score which, to my knowledge, has never actually been reached under competitive conditions, shoulder to shoulder. The Outdoor Course, the National Match Course, comprises ten shots Slow Fire at 50 yards (150 feet) and ten shots each in Time Fire and Rapid Fire at 75 feet. The official world record is around 290, I believe. Since these courses are shot only in this country, the claim to "world record" seems a little confusing. It is said that the nuts over in England play with the idea of adopting our American standards.

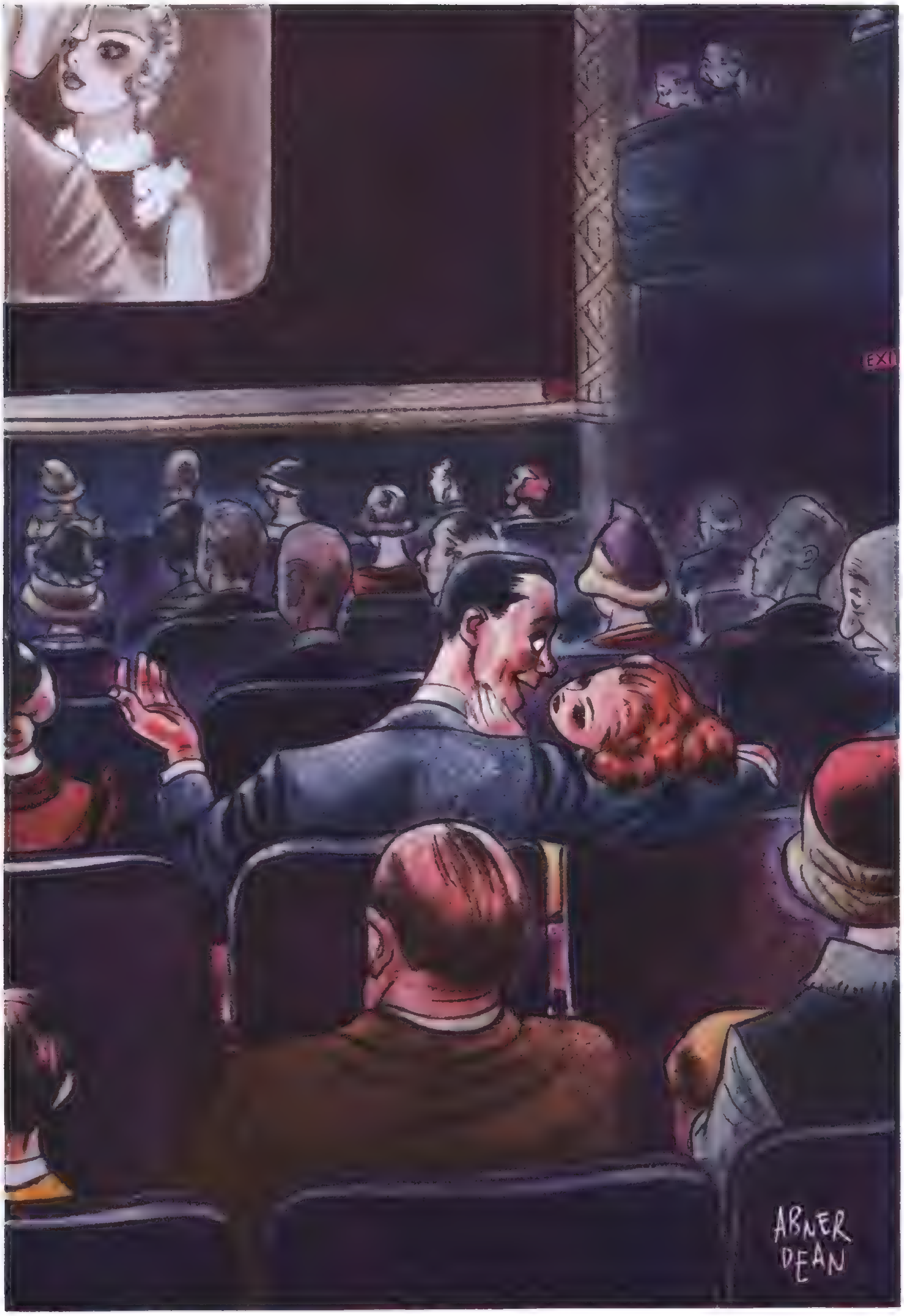
Having a weakness for Automatic Pistols and conversing here about them entirely, I haven't mentioned the Revolvers which may also be employed in most official matches. The calibers mostly used are the .22, the .38 and the .45.

In the Olympic games we have a set of six man-size targets, about a foot removed from each other and the task is to smack each target, from 75 feet away, within as short a time as possible. Our American teams, in Los Angeles as well as in Berlin, failed to make the grade, the Europeans being much faster and more accurate. With our usual over-confidence we neglected to attend to the little detail of practicing at this relatively easy target combination. We are just a gun-conscious nation—the others take the palm.

A different phase, one which is not organized as a sport at all, is found in the logical step from the rather pedantic firing at targets to the "fast draw from holster," coupled with one fast and accurate shot and "holding the drop." A dangerous combination for—the other fellow. A series of clever defense movements has also been scientifically developed which enables those in the know to meet any and all dangerous attacks. Equipped thus, I should say that it is my firm opinion that any crook who should have the ill fortune to stick a gun in the back of such a defense master, is just a sap. He hasn't got a chance in the world against the deadly machine. His goose is cooked, unless he has had a mother. We may take pity on him, for her sake—if there's time enough. For obvious reasons, I must not reveal here the technical ways of putting ambitious crooks on the slab. #



"Isn't Junior getting kinda big for that sort of thing?"


EXIT
ABNER DEAN

"Well, this is the part where I came in—it was nice knowing you!"

The Candid Cameraman

Praise for a picture that makes strong men, even movie critics, break down and have a good cry

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Make Way for Tomorrow: By now, everybody knows this is the "surprise picture of the year." By its very unpretentiousness as a production it touches the heart of everyday American life, exposing the tragedy of circumstance which makes it impossible for people who really love each other to take care of each other. The children of the old couple are shown as decent souls, at bottom, who despise themselves because of the hurt they have to bring to their aged parents. The acting at times possesses an almost careless realism: as though the players for once had abandoned technique, and given themselves to the screen as people. The scenes are caught off-guard. At moments, as when the young doctor is examining the cantankerous old man, there is a sense of intrusion into an actual home. The doctor even seems to be a poor actor, because he so completely lacks the polish usually given to such parts. Credit for all this must go to Director McCarey, but certain members of the cast go beyond anything a director could have given them. Beulah Bondi's performance as the old lady couldn't be surpassed. Victor Moore as the father, and Thomas Mitchell as the worried, helpless son are way ahead of the usual standard of film acting, but a degree below Beulah Bondi in this.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Kid Galahad: Straight, tight action drama with good fight scenes. Edward G. Robinson and Bette Davis ought to team together again. Wayne Morris, the fighter, does a nice, simple job.

They Gave Him a Gun: Seems to be an anti-war story because the hero, a quiet country lad, becomes a killer when he feels the power of a gun in his hands, and turns into a sharp-shooting racketeer after the war. It has impact enough as a parable, but the brutalizing effect of war could be more broadly indicated. This story becomes a special case. Spencer Tracy and Gladys George are good all the way through; Franchot Tone gives a spotty performance; maybe the memory of Tone as a smooth actor makes him seem to be a face-maker in the killer scenes. Van Dyke's usual concise, hard-hitting direction. Incidentally, this anti-war film was followed, when I saw it, by a Memorial Day trailer, glorifying our past wars—all of them.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Pick a Star: A fairly comic version of *A Star Is Born*, with that ape-man, Mischa Auer, again proving that he ought to be in more pictures.

This is My Affair: Routine bank-robber melodrama, set in the McKinley era, with Sidney Blackmer doing a swell caricature of Teddy Roosevelt. Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Victor McLaglen also in the cast.

WASTE

The Go-Getter: A Cappy Ricks story, idealizing servility under the guise of stick-to-itiveness.

MORAL

This was an all-male audience. The occasion was a special screening of the surprise hit of the year, that great gulp and sniffle raiser, *Make Way for Tomorrow*. The visitors were a special group of some sort; extra chairs had been brought into the projection room to accommodate them.

The picture, completely honest in theme, and just plain devastatingly human in its presentation of family difficulties, nevertheless does not pass up a single opportunity to pile on the pathos. All the tender tricks are there: the aged couple revisiting their honeymoon hotel, the forced parting of loved ones, the juxtaposition of seventeen and seventy. And sitting through the picture, for men, becomes a ninety-minute feat of sniffle-suppression. At times everybody was looking at the ceiling instead of at the screen, to keep the welling tears from flowing over the edge.

A terrific tear-jerker of this sort really puts a man on the spot. Man is a creature of sentiment, and responds as helplessly as woman to situations that are so calculated in their pathos as to be mechanically surefire in their effect. In a sense it is unfair to loose this kind of stuff on man, and yet require him to retain his social male status by tearlessness. For pathos of this type is as biological in action as tear gas. No one would think of regarding ability to withstand tear gas as a criterion of manliness; the same allowance should be made for exposure to such lachrymators as *Make Way for Tomorrow*. When that stuff gets to you, you weep.

This might be regarded as a plea for mercy in two directions. (1) The movie makers might have mercy, and refrain from piling it on so thick. (2) Society might have mercy, our mores might change, it might become quite proper for men to bawl, in movies. The motion picture theatre could be regarded as a city of refuge, where the ordinary laws of society were not in force. And as long as he sat in the movie theatre, a man might be allowed freedom of weeping.

Fortunately, during the last few years, pathos has not been much of a problem. Pictures have been rather masculine in approach. They have been robust, with hard people going after things in direct, manly fashion, with fists and machine-guns; or again they have been brittle, in the manner of *The Thin Man*.

Occasionally, of course, there has been a slush like *Green Light* or a remake of *Seventh Heaven*. But pictures that relied frankly on the appeal of "nobler sentiment" have been decidedly in the minority, against films that appealed to human lust for some kind of material victory, for aggrandisement. The trend of these years, I think it might be said, has been toward virility, even if it is a fake virility. Men need have no discomfort in the theatre while sitting through stuff like *The Plainsman*.

But if we are going to have the softer moods presented, there will be difficulty. Men may even resist going to pictures, for fear of exposing themselves.

Not that a film like *Make Way for Tomorrow* lacks virility. In basis, in theme, the thing packs a solid wallop. It takes more guts to make a picture around the pathetic subject of what to do with the aged, when they are poor, than it takes to make a picture around the career of Kid Galahad, the prize-fighter. But we have been speaking of appearances rather than realities; if the success of *Make Way for Tomorrow* is going to lead us into a series of films of this type, it would be well for the producers to remember that men have to keep up appearances, even in the movies, and to stick to such hard-at-bottom scenes as the one in which the old lady upsets her daughter-in-law's bridge tournament, while they go easy on the quavers. This is pure box-office advice.

Now to return to that audience of previewing males. They looked at the ceiling, and they looked at the walls, and then when their eyes were dry they risked looking at the screen again; the room was tight with their struggle to keep from turning the aisles into flowing sewers. There was no doubt, however, that they thought it a great picture. And there was one point at which their ad-

Continued on page 160

PETTY AND THE BEAST

Once There Was a Bear

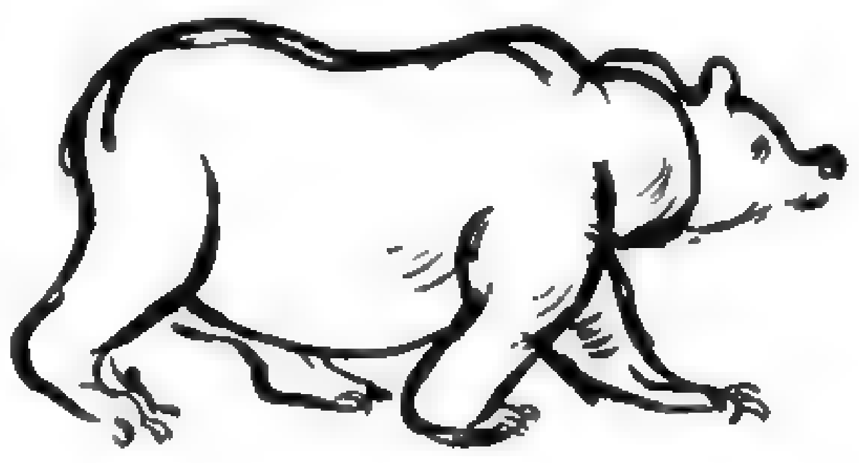
Uncle George says he owes it all to clean living, right thinking and quick shooting

by GEORGE PETTY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Now I'm just a one-horse guy, and while I can draw well enough to make a pretty good living for Mamma and the kids, I never made more than a C in English Composition. As a matter of fact, the teacher who gave me that comparatively Phi Beta Kappa mark explained it was mostly because she liked my attitude and the neat margins I kept. So don't be writing tough letters in to the *Sound and Fury* asking who told this lug Petty he could write. I've swallowed some big ones, man and boy, but never that.

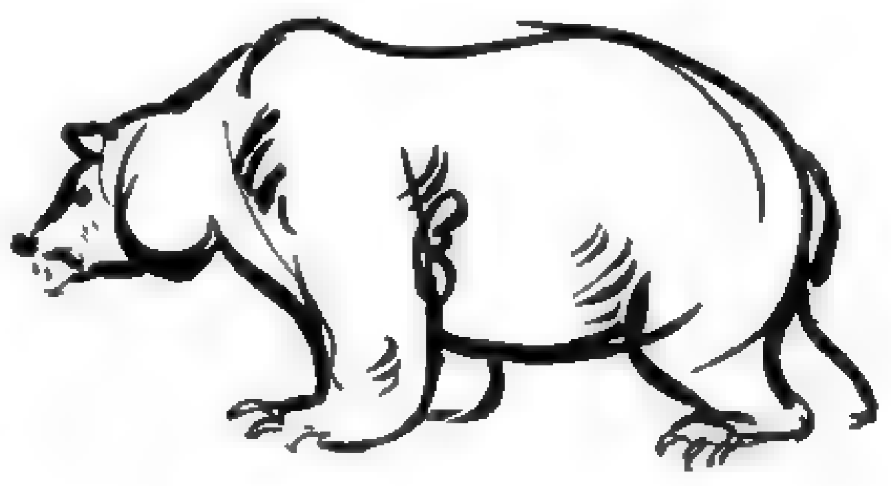
I'd been hearing a lot about those big bears up on Kodiak Island. The largest bears in the world are found there, probably because it has such a swell climate (your friend the Japanese current keeps it temperate) and because they find exactly the diet they require—cranberries by the million, salmon, roots, moss, kelp, sea lice, clams, and what have you. When the Alaska Red Salmon go up the streams to spawn in the head waters, all Mr. Brownie has to do is step out into the water a few feet and pick up the fish as fast as he can guzzle them. He gets a mess of tape worms from the salmon. Then, nothing daunted, he eats tons of cranberries, swallows them whole, and these act as a purge. Goodbye tapeworms. So it all comes out even, according to Nature's beautiful plan, and everybody's happy, excepting, possibly the fish.



Guys in the know told me that October would be a fine time to hunt Kodiak bear because they congregate around the streams then, fishing. But it happened that last October the salmon went up the streams earlier than usual, so Mr. Kodiak had had his fill when I arrived, and was hibernating. I had to satisfy myself with hunting moose that trip. I did happen to stumble onto the largest Kenai moose taken out of Alaska that year, a little over seventy inches, so I couldn't squawk much. But I still wanted a whirl at those damn bears.

Kodiak bears, you may know, are the largest meat-eating animals in the world. A Kodiak bear can lick any animal there is except an elephant. Down in Mexico one time they staged a fight between a Kodiak and a lion. The bear just took one sock, and the king of beasts tried to crawl under the linoleum. A Kodiak bear can pack a terrible amount of lead, too. One poor guy they tell about up there gave a bear fifteen shots—all he had—and the bear was still coming in for more. So the guy climbed a tree and waited for the bear to die. He had to wait all night and part of the next day.

The natives welcome you with open arms when you tell them you're aimin' to shoot bear. These animals are mean, if they've ever been wounded. And a Mother bear will fight anybody she can get at when she's disturbed, just on principle. There's only one small spot on Kodiak Island where it's safe to raise cattle and sheep. It's a shame, too, because it's ideal grazing land. But these bears will kill live stock every time—not because they're hungry, necessarily. Sometimes they slaughter a herd of sheep just for the Hell of it, and leave the carcasses untouched.



You can't blame the farmers for being mad.

I wanted to go early in the spring, because I had the impression that the big lads come out of their dens first, and I wanted a big one, They sleep in caves, high in the mountains. And when the snow melts, they wake up.

In order to get there the quickest way possible, I hopped on a Northwestern Airline plane for Seattle. It was fine weather for flying, and there was a good gang on the plane. We had a lot of fun. At Seattle, I connected with the *Yukon* of the Alaska Steamship Company, and had a swell trip to Cordova. There I took the *Curacoe* through to Uganic Bay, and was met by Charlie Madsen's boat the *Poloris*. This rig is a power boat and is just the medicine for spotting bear.

Charlie Madsen is the Outfitter and Guide you've heard about if you've read anything about hunting on Kodiak, or talked to any of the boys who've been there. Charlie's an ex-boxing champion, and really knows his stuff. And don't get the idea he's patronized by the city slickers. Charlie does all right in a drawing room, but he prefers stalking bear. He's been around a lot. For a while he traded polar skins with the Eskimos in Siberia. He's made a study of bears, and all I told you about the habits of our furred friends I learned from him. Incidentally, he was guide for Bruce Allen, the boy who took the world's record Kodiak in May, 1935.

But this is supposed to be my story, and my high school English teacher would sure as Hell say it lacked continuity.

As it turned out, I could have kept my shirt on and arrived at Kodiak a week or so later, because we stalled around for several days before we could see any big bears. My pet theory about the big ones coming out first was all wet. It's the mamma bear who wakes up first, for a very good reason. Her cubs, usually two or three of them, start getting ants and bother her until she sees it's no good trying to sleep.

Charlie furnished four other guides besides himself. Not because he was trying to outnumber the bears. But it's hard to see bears at a distance, and five guides means five pairs of glasses for observation. Our camp was set in a little valley with a nice, clear mountain stream flowing through. This spot is one of the few level places around—the whole country is nothing but mountains coming up out of the sea. Charlie had his two daughters there cooking, and everything was set. The weather was unusually nice. We started out in the morning after an early breakfast, and hunted until about eight o'clock that night. The bears usually sleep from ten in the morning until two; after that they get going, and move around all afternoon and most of the night. The best time to stalk them, naturally, is when they're napping. And if you think it isn't sporting you're crazy. They can't see very well even when they're awake, because their eyes are very small for the rest of them. But their hearing and sense of smell are remarkable. And as soon as they smell trouble, they do things with surprising speed

On the first of May, our last day in camp, we started out to find a big bear. Up to that time, we'd seen just thirty-four bears, and only taken one. It was just a small job though—eight feet seven—hardly worth skinning, the way they grow in that country. On the afternoon before we had gone into South Arm, one of a series of inlets on Uganic Bay. We had spotted some bear near South Arm, and bear don't move very far unless disturbed, so we figured they'd still be around. We were on our way bright and early. Since the mountains on one side were too steep for hunting, we sat down on the beach and trained our glasses on the mountainside across the bay. We saw several bears, but none of them big enough to take. After three hours of watching, one of the boys yelled: "There's a big one." By the time the rest of us had our glasses trained on the spot, the bear had disappeared into the alders. The boy

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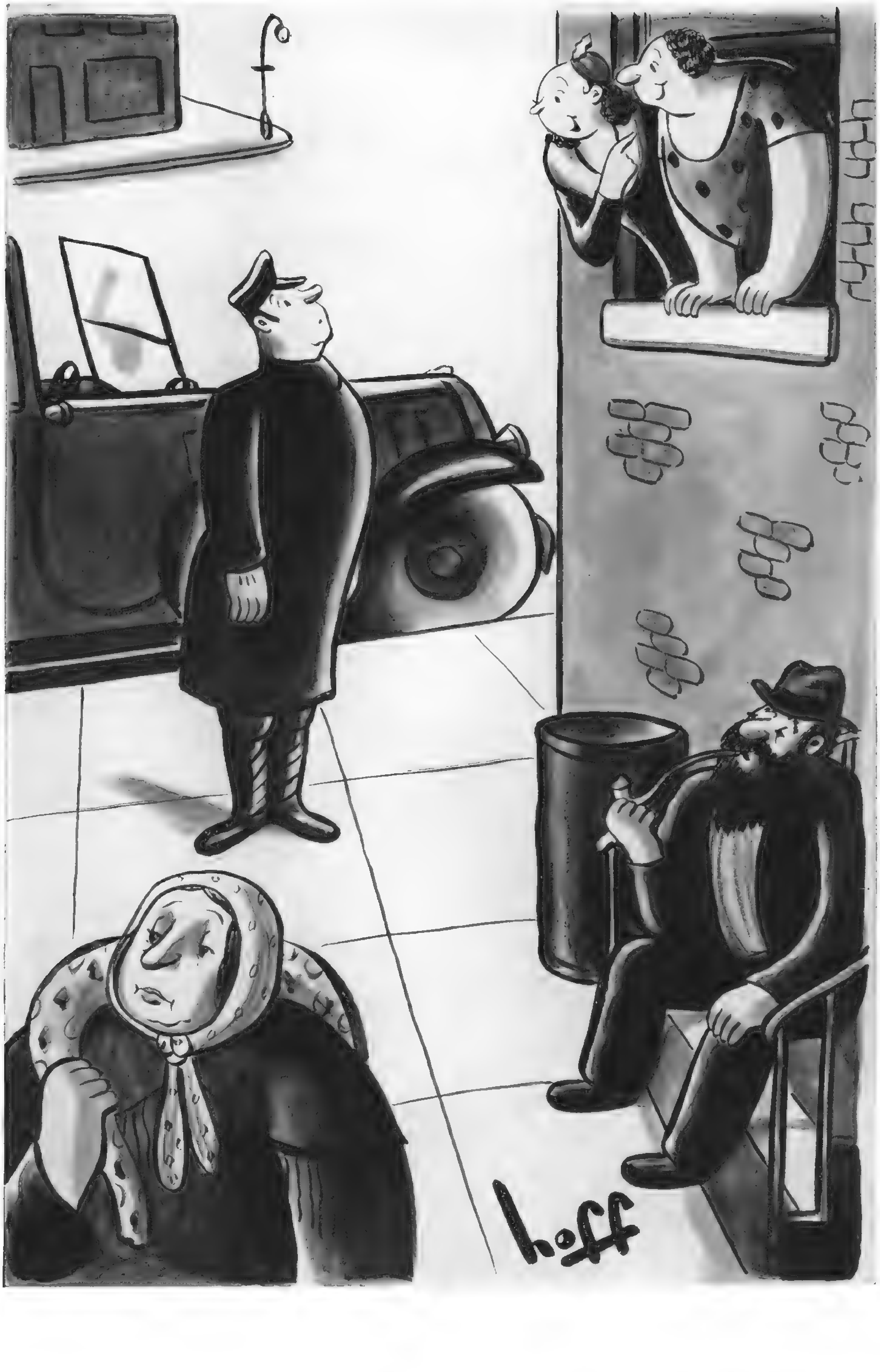


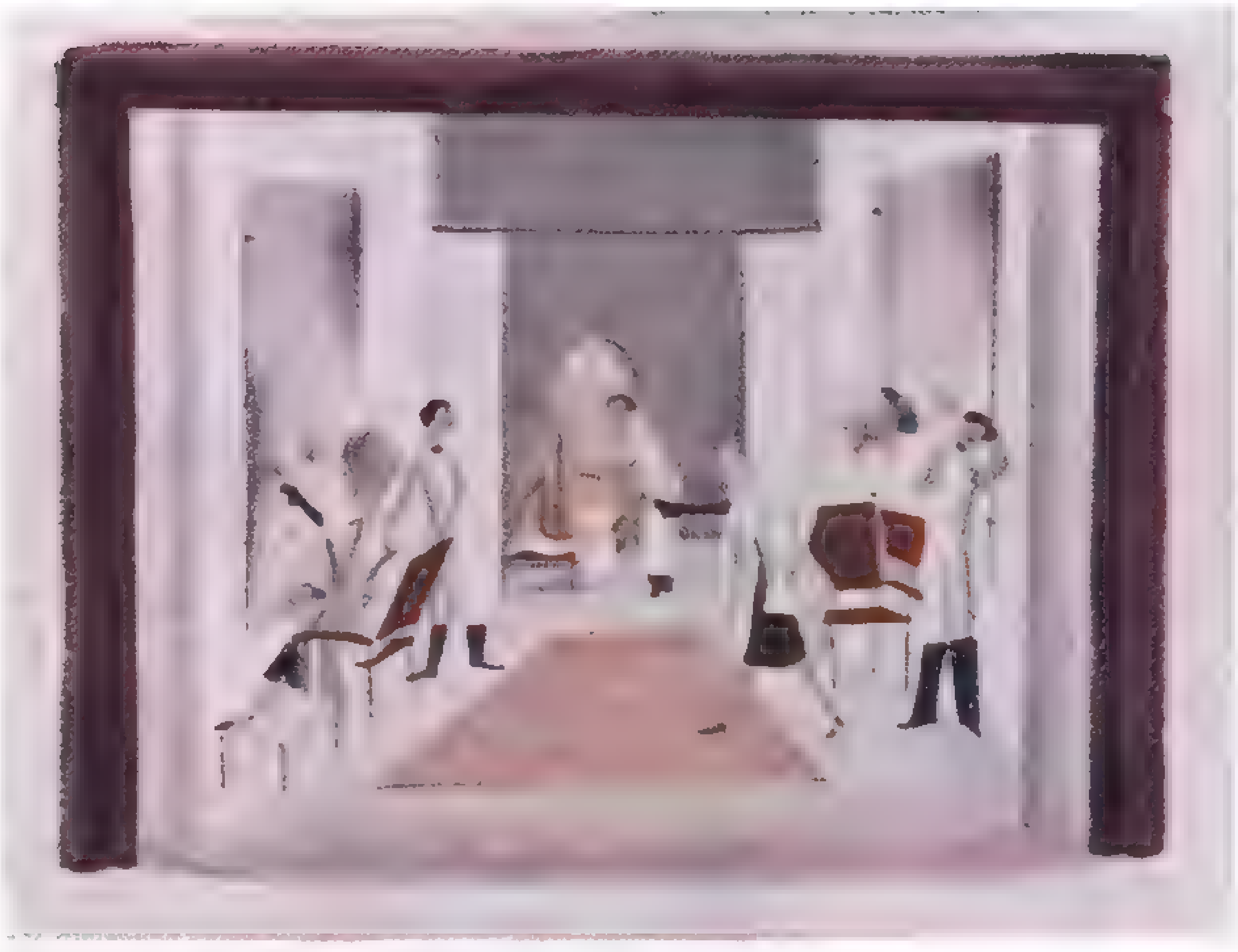
"Tell Mr. Anson to look out the window. My mother likes to know the people I go with"

Nicolas de Molas: the Versatile

He prefers comfort to starvation in a garret, but he sees beyond the requirements of his patrons

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪



SKETCH FOR A REVUE SETTING

NICOLAS DE MOLAS sounds like one of those cloak and sword names that Rafael Sabatini might have invented, but Nicolas de Molas is real enough to be alive today, and prospering, and lithe enough to sport a cloak and wield a sword. Its very romanticism may be set down as a commercial asset. De Molas is Spanish in name and in remote ancestry, Russian by birth and breeding, English by accent and association, American by intention and first papers. By trade and profession he is an artist, whereby hangs most of the story to be told here. He might have become a musician, fulfilling his mother's unspoken hope, for one of his uncles (in whom he was particularly rich and fortunate) was Rimsky-Korsakoff. Admirals and governors of the Czar were among his immediate ancestors, yet de Molas did his involuntary bit for the Russian Revolution, cheerfully and with tongue in cheek. A Nansen passport (League of Nations) Russian, he joined an Italian contingent on that historic march to Rome, which brought him to the Eternal City at Mussolini's expense. He knew Mr. and Mrs. Mussolini when, which is a story he's saving up to tell under his own by-line. He had no notion of the nature of the monster at whose accouchement he was present, and now he holds himself considerably left of Fascism. Today he is reading deeply in American history and biography, for he means to be American in earnest and to acquire a sound sense of our past. Yet no degree of absorption in any nation's history will make him insular. Instinctively, he is one of those persons who is larger than any single loyalty. Willy-nilly, he is an internationalist who has long since been naturalized into several cultures and languages.

He saw the light in one of those happily cosmopolitan homes in which there is a French governess, an English governess, a German housekeeper, and sundry servants, not to mention visitors, who lightly compel young ears to get used to the sounds of half a dozen languages. Even the dogs understand several tongues, although doomed to bark only in their universal Esperanto. Today de Molas can keep conversation going in five languages and rarely has to consult either a dictionary or a translation. If he weren't an artist with his hands full he would be a perfect candidate for any nation's diplomatic corps. He belongs to the international set whose axis extends from London through Paris to the French Riviera, the group which includes Elsie de Wolfe and Noel Coward. In fact, if neither objects, de Molas may be called the Noel Coward of art, for within his domain he has the same type of versatility that Coward has in the theatre and as a writer. For years de Molas has had to maintain studios in London, Paris and New York and estimate his income in a common denominator of francs, dollars and pounds. He is perhaps the only young painter not of the French school who has exhibited within half a dozen years in the three art capitals of the world mentioned above, and you need not patronize him because he has chosen to prosper in excellently furnished studios instead of starving in a garret, as a good artist is supposed to do. Today he contents himself with only two studios, one in London and the other in New York, and has been tossing pennies to decide whether he shall spend his vacation months in Tuscany or in Hollywood.

He has had adventures to suggest both Sabatini and modern times. Perhaps that combination of charm and intelligence saved him at least once from fatal consequences which would have made impossible the fulfillment of his potentialities and the writing of this article. De Molas has a manner which makes you want to save his life or give him a painting commission or buy a picture. I cannot say whether he turns on the charm as occasion requires or whether he just can't help himself. Whatever the means, the proper ends have been served: people have saved his life and bought his pictures. Perhaps it is all a problem of adjustment. Except on a desert island (where would most of us be there?) de Molas has the capacity to adjust himself to almost any kind of situation. After all, a man who can explain Goldoni to Russian moujiks in terms of proletarian drama and obtain painting commissions from the Duke of Devonshire and Marchioness Astor may be expected to manage situations, social and otherwise, falling between those extremes. He has known even what it is to starve, although he has not yet had to do so, seriously, for the sake of art. Long ago he discovered that social connections do count for something—and for how much—which in this world we live in is not to be considered calculating. But how much more than social connections he possesses may be measured by the distance between some of our better connected White Russian waiters and doormen and Nicolas de Molas, painter.

It is no distinction for an artist to starve. It is simply a reproach to society, which doesn't care anyway, and an embarrassment to friends, if he has any. The artist who starves is simply the artist who has no social function, the producer of unwanted wares. As H. L. Mencken put it some time ago, we cannot make Little Rock, Arkansas, a market for incunabula if Little Rock wants none. Once the artist was integrated in society, once he had a function. At the least he could try and be a camera. Of course there has been no time when makers of incunabula have been wise enough to stay away from Little Rock, but it seems that in the past there was an approximate equality between artists and the need for them. Today there seem to be many times more artists and many times less function. Even a few generations ago an artist could, in the manner of the pack peddler, make somewhat of a living by going from farm to farm and painting the farmer, his wife and his children. These portraits, many of them anonymous, are one of the chief sources of American folk art.

This is no digression from Nicolas de Molas. There is a moral in his career. He will probably never become tomorrow's Rembrandt, but his story, thus far, is significant because it tells of a career in which social function is restored to the artist. De Molas is closer to the fashionable portrait painter than to a Diego Rivera who can cover acres of public building wall space for the supposed delight of the common people. De Molas serves Society rather than society, but he serves, and in a curious way. The chief anomaly in his career is this: that out of revolutionary Russia comes a young man who, with no change of name and with little change of manner, might have served as court painter to a 17th century King of France or an 18th century German Duke or Prince-Bishop. At the least he would have traveled from court to court, painting por-

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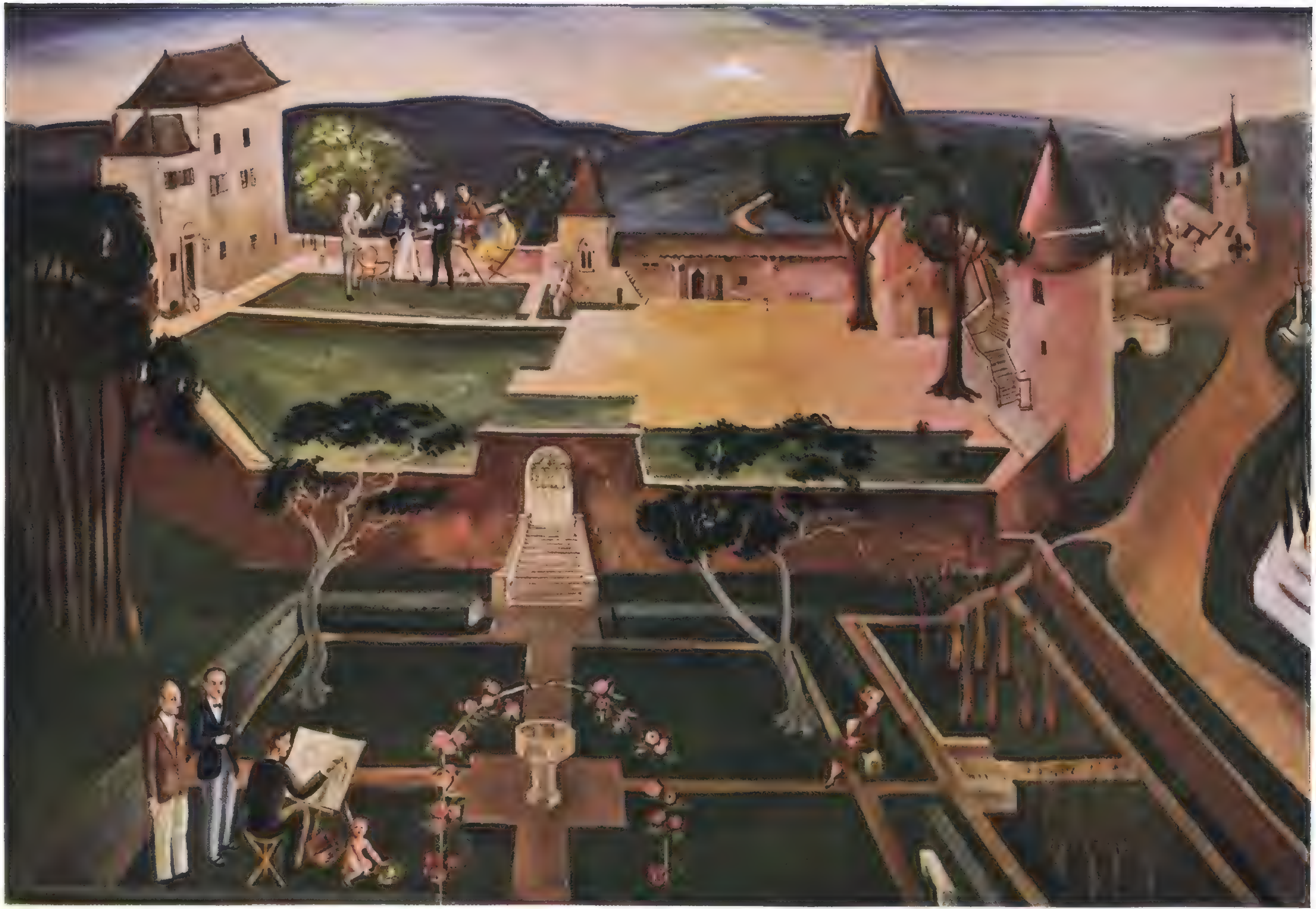
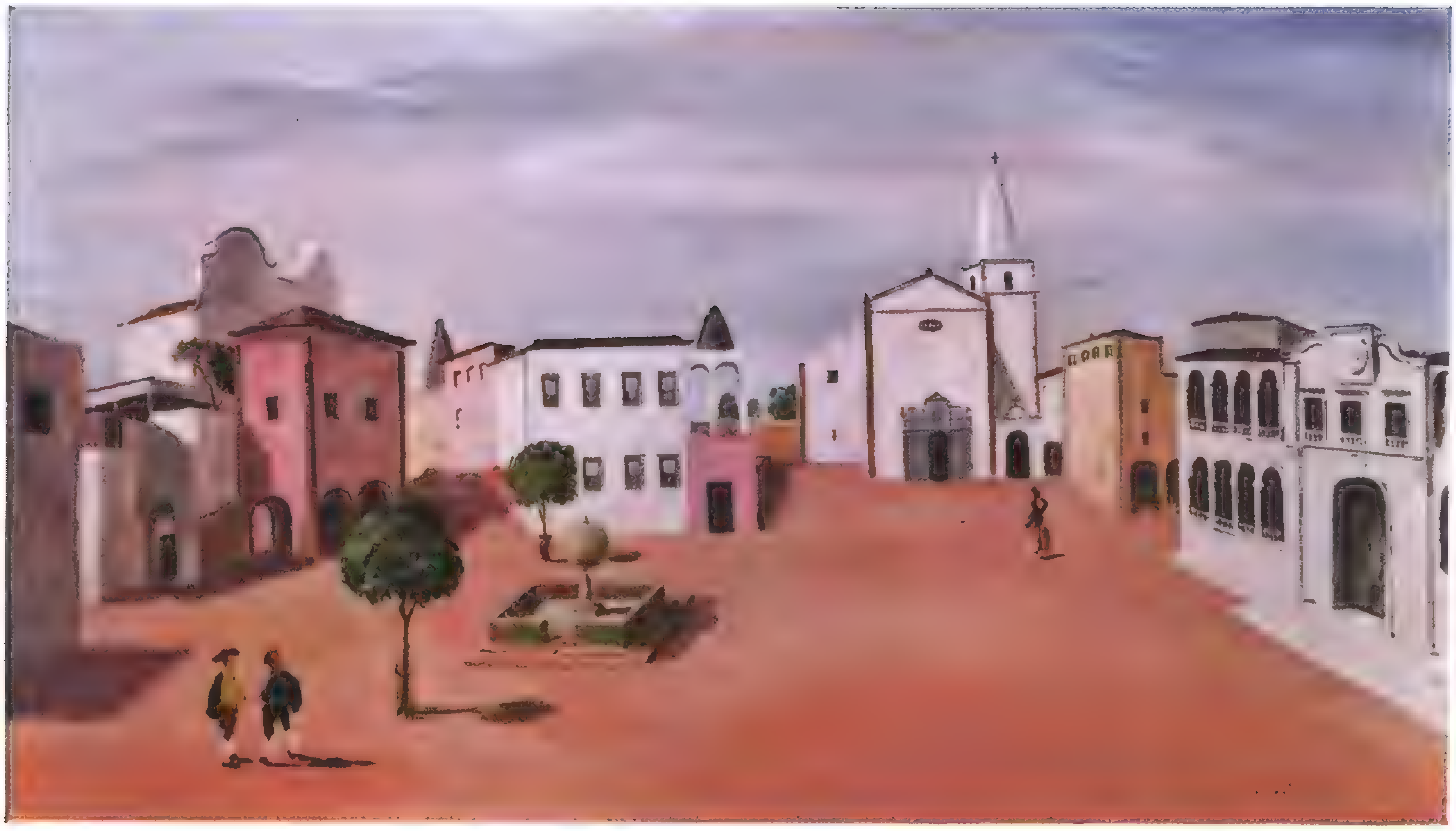


LOANED BY THE HON. F. LAMMOT BELIN

CONVERSATION PIECE: THE BELIN FAMILY AT THE CHATEAU D'AUDELOT

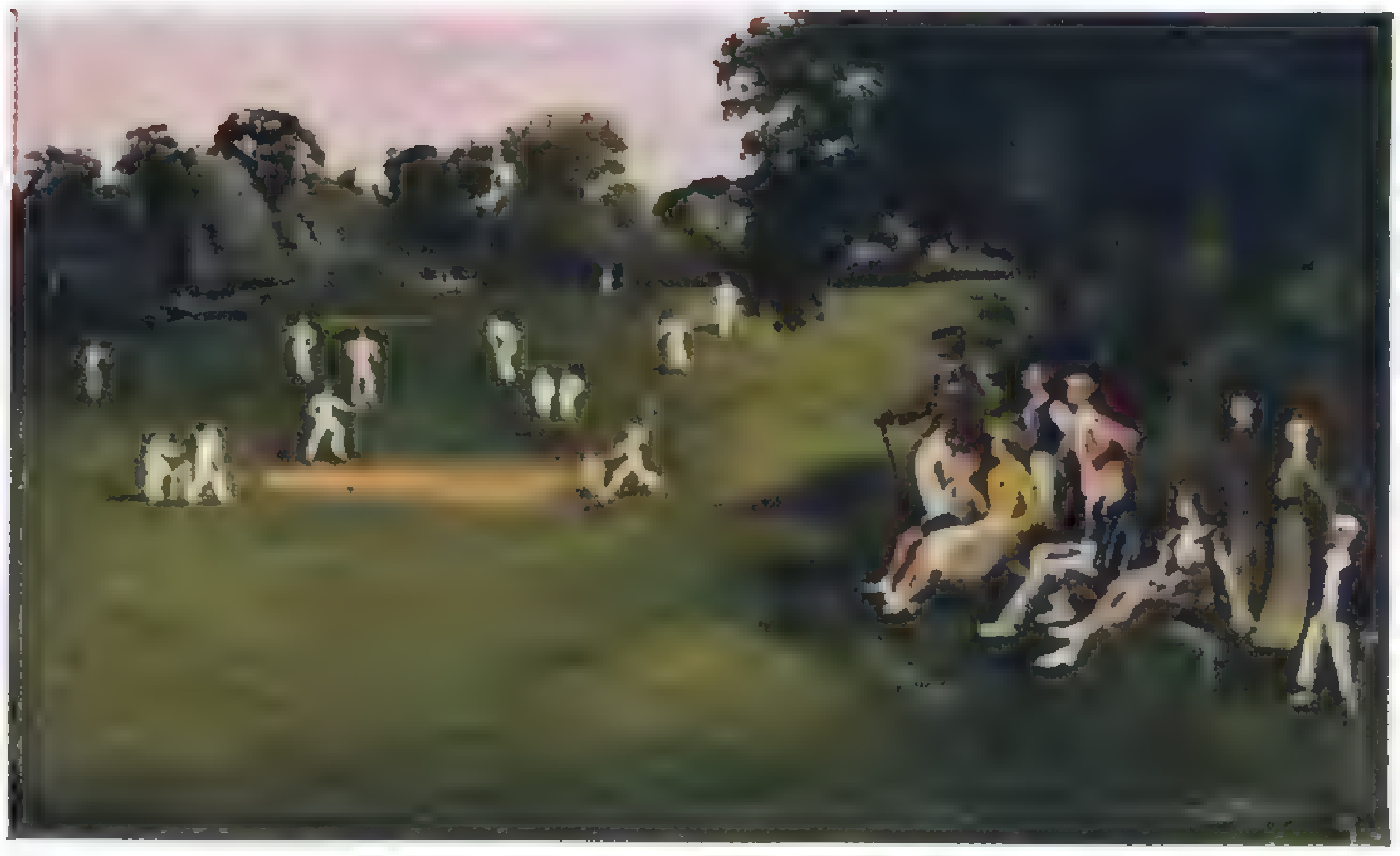


VIEW OF PORTUGAL

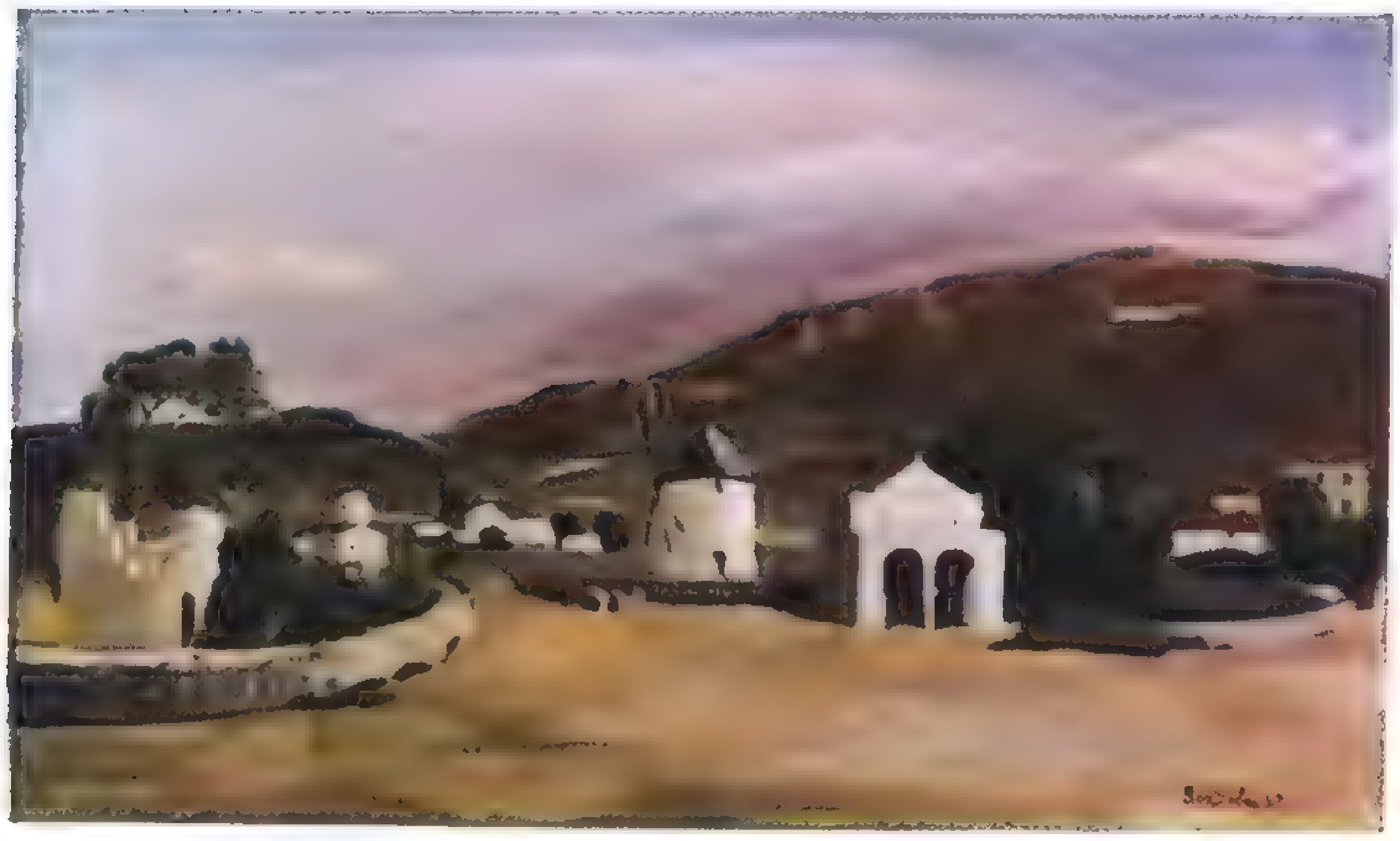
Four Paintings

by NICOLAS DE MOLAS

NICOLAS DE MOLAS is the court painter born two hundred years too late, but with the power of adapting his talents profitably to modern demands. He is supple, clever, varied, amiable and able, unhobbled by temperament. He fulfills his commissions and sees beyond them. His collaborators are decorators and architects instead of court favorites and chamberlains. He has passed through his School of Paris period into ingratiating decorativeness. Although the world has changed somewhat since there were court painters, there are still courts and de Molas has revived, more than he has adapted, an outworn function. In serving the nobility of wealth as well as that of birth, de Molas has put off, for a time, reckoning with the law of diminishing returns.

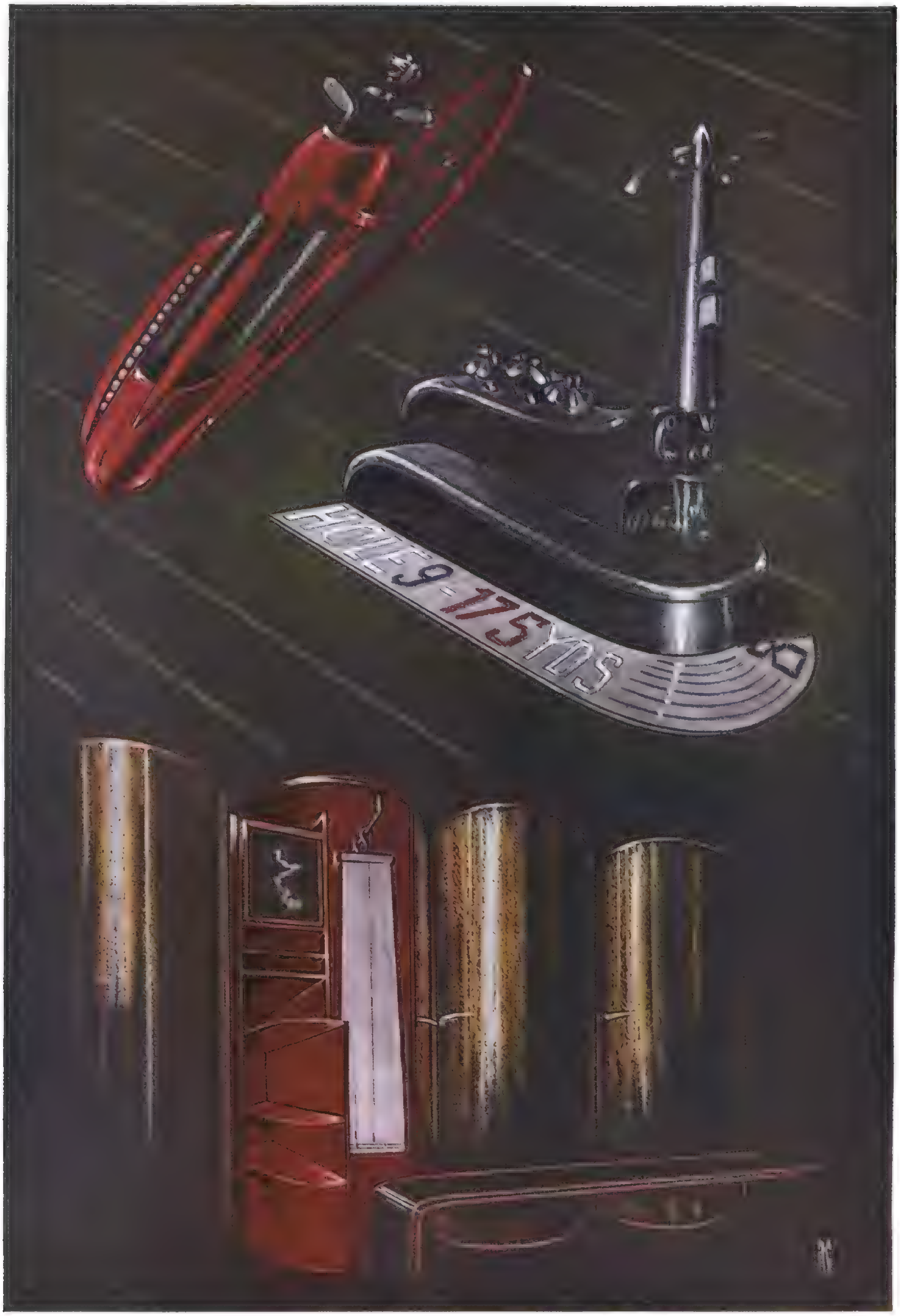


LADY ASTOR'S CRICKET WEEK AT CLIVEDEN



THE ISLAND OF MYCONOS, GREECE

THE conversation piece (see *The Belin Family at the Chateau D'Audelot* on the opposite page) is supposed to have started with a group of Italian artists who went around painting on commission portraits of a man and his family, his friends and his pets, his home and his furniture, all on one canvas. These pictures served to show, among other things, how people lived and dressed at the time, besides constituting a naïve and very friendly form of art.



A BREAK FOR THE CADDIE *by* ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

This super-super streamlined golfbag is designed for minimum weight and its horizontally attached strap makes for extra convenience in carrying. A longitudinal window of transparent oilcloth reveals the number of balls not yet lost, and a similar window in the main compartment obviates collections of burnt matches, old raincoats and peanut-butter sandwiches. Get a load of the concrete tee bench at the right. It provides seating space at the sides, cutouts for resting golfbags, and, reading Chinese fashion, a weather vane, a wind indicator, a clock, a bath for golfballs, a telephone, a water spigot, and a by-God topography of hazards ahead. The locker compartment for the club house is composed of a series of vertical cylinders which house individual lockers. Their shape permits the use of sliding doors as the drawing of the second locker shows, and plenty of room for your pants.

Beliefs Across the Atlantic

Continued from page 42

money to go to Europe.

That American life is mechanized and dull.

That America is imperialistic and wants to conquer the whole of Central and South America.

That American women are much more civilized than the men because they have leisure to see things, and lead more varied and intelligent lives.

That Ford's workers are unhappy.

That movie stars are unhappy because they have no private lives and are always afraid of losing their jobs.

That most Americans are millionaires. All of them are extremely wealthy.

That most Americans are insane.

That American men keep their hats on when entering a house and always put their feet on a desk.

That when there is a stock exchange crash thousands of people jump from the top of skyscrapers.

That there are many buildings with more than one hundred floors.

That some Americans are very civilized and cultured, but they live in Europe.

That, in spite of all this talk about Peace and Keeping Free from the Next European War, Americans will join anyway, driven by the uncanny British skill with propaganda, and the desire to show how good they are.

That America will plunge into a war if she sees a chance to save somebody or help the underdog.

That Americans can eat anything.

That Americans can drink anything.

That Americans will believe anything, if told with the proper assurance, especially regarding old masters, antique furniture, and history in general.

That European nations must not pay their war debts, because they represent America's contribution to victory.

That American husbands are unsatisfactory.

That, if they could choose, most Americans would live in Europe.

That Americans laugh at anything because they are very young at heart. (This is commonly believed in Italy, and it is interesting to note that Americans believe almost exactly the same thing of the Italians: "Italians take childish pleasure in everything—color, music, playing.")

That Woodrow Wilson was crazy.

That there is no prostitution in America.

That what America needs are a few wars fought on her soil, plague, pestilences, and a few years of general starvation before she can understand the spirit of European affairs.

That Americans believe that all kings wear a crown.

That an American wedding is always accompanied by the *Wedding March* from Lohengrin.

(In France) That Franklin D. Roosevelt is somewhat like Premier Leon Blum.

(In Italy) That Franklin D. Roosevelt adopted some of Mussolini's ideas.

(In Germany) That Franklin D. Roosevelt is really Nazi at heart.

That Americans divorce at least five times in their lives.

That American engineers are good at producing things in an economical way, but seldom invent anything new.

That William Randolph Hearst is an all-powerful man, and that the causes which he defends in his newspapers eventually triumph.

That the President of the United States is a figurehead.

That Americans hate the English because the English snub them.

That the Americans love the English because they are cousins.

That American ships are bad.

That the night life in Hollywood is better than in Paris.

That Americans get drunk because they have no art.

That Americans always win at every sport.

That Americans get drunk because their sex life is starved.

That Americans are hardboiled, unscrupulous, and would sell their souls for a bank account.

That all American girls are extremely beautiful.

Europeans believe a lot more than just these few things. The lack of accurate information about the United States and the American people is unbelievable and can only be compared to the very odd ideas Americans have about Europe and the Europeans. They believe, for instance, that all Frenchmen are untrue to their wives and that all Italians can sing. But that's another story.

Of Burke, the Cop

Continued from page 93

"Aw Mom, whyncha keep your eye on 'im?" he complained. "He's liable to get run over." It was a horrible thought.

"Maybe I ain't got enough to do widout watching Snowball?" his mother said. But Srooly had already hurried out.

The heat had grown steadily more intolerable towards four o'clock. Burke, returning south on Webster Avenue, felt that his feet were burning holes through the bottoms of his shoes. The crown of his hat was wet now, and his trousers too, in spots. Eyes half-closed, he plodded automatically on, not bothering any longer even to wipe the sweat from his face.

There was a shout, a high-pitched nervous laugh—a commotion at the next corner. He walked a bit more briskly. When he turned the corner at 171st Street, he found several groups of people watching a dirty little poodle. It was acting very strangely, yapping and running back and forth in little circles. It dashed toward a woman on the curb, stopped short, then dashed a little way in the opposite direction.

"Mad dog!" the woman screamed. The people drew back.

"Naw, he ain't mad, it's just the heat," someone said, without conviction.

With his hands on his hips Burke looked at the dog. It was resting. Its tiny pink tongue hung out; it panted; its whole body shook. He took a few steps toward it. The poodle dashed at him, yapped, swung around and began circling again between the curbs. Queer—he had never seen a dog act that way before. It was still again. He went toward it, making soft sounds, trying not to frighten it. When he had almost grasped it it slunk back. He made a thrust at it. The poodle yelped and began running weavingly toward Brook Avenue.

Damn it, he said bitterly to himself, this *would* have to happen on a hot day. He followed the dog; the people followed him. It stopped for a moment, went directly at him but swerved as he reached for it. The realization that he must look foolish—a big fellow like him chasing a silly little mutt—was making him lose his head. Angrily, he rushed at the dog. It evaded him and went yelping away. The policeman, wet with perspiration from head to foot, trotted after it, fearing that at any moment he would begin to act as crazily as the dog.

The chase continued, up and down Brook Avenue. Finally, when Burke had spots before his eyes and was considering a shot on the run—it was dangerous with people hopping about—he cornered it in the outside basement of a tenement house. He went down the wooden steps after it, while a crowd gathered along the railing around the opening above him.

The poodle cowered behind a pile of refuse. He reached for it with his leg to shove it into the open where he could get a clean shot at it, but it scurried past him, over and under boxes and barrels, to the other end of the basement. Infuriated, he rushed at it to kick it—but it might bite him. Maybe it *was* mad—hydrophobia! He took out his gun and aimed. The poodle ducked behind a large box. "A shame!" somebody said. "Such a cute liddle dog." There were jeers, but Burke was deaf to them. Stinging sweat was pouring into his eyes, blinding him. All he could think of was the dog. In a fit of temper he grasped his club, reached behind the box and brought it heavily down on the dog's back. The dog squealed sharply once, and then was quiet. It looked up at the policeman, expressionlessly. To Burke there was something terrifying about that—the lack of expression. He had to get it done, over with!

Srooly's white, wide-eyed face was thrust betwen two people at the top of the steps. He had been momentarily paralyzed with horror at the blow of the club. Now, as he saw Burke, the cop, put his foot behind the box and sweep the dog, its hind legs dragging, into a clear space, he rushed down the stairs. "Snowball!" he shrieked, "Snowball!" He clutched the cop around the waist and began kicking him, cursing, inarticulately.

So it was the Kaplan kid's mutt! As he tried to free himself from the little fury, Burke recalled having seen the dog around the candy store once or twice. Srooly had a hand hooked around the officer's belt, at the back; was yanking at him, punching him with the other hand and furiously kicking at him. Burke had dropped his club. He slipped the gun into its holster reached behind him and swung Srooly around in front of him. "Ya big fat yella bastid!" Srooly screamed, clawing at Burke.

"Somebody hold this brat!" Burke roared. No one volunteered.

But it wasn't necessary. After a minute Srooly suddenly stopped struggling. Burke released him. Tears streaming down his face, he flopped on the bottom step of the flight of stairs, buried his face in his hands to shut out the sight of his crippled pet, and began sobbing, softly, over and over again, "Please, *please* . . ."

The poodle, with its hind legs bent awry under its haunches, its forelegs stiff, cocked its head as though puzzled, and looked at the policeman, at the shiny black object pointed at it. Burke steadied his trembling arm, aimed carefully, and pulled the trigger. The shot sounded peculiarly metallic in the narrow enclosure: "Brrank!"

Srooly remained sitting with his head in his hands. Burke went past him up the steps. Shouldering his way through the crowd of bystanders, he could still hear the boy's anguished weeping.

He turned in at the corner toward Webster Avenue, to the police phone. He looked at his watch. It was 4:30. He'd have to report, he remembered. He phoned, and locked the box.

God, wasn't it ever going to get any cooler? As he walked on down Webster Avenue the scorched pavements threw billows of hotness at him. His throat felt parched and rigid. A cherry soda, that's what he wanted.

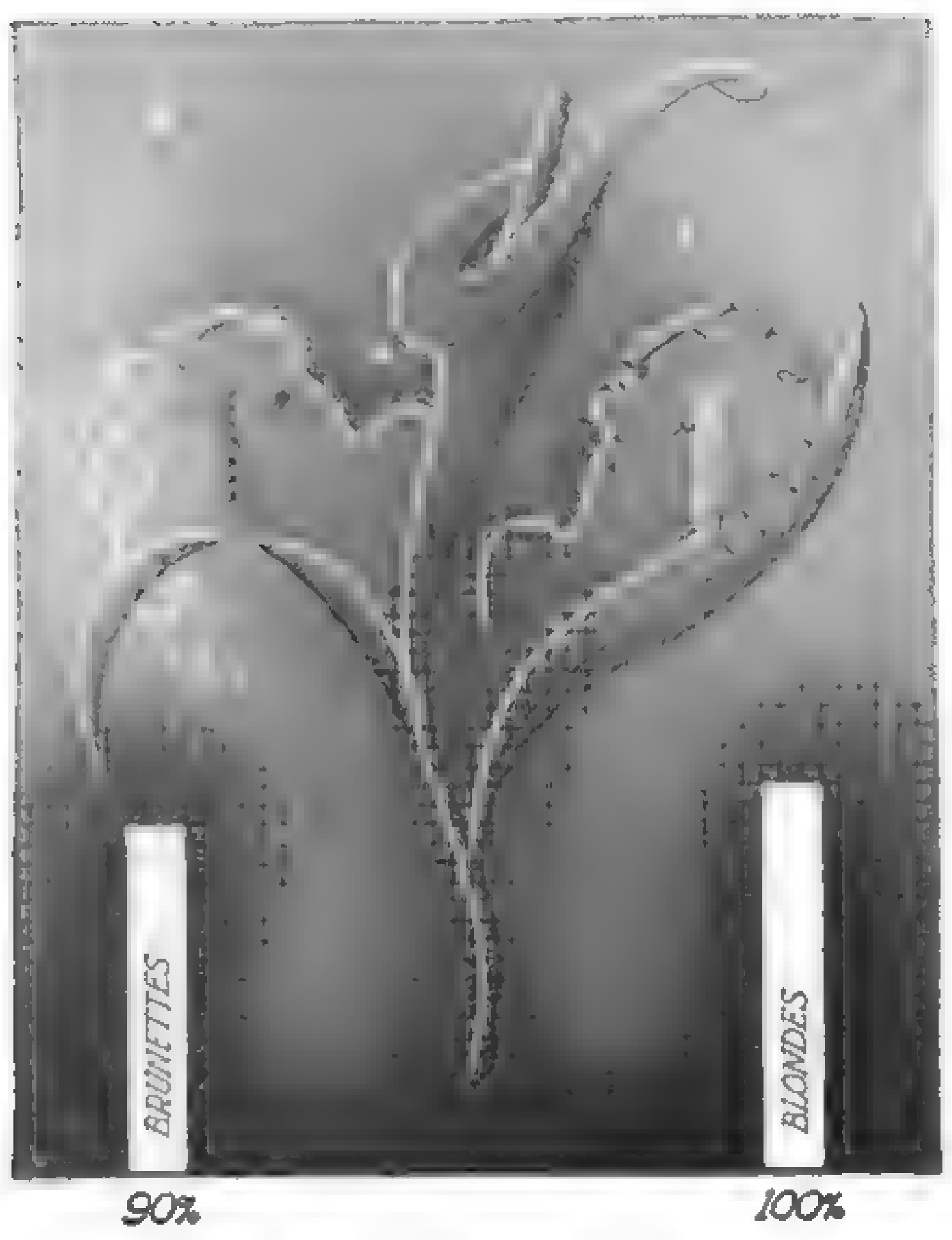
He passed Kaplan's without turning his head. A couple of blocks farther there was another candy store.

The Facts of Life

Continued from page 35

complexion characteristics. Statistically, there is nothing to choose between them.

It is very fortunate that this develops in this fashion, for it would be a serious responsibility to set forth information to the contrary.



Blondes vs. Brunettes

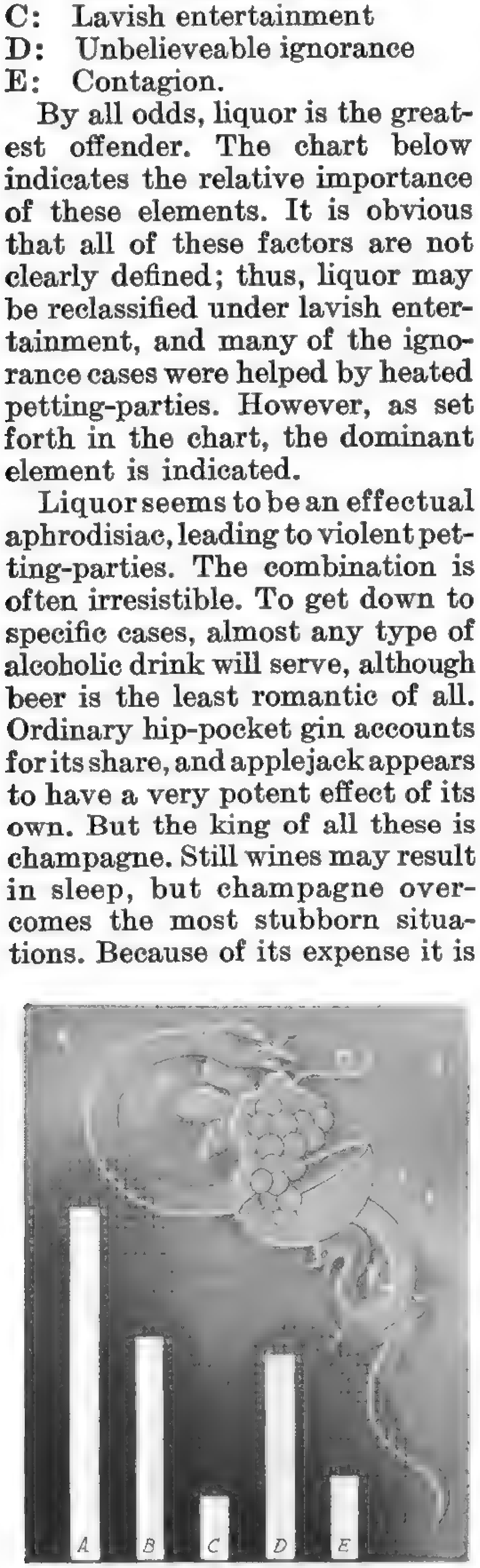
XVII

Seductions are largely influenced by

A: Liquor
B: Heated petting-parties
C: Lavish entertainment
D: Unbelieveable ignorance
E: Contagion.

By all odds, liquor is the greatest offender. The chart below indicates the relative importance of these elements. It is obvious that all of these factors are not clearly defined; thus, liquor may be reclassified under lavish entertainment, and many of the ignorance cases were helped by heated petting-parties. However, as set forth in the chart, the dominant element is indicated.

Liquor seems to be an effectual aphrodisiac, leading to violent petting-parties. The combination is often irresistible. To get down to specific cases, almost any type of alcoholic drink will serve, although beer is the least romantic of all. Ordinary hip-pocket gin accounts for its share, and applejack appears to have a very potent effect of its own. But the king of all these is champagne. Still wines may result in sleep, but champagne overcomes the most stubborn situations. Because of its expense it is generally reserved for the most difficult situations, but on a dollar-for-dollar basis it is probably not unduly extravagant.



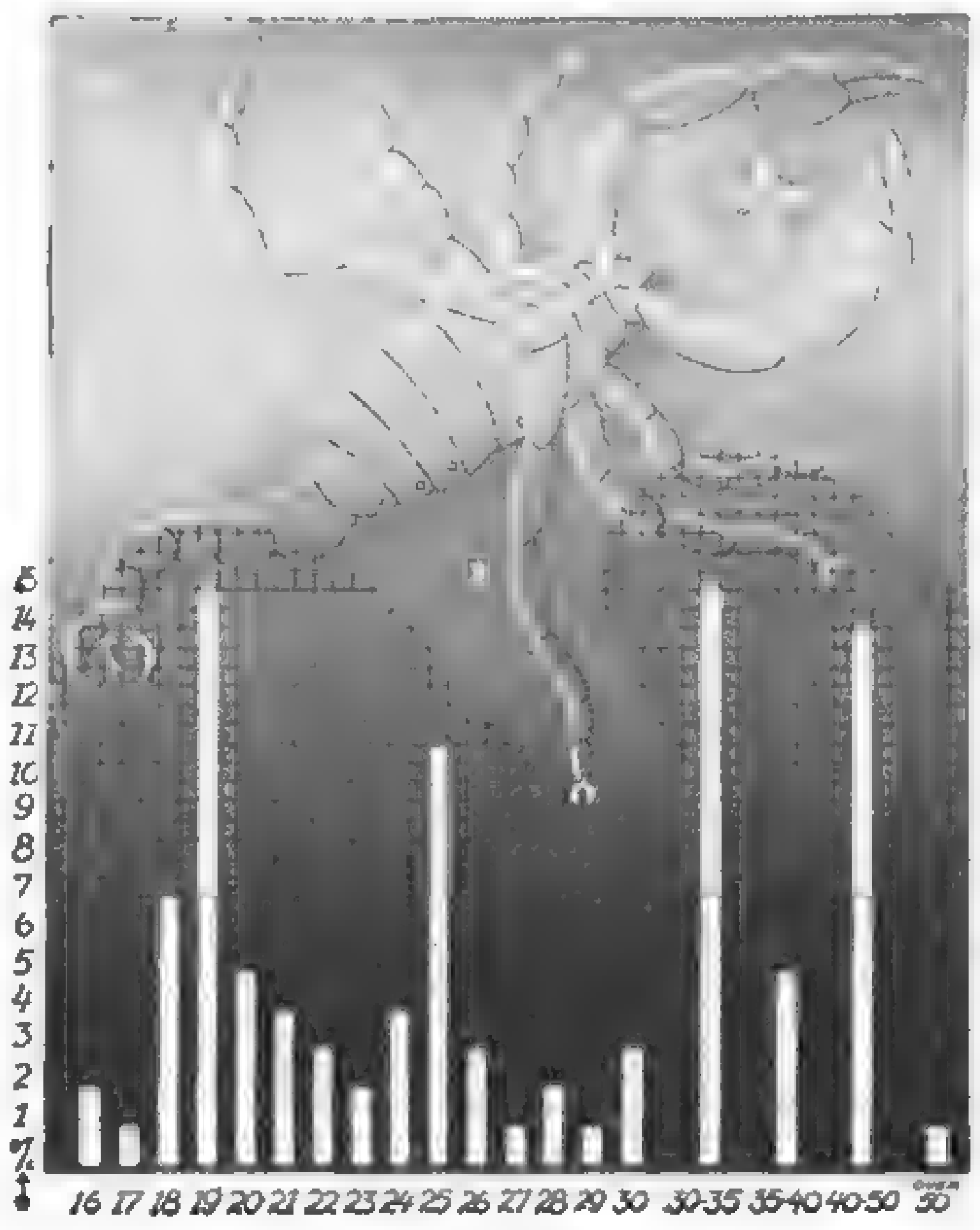
Factors Determining Consent

Heated petting-parties are so well understood that they need little explanation. They creep up on the average girl, however, in a rather surprising way. A certain number of girls actually take pride in their accomplishments along those lines, and regard it as a definite competitive weapon. In any close decision between any two girls competing for the same man's attention, the winner is often the one who exerts herself the most.

Lovers' quarrels followed by a reconciliation account for their share, in that the intensity of the reunion frequently becomes more physical than mental.

The contagion of seduction is a very peculiar phenomenon. If one or two girls in a social group cross the line, it is not unusual for the entire group to follow suit. Officers in charge of juvenile delinquents are often of the opinion that such delinquency extends much further than it actually does, because of the fact that when anything goes wrong and the case appears before them, it usually uncovers a number of other cases. However, this viewpoint is not sound, in that while there are some elements of an epidemic nature, there are also large groups in no way affected.

The influence of lavish entertainment, expensive gifts, and so on, is a bit sinister. Women are a bit reluctant to rebuff the donor of things they like. It is not to be interpreted entirely from a monetary standpoint, for the element of attentiveness also contributes; in fact, a man who sends twenty-five cents' worth of flowers every day is as likely to be hospitably received as the man who occasionally sends six orchids. Most women are influenced by attention, even if it comes in small packages.



Age of Man

Unbelievable ignorance accounts for most of the very young cases. Many a girl has been seduced without the slightest conception of the importance of the incident or its possible effect upon her. One case was reported in which a girl went on her first party and was seduced on the way home, under the impression that it was a part of the evening's program, and not in any way unusual. Older men are especially adept in cases of this type. A girl of fourteen is a little bit at a loss to resist a man of forty, especially if he happens to be a friend of the family, or a man of considerable prestige and wealth. She may have been taught to regard him with respect and obedience, without the slightest warning that such obedience could be carried too far.

One rather definite conclusion may be drawn from the study of these case histories; and that is that parents should regard with some alarm the attention of a man over thirty to a girl under fifteen, regardless of how platonic the relationship seems to be. There is, of course, a risk of offending men whose intentions are strictly honorable. It is a delicate situation, in that no one wishes to give the impression of suspicion where it is undeserved. Possibly the girl herself could be educated, but in most cases of this sort the parents undertake to educate the girl in the facts of life about two years after she has been educated by her associates.

XVIII

The chart below indicates the age of the man who was responsible for the loss of virginity. While there is a large number between eighteen and twenty, a comparison with the chart showing the age of the girl leaves the definite conclusion that in general the older man is the greater hazard, and this is particularly true if the age groups are compared collectively.

There seems to be a period between thirty and thirty-five in which men are particularly dangerous, or perhaps skilful, or perhaps persistent. This is again borne out by a study of the individual case histories.

The average age of the man in cases involving girls less than fifteen years old is, as has already been stated, thirty-two. The average age of the man in cases involving girls of from fifteen to twenty is twenty-six.

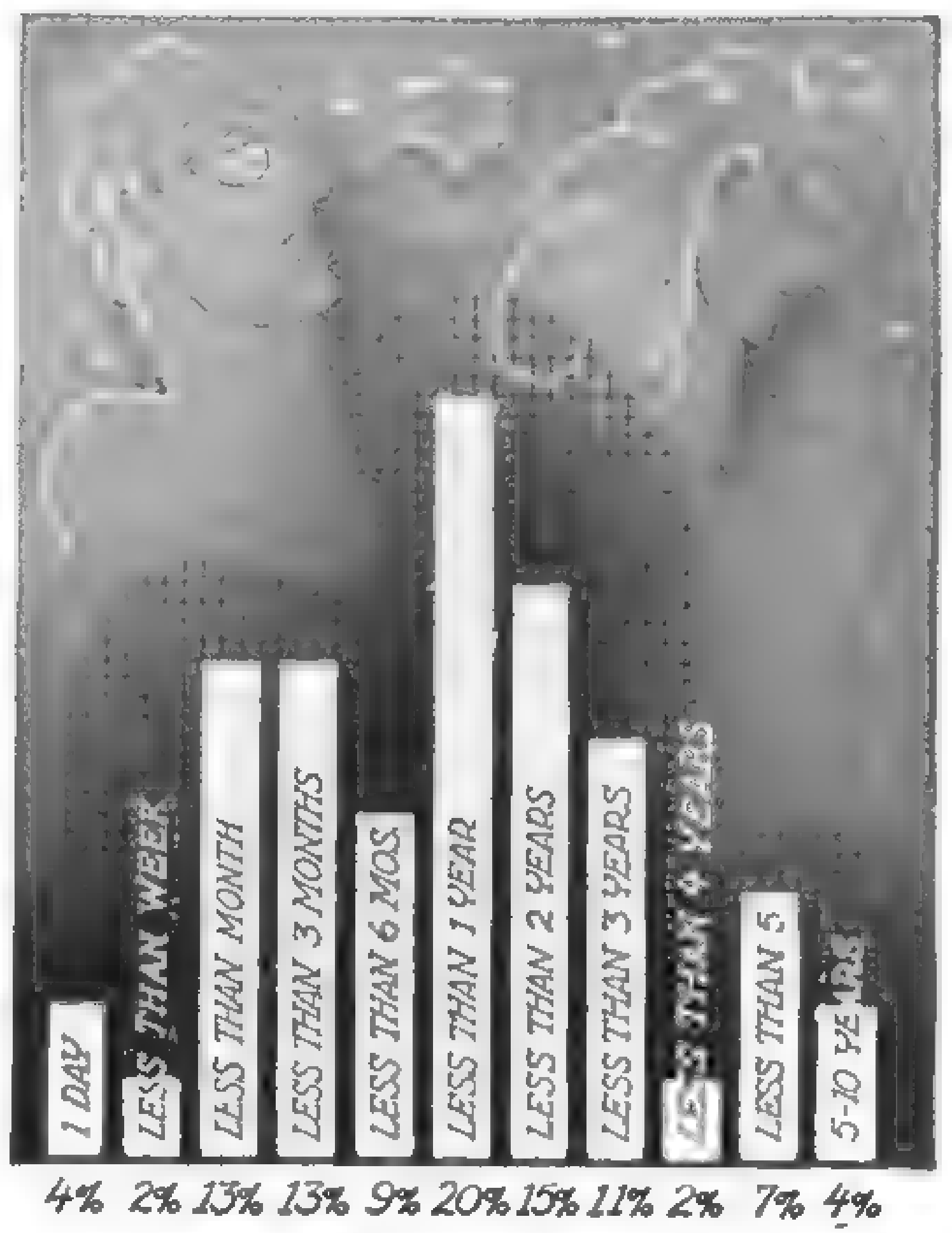
The age relationships are indicated in the following tabulation:

AGE OF GIRL	AVERAGE AGE OF MAN
10-12	35
13-15	32
16	27
17	24
18	26
19	27
20	28

and from then on, a gradually ascending scale.

This elderly man-young girl combination, which suggests that these older men are not to be trusted, can easily present a distorted picture. The fact is that most of the men in this age group are quite as trustworthy as they should be, except in very rare instances. The professional despoiler of young girls, such as one visualizes from the tabloids, is usually discovered and apprehended.

Even in the underworld, young girls are regarded as jail-bait, and men who pursue them generally find themselves in serious difficulties; but in the twenty-year period between thirty and fifty a good many men are likely to indulge in one such experience. Usually the result is so unsatisfactory and dangerous that continued repetition is unlikely. But even an occasional lapse can account for a good many of these cases.



Period of Prior Acquaintance

XIX

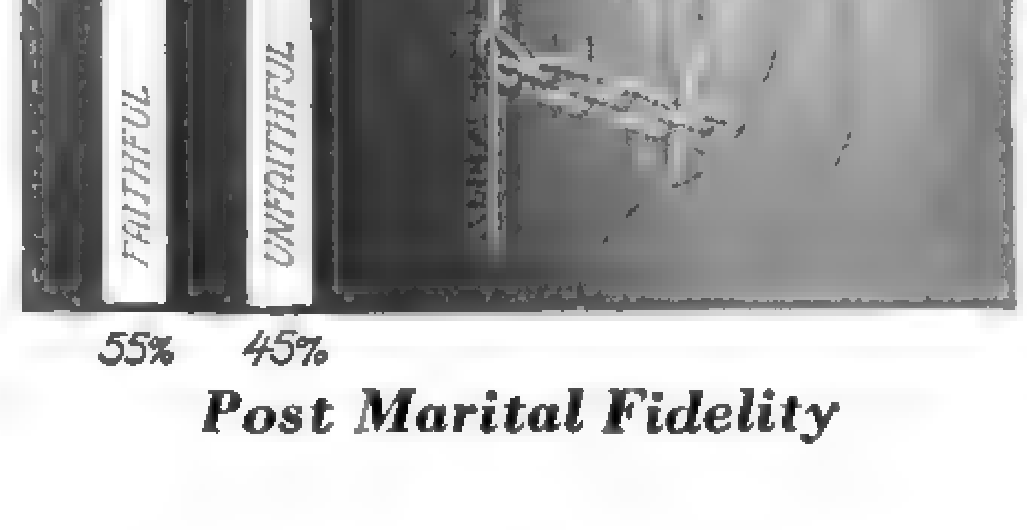
On the chart above there is an indication of the period during which they were associated with the man before the loss of virginity. A very large percentage succumbed within six months, and nearly three-fourths within a year. Many of the cases indicated in the five-to ten-year period were those of long (childhood) acquaintances, only a small part of which had been anything more than casual.

Note that a fairly large percentage occurs within the first month, indicating the intensity of the courtship. In all of those cases occurring in less than a week, rather unusual circumstances prevailed. In several cases the circumstances approximated rape.

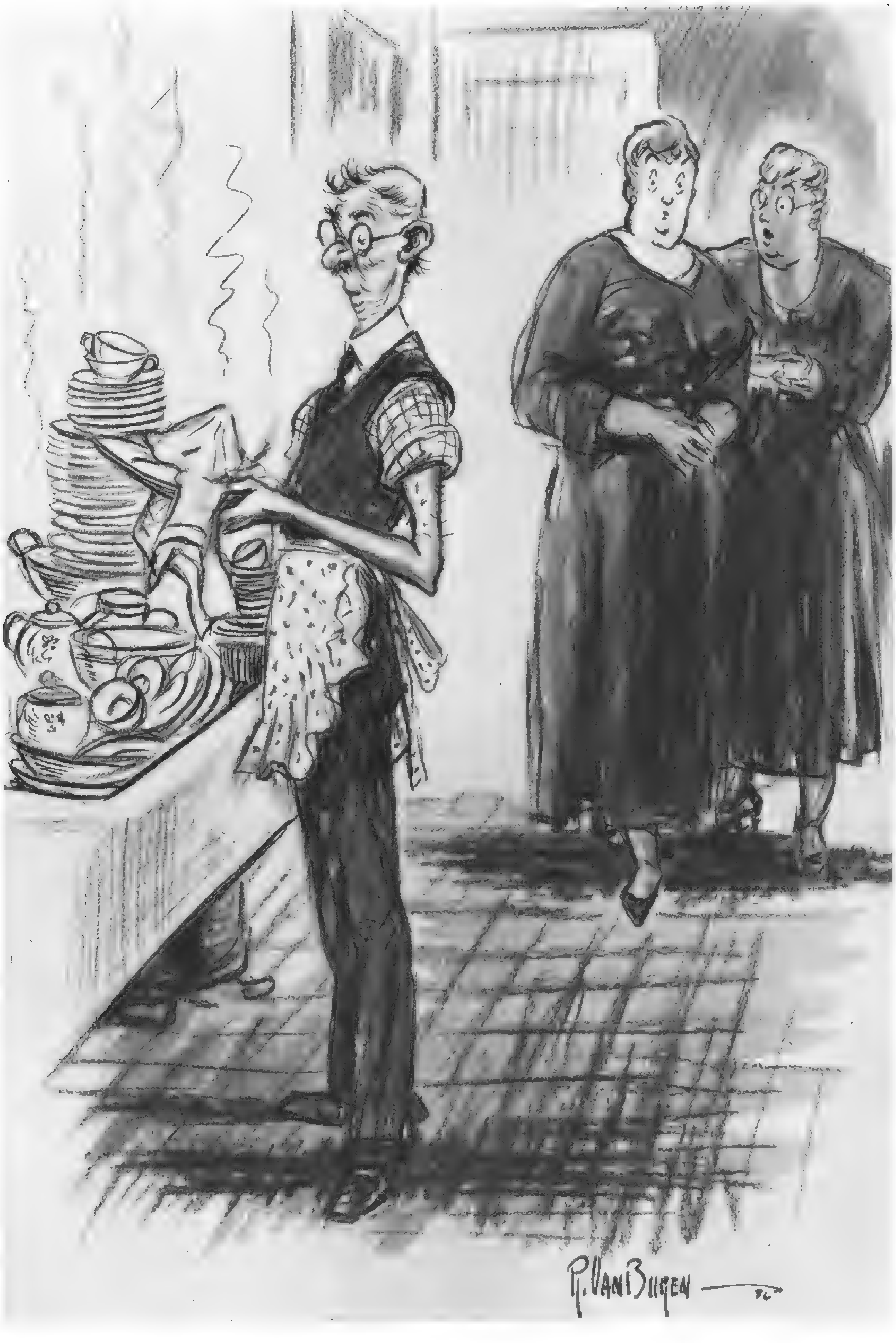
XX

The chart below indicates the percentage of women who are

Continued on page 112



Post Marital Fidelity



"I had George psycho-analyzed and the man said he had the makings of a dictator!"

The Facts of Life

Continued from pages 35-110

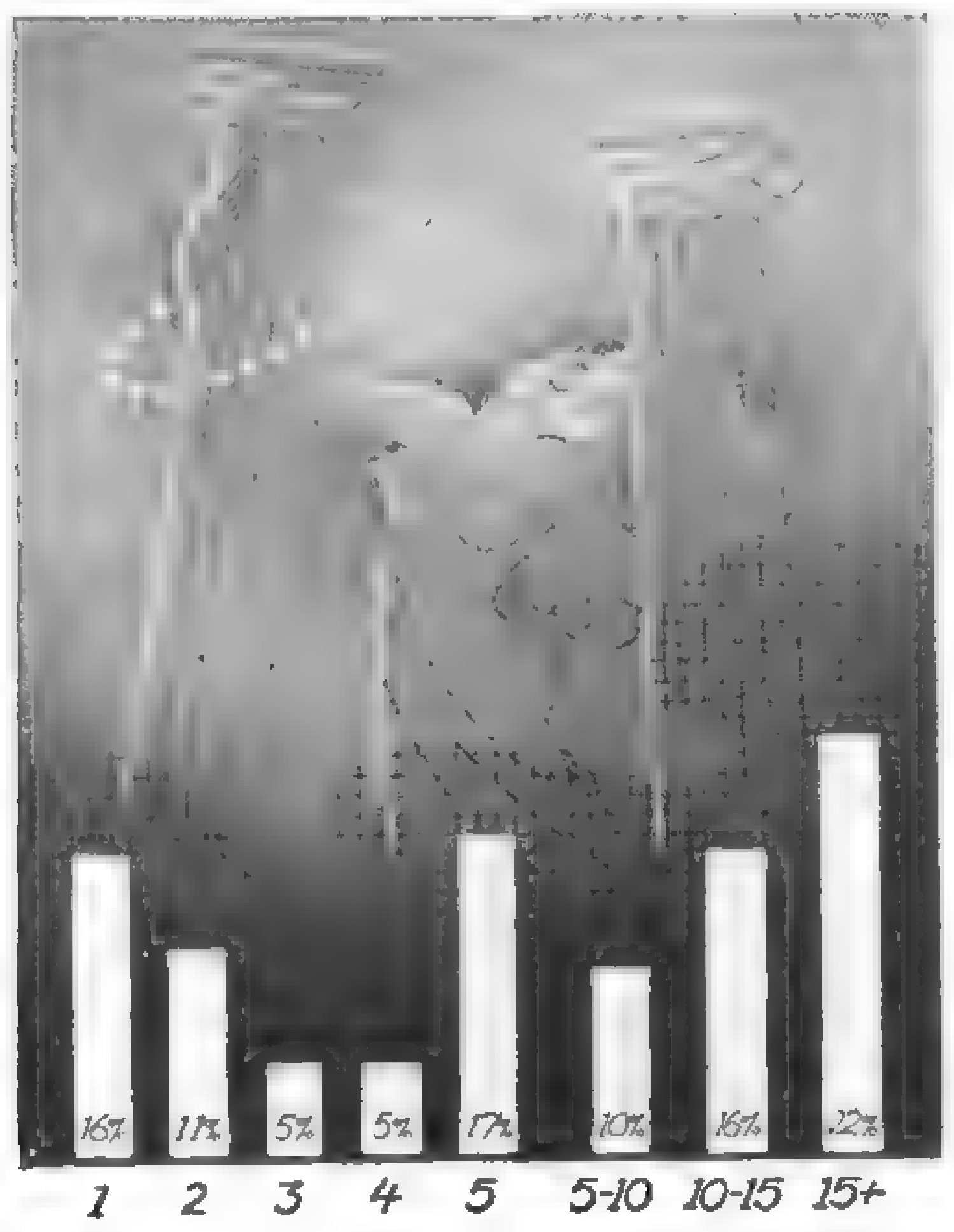
faithful after marriage versus those who are not.

The difference between the two groups is too small to be significant, and it is more than likely that fifty-fifty is a fair estimate. This may be disappointing both to pessimists and optimists.

XXI

The chart below indicates the number of men known intimately by married women since their marriage. There is a regular descendancy from one to four, and there is definite indication that after a certain number these women become nymphomaniac in character, the number of men being limited only by their opportunities.

From a detailed analysis of the case histories, it is astonishing to note that in the cases involving only one or two extra-marital activities the man is nearly always a very intimate friend of the husband. Apparently there is no honor among thieves. There were several instances in which mutual extra-marital activities were reported, and a small number of cases in which it seemed to have nothing to do with the happiness of the marriage.



Numerical Extent of Infidelity

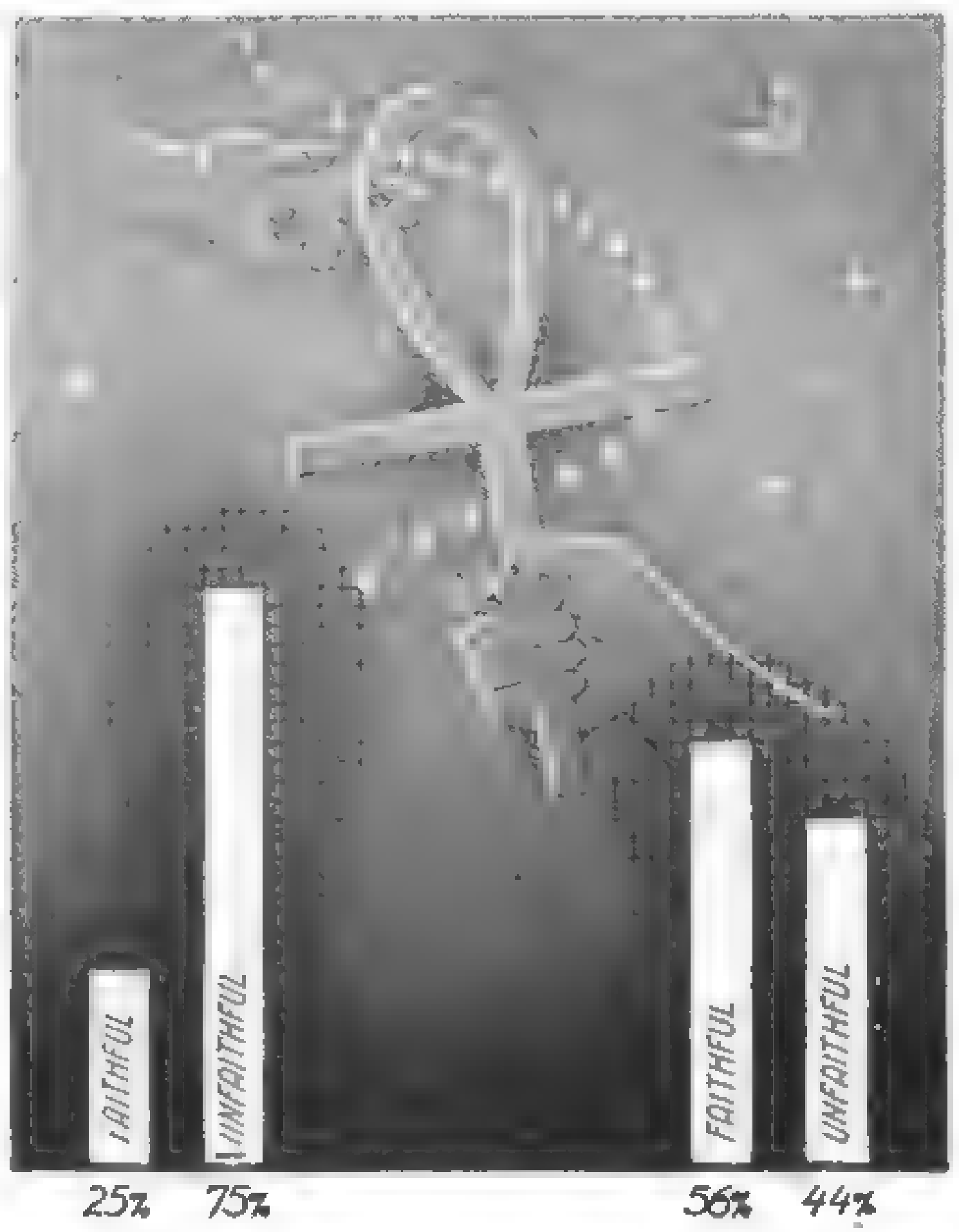
There is a very definite indication that in affairs which were in process previous to the marriage it was extremely likely for them to continue, in many cases without allowing a reasonable interval for a honeymoon.

XXII

The chart top center is a classification of virgins vs. non-virgins, relating to fidelity following marriage. The most striking indication relates to virgins who are not faithful after marriage. More than three times as many women who were virgins at the time of their marriage were unfaithful afterward as those who were non-virgins. In many cases the importance of fidelity seems to diminish in their minds, and a strong curiosity impels them to experiment.

On the other hand, quite a large percentage of non-virgins remain faithful after marriage, and strangely enough those non-virgins who are the most promiscuous are frequently to be found among the post-marital Old Guard, who die but never surrender; an ironic example of the principles of action and counteraction.

It should be kept in mind that a single digression is sufficient for classification in the unfaithful group. Many women are married for a great many years, and in many years many things can happen. Old sweethearts come to town for a reunion—and then go to town. Many of these women are convinced of their husbands' infidelity, and with sound logic, believe it is a game that two can play. An occasional party in which the old drink was more effective than had been anticipated; a harmless escapade that turned critical; all of these elements contribute to the irrevocable "unfaithful" column—not to mention an occasional overpowering romance that cannot be ignored.



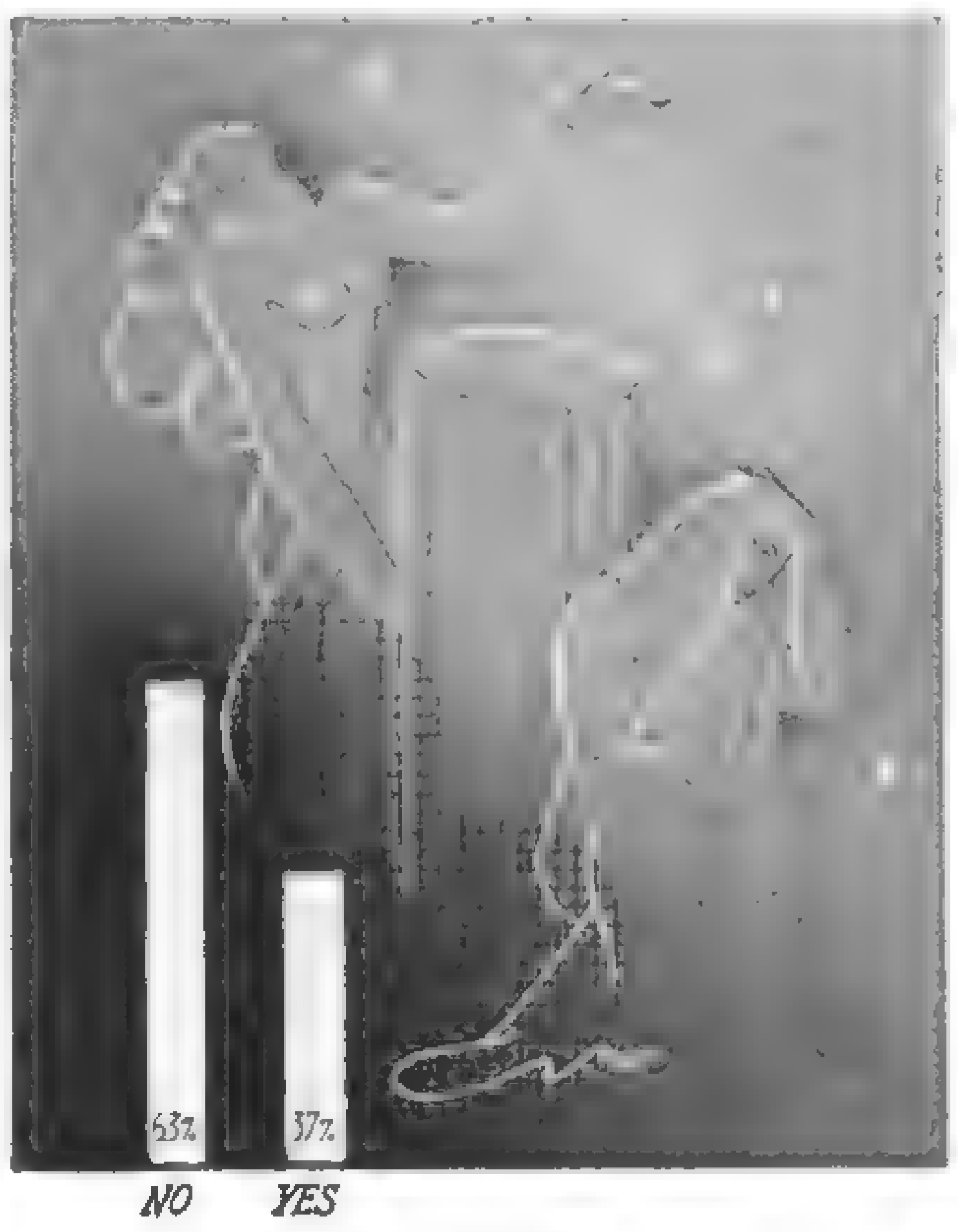
Relative Marital Fidelity

All of the women now living are daughters of women who, in the last ten million years, never failed to be reasonably accessible. It should, therefore, not be too surprising that such age-old heredity should frequently conquer convention.

XXIII

Those girls who lost their virginity prior to marriage were asked whether or not they regretted their conduct. The fact that three-fifths of the case histories did not regret their behavior would be fairly significant, were it not for the fact that those who did regret it nearly always had a tangible reason. The consciousness of sin, or any genuine moral influence, was subordinated to the cases where some penalty was exacted.

Most of the cases moved to repentance were those who had suffered from venereal diseases or had become pregnant or had lost certain social opportunities because of discovery; in short, in nearly every case the regret seemed to be coupled with (if not caused by) the fact that a penalty had been paid, rather than for some purely ethical reason.



Regret of Conduct

Those who had no regrets were, in general, those who escaped detection or penalties of any sort. Here again, strictly ethical standards seem to be of secondary importance.

The indications are that if they had their lives to live over again they would not change them materially, and the probabilities are that those who expressed regret would merely be more cautious.

SUMMARY

It was anticipated that, as a result of the information set forth in the foregoing statistics, certain conclusions could be drawn. All of the case histories result in a composite of the following information:

The average girl goes on her first date when she is fifteen years old.

She is kissed for the first time within a very few months, and receives her first proposal at eighteen, either in an automobile or in a living-room.

The proposal occurs in the spring of the year at ten o'clock in the evening. She is married at twenty-three.

Three times out of four, she is not a virgin, having been seduced at the age of seventeen by a man of twenty-five whom she had known less than a year, as the result of a heated petting-party stimulated by liquor. Her seduction took place in the spring, at eleven p.m., in an automobile or a living-room.

If she was never subjected to any penalty, the chances are that she never regretted her seduction, and the probability is that she remained faithful after marriage, except for one or two missteps.

What difference does it make whether a girl has her first date when she is twelve years old or waits until she is eighteen? It depends somewhat on the basis of judgment. If, for the sake of argument, marriage is considered a desirable objective, then it might be interesting to consider the percentage of matrimony between those girls who are early or late daters.

Taking in the one group those who dated at fourteen and earlier, and in the other, fifteen and later, the following results are achieved. Those who dated at fourteen and earlier averaged subsequent marriage within 10 per cent of the same number as those in the group of fifteen or over. The difference is so small that it is not significant, therefore one may consider that the chances of a subsequent marriage are neither increased nor diminished by the age at which one becomes associated with the opposite sex.

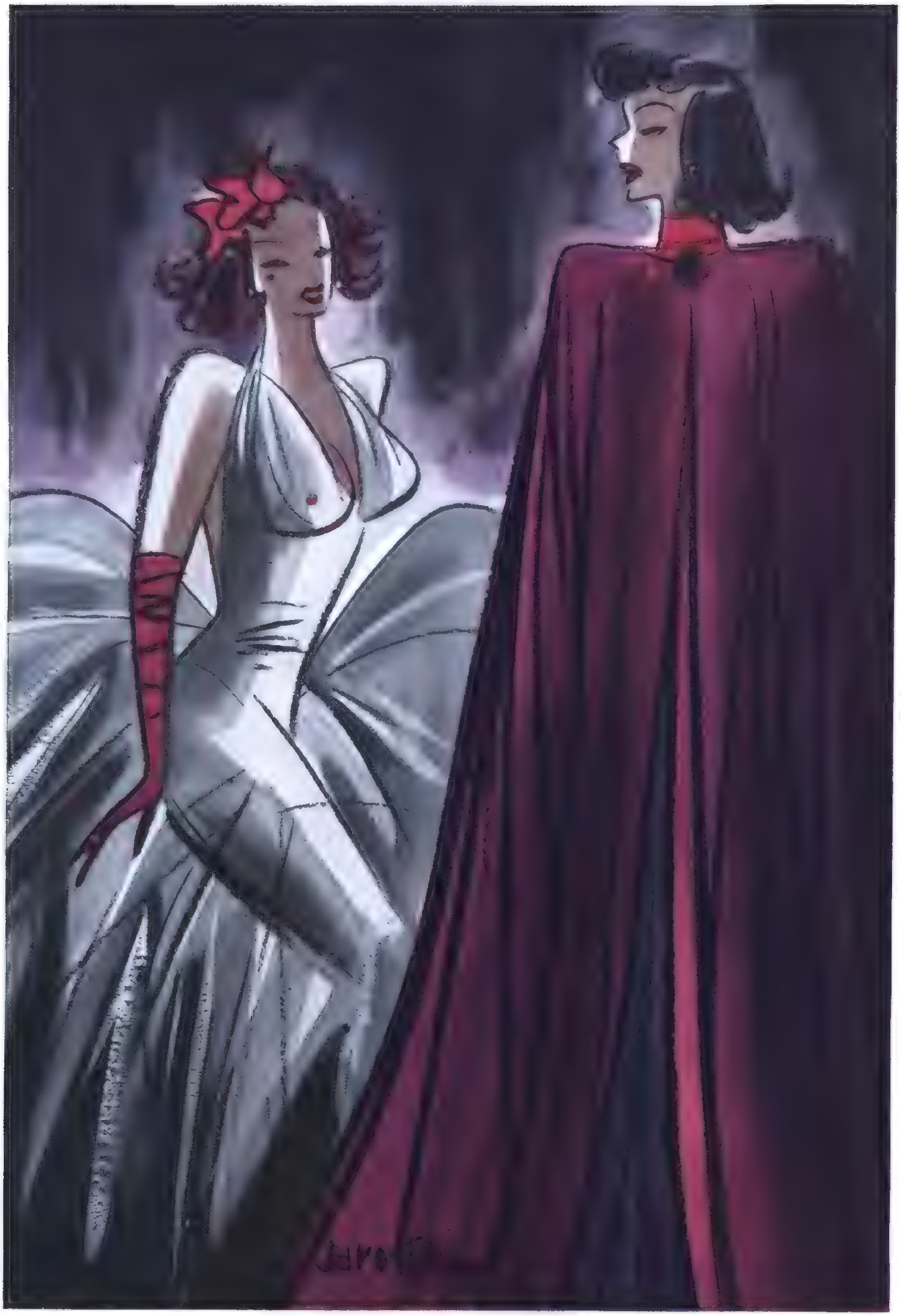
On the other hand, taking the loss of virginity before marriage as an undesirable objective, and making a similar comparison, the following results are achieved. The group beginning to date at fourteen or less lost their virginity before marriage within 15 per cent of the same number as the group beginning at fifteen or later. Here again the difference is too small to be of any great assistance, but the trend is in the same direction. Taking a proposal of marriage (again for the sake of argument) as a desirable step, and comparing the same groups in relation to the number of proposals which they received, if this can be regarded as a measure of popularity, the following figures result. Girls in the group of fourteen and under average 2.4 proposals, while their older and more sedate sisters average but 1.7.

This is quite reasonable, in that they are exposed to the hazard for a longer period of time. However, this advantage should be weighed by the fact that it is more than likely that these earlier proposals are not all too serious; or, to say the least, they are not financially able to carry out their propositions, no matter how sincere the principals may be or how important the issue may seem at the time.

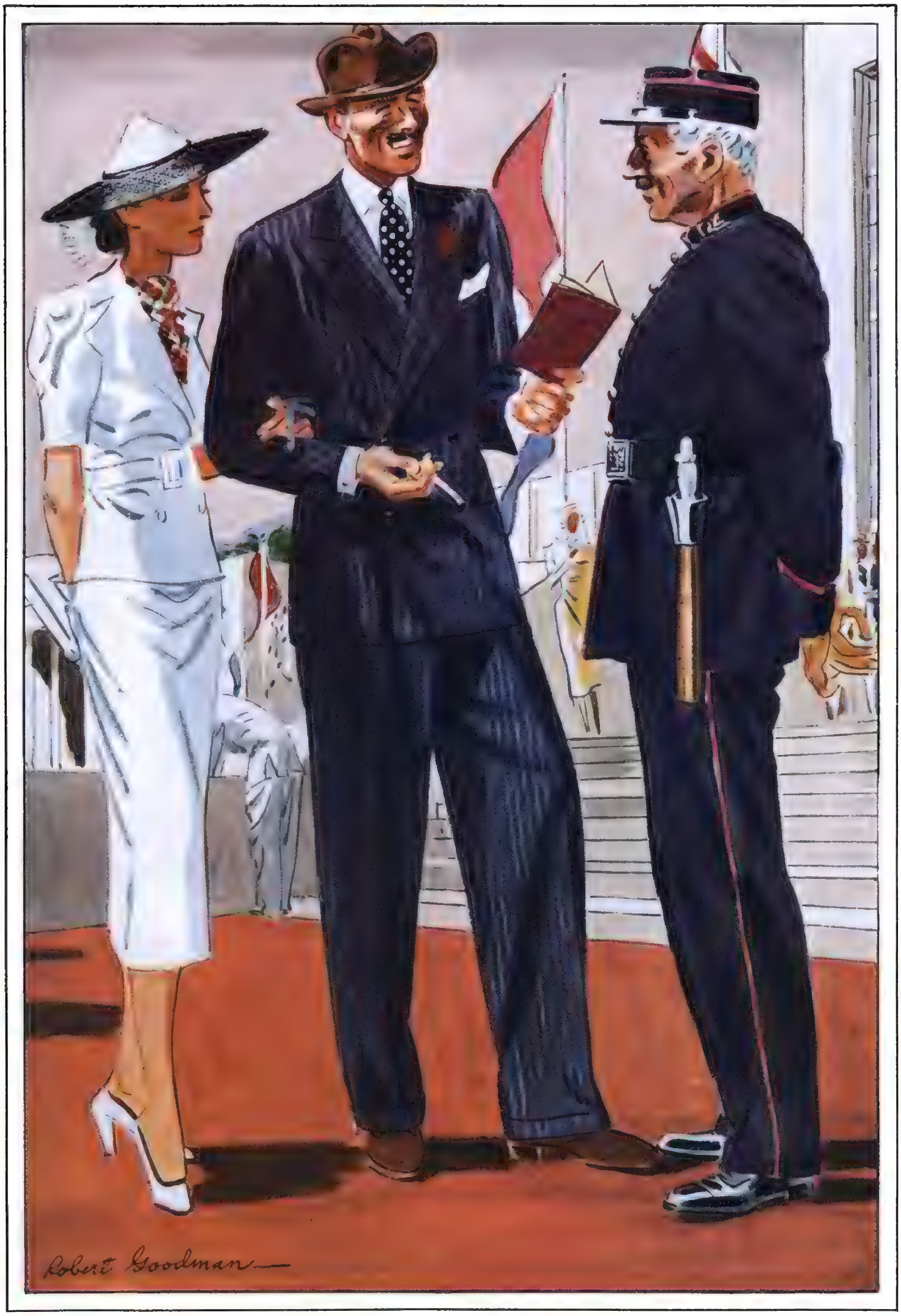
These factors do not seem to be materially influenced either by religion or by nationality, although there were not enough case histories in any of these classifications to be conclusive, nor was it possible to relate the average of one decade with any other.

However, if sufficient case histories were available, it would be easy to prepare tabulations which could be confined to specific groups in a much more direct fashion.

With this in mind, the author would welcome additional case histories (addressed to Dept. FL in care of this magazine at 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago), in which readers of both sexes are invited to give their own answers to the pertinent questions concerning the facts of life, as developed over the course of this article. Signature, either with name or initials, is unnecessary but all contributed case histories should state age and sex, degree of education, and racial or national antecedents, to be of value to the further development of this study. While these contributed case histories will thus be both anonymous and impersonal, it is to be hoped that this will only increase the likelihood of obtaining truthful and accurate information. #



"With Mr. Hansen and Mr. Billings both in town—I'm going to have to start budgeting my energy"



WITH A FIRST-CLASS NORMANDIE ACCENT

Now, what with the exposition and all, is the time for all good Americans to go to Paris. Once aboard the *Normandie* (for instance), you'll discover that the French are delightfully polite. They're so polite they'll even talk French to you, if you insist. The gendarme in this picture is a case in point. Like all Parisian public servants, he is such a skilled linguist that he vaults the incomprehensibility of travelers' dictionary French, and such a diplomat that he will refrain (at least until such time as his interlocutor gets hopelessly mixed up) from answering in flawless English! The man in the middle quite evidently believes that when in Paris one should do as the Parisians do in matters of dress. Sport clothes, even in midsummer, are distinctly *de trop*, and for that matter, a dark colored tropical worsted, with comparatively dressy accessories, is in better taste than the proverbial ice cream suit.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

A Field of Clover

Continued from page 86

riedly. When he got to where the hay was coming over the back, there was a pile as tall as he was. If he didn't look out it would grow until it choked the hay loader. He pitched into it, threw it anywhere, anywhere it couldn't choke the machine. Still the hay kept coming. It flew into the wagon like green snow. The faster he pitched, the faster it fell. Sometimes it fell on him, sometimes on his fork, and he would have to take out his fork and start again. Twice they had to stop the horses and give him time to catch up with the machine. The men swore at him and grinned at each other.

Mike was sitting up front driving. The short guy was walking behind, gathering up stray wisps and throwing them into the machine. Redhead was doing the work. It wasn't like it had been at home. The men had thrown up the hay there and they had got tired too; they had taken their time. That machine never got tired; the damn thing couldn't tell time. The faster the horses went, the faster the wheels went round, and all the time the hay was spilling into the wagon. The load was getting higher and higher, but it wasn't straight; it was leaning to one side. Still the hay was coming. If only he wouldn't drive those horses so fast.

"Mike, don't drive so damn fast."

"What, Redhead?"

"Slow those goddam things down."

"All right, they're walking now, Redhead; they're damn near asleep."

They had to go back before they got a full load. The load wasn't straight. Redhead didn't build it right. If they put on any more it would upset.

Back at the barn he knew what was coming. He had been green about the hay loader, but he knew what was coming now. It was the mow. Mike would drive the horses, the short guy would fill up the hook with the hay and he would get the mow. Redhead would pile the hay back in the mow when it fell from the hook after the short guy had yanked on the chain. He'd done that before. Next to a stokehole on a ship there wasn't a worse place than a haymow, especially with a couple of boys like Mike and the short guy working with the hook. All right—a dollar and a quarter a day and food. It wasn't as bad as a ship, anyhow, with that slow puky roll down below. Here it came.

"Ever pile it back in the mow, Redhead?"

"Yeah, I been in the mow."

"Well, Shorty, you handle the hook. Redhead'll pile it back, and I'll drive this here team for youse." Mike grinned up at him from below. "Okay, Redhead?"

"Let it come," he said. This wasn't the first haymow he'd ever seen.

The short guy sunk the hook into the hay in the wagon. "Giddap," Mike hollered to the team, and he slapped the reins on their broad, damp rumps. "Giddap." Up came the hay to the top of the beam, then along the beam across the roof of the barn. It was a whale of a barn, all right. Well, the bigger the barn, the longer the work. "Let 'er go," he called. Shorty jerked the rope. The hay fell slowly, clumsily, sending up a small dust storm when it hit the floor of the loft. The mow was empty; there wasn't much to do. It wasn't going to be so bad after all, not with an empty mow. He dragged the pile into a corner and leaned on his fork waiting for the next one. "Giddap." "Let 'er go." "Whoa." "Giddap." "Let 'er go." He piled the whole load in the four corners. It didn't take long. Not with all the hay that hook could grab. He was all right if he could take his time. They couldn't work that hook so fast, not like that damn hay loader, with the sun burning a hole in the back of your neck.

They rattled out to the field again. He didn't feel so bad, but he didn't spit on any stones this time. The hell with that. He wondered if they would change off this time. If he could drive the horses, maybe. He didn't really wonder. He knew he'd build the load again. He'd build the load, and he didn't have no hat.

They backed into the hay loader.

Here came the hay. It spewed all over the wagon. The sun poured down on him, and he didn't have no hat. The hay spewed into the wagon.

Four loads in the morning. Four loads on and four loads off. Four times in the mow, four on the wagon. Mike drove the horses and Shorty walked behind. Mike drove the horses and Shorty jerked the rope. Redhead built the load and Redhead got the mow. Redhead didn't have no hat and the hay was getting deep in the mow.

Four loads and then lunch. He drank a pint of milk and went down to the spring house. Inside it was dark. He sat on his heels in the doorway and let the damp air roll around him. It felt good so he stepped inside and pulled the heavy door shut. He squatted on the edge of the pool, staring at it blankly like a frog. The cold air rolled its damp tongue over his heated body. He sat on his heels and stared until he shivered once slightly. Then he got up and stepped out into the sunlight, refreshed.

It began again. Endlessly. All through the afternoon. Giddap, Whoa, Let 'er go, Giddap. It was bad in the mow. The hay was getting high. It threw heat like a desert. Your feet sank down in the sand. The sand got in your ears, in your eyes, down your neck. The sand had burrs in it; they got in your hair. The sand smelled like clover. The warm sweet stench of it swept over you; it got in your lungs. If only this load was off, if only this load was off and he was out in the field again. Out in the air with the hay loader, out with the sun burning a hole in his head. It was better to burn than to drown. Better to burn than to drown in a stinking sea with your lungs full of sweet clover. If he could only get through this load. He looked out of his window—he looked down, way down. He could see the bare boards of the wagon.

Thank God.

The empty wagon looked grotesque with its four poles wobbling in the air feebly, like the legs of a gigantic insect that had got turned over on its back. There was Shorty down there on the ground cleaning up the hay that had spilled over. Did he do that every time, or was this the last load? Mike was hitching up his horses . . .

He began to climb down the ladder—hoping.

"One more load, Redhead," Mike said to him when he got down.

One more load—Jesus, one more load. One more load on and then one more load off. One more, just one.

The hay loader was clicking again. It wasn't so bad. Damn if the last one wasn't the easiest. The horses were tired and they just poked along. Mike cursed at them, but they just stumbled along; the hay dribbled in. The horses were on his side. They got tired too. The sun was lower now; it was hot enough, but it wasn't frying his brains any more. They got it on and he wondered if they would take it off. Sure they would.

As he climbed up the ladder to the mow it swayed uncertainly, like a ship's ladder. It threw him against the barn. He felt a little sea sick. Sea sick, hell, he was drunk. This wasn't no rope ladder, it was nailed to the barn. He was drunk—he was on a clover jag.

The reeking mow engulfed him. He plunged along unsteadily, stiffening one leg each step as against the roll of a ship. He leaned on his fork and waited for the hay to jam through the window, putting him in suffocating darkness for a minute.

"Giddap," said Mike far below over the side of the ship. The pulleys creaked and the hay lurched through the hole and rolled along the beam. It rocked to and fro with the roll of the ship and came to rest above him, swaying there menacingly. Like a octopus, he thought. A goddam hairy octopus. He reached up his fork to guide its fall. "Let 'er go," he called, and he shoved with his right arm.

The fork sailed through the air, jerking him after it; he sprawled forward. The hooks clanked open and the great monster above him settled slowly on his back. It sat there, pushing his face down. Down into the hay.

He moved to get up, but it was only his mind that moved. His tired body lay there contentedly. He heard the pulleys creak. God, he thought, they'll send up another. They'll send up another and another. His mind struggled up again, but his body lay under the hay . . .

When he came to himself he was sitting on the ground. He was leaning against a stone wall or something, and there was water lying in pools all around him. His shirt was soaked. There was an empty pail at his feet. Around the pail were six shoes. Two black and four brown. One of the black ones had a hole in the side and there was somebody's bare toe sticking out. The toe was bare, but it was dirty.

He looked up. The farmer's red face was above his. It looked very big. Big, but not clear. He shook his head. Something creaked inside—like a pulley.

"You goin' to be all right?" the farmer shouted in his ear.

"Sure," he hollered back; "sure," he hollered in a whisper.

Gradually he felt better. He felt fine when he heard the farmer telling Mike and Shorty that they were a couple of ignorant bastards.

"Want to kill a man on me?" he shouted at them. After a while the farmer turned back to the man, sitting there against the wall, dripping.

"You better go and get some grub," he said.

Food, the man thought. He shook his head. It didn't creak this time. He felt pretty good, but he didn't want no supper.

"No," he told the farmer. "I just want to go someplace and flop."

"You be all right tomorrow, or do you want to quit?" asked the farmer.

Tomorrow! Jesus—tomorrow. Tomorrow just like today. The hay loader, the mow, the hay loader, the clover, the sun, the sweat, the stink. Jesus. "Yeah," he told the farmer wearily, "I'll be oke tomorrow."

"You better go up in the orchard and sleep," said the farmer. "You can't sleep in that mow."

"Yeah," he said, "I'll go up in the orchard. It ain't goin' to rain."

"By God, it better not," said the farmer, "not with all the hay I got down, it better not rain. If it rains," he continued, "you get your food, but you don't get no pay. You don't get no pay!" the farmer said, not unkindly.

The man walked slowly up to the orchard. As he walked, he dragged behind him an old coat that the farmer had given him.

The grass in the orchard felt cool and it smelled fresh. It didn't smell sweet—not like that clover.

Continued at top of page 116

A Field of Clover

Continued from pages 86-115

He lay there a few minutes watching the little green apples nodding above his head . . .

When he came to for the second time he was still lying in the orchard, but he couldn't see any apples above him. It was dark. There wasn't any moon. There weren't any stars. Not one star. Just the dark. No sun either, it was black.

There were rumblings in the air and then a faint flashing off somewhere. The branches of the tree began to stir above him, and an apple fell at his feet. The thunder grew louder and the flashes began to turn into streaks.

"Well," he said, "I ain't goin' to get soaked again."

He scrambled quickly to his feet. Spurts of pain shot through his back, into his eyes; he almost stumbled. He slowly straightened up his back until he stood almost erect; stiff in every joint.

Guided by the streaks of light he made his way to the barn. He felt all right. He felt good; he didn't mind being stiff. His belly felt fine now, a little empty, but it felt sound.

One rung at a time he edged up the ladder to the loft window. When he got to the top he just rolled his tired body over and over into the hay. He lay flat on his back looking out of the window at the lightning. A breeze blew across his face; he grinned lazily.

"Now let 'er rain." As he spoke, a few big drops plopped on the roof above him. Then another and another. The wind came in gusts now, the thunder barked and snarled, and the lightning split the darkness with jagged slashes.

Then the rain came. A cloud must have turned inside out and spilled itself right on the barn; right above him.

The wind splattered some rain on him, and he crawled back into the depths of the hay. His aching joints settled in the yielding mass.

The air which blew in through the window, filling the mow, was freshened by the cool of the sudden rain. It tasted good and it was light; it didn't sit on his head as it had. He unbuttoned his shirt. "It's like that spring house," he thought, lying in the dark, feeling the air roll on his chest. "It's like that spring," and he wondered that the hot, reeking mow of the day should have become a kind, cool haven.

As the rain poured over the roof above him he remembered what the farmer had said about the rain and he smiled to himself in the dark. "You get your food," he said to himself. "But you don't pitch no hay" . . .

His tired brain said the words over and over to him. Over and over, while the rain slashed the roof above him and the thunder pounded and rolled over the sodden fields. "No hay, no hay, no . . . hay . . ."

The Smell of a Good Cigar

Continued from page 91

mass production technique; it is to see the industrial engineer happily wed to inventive genius; human ingenuity at its peak. For with an amazing degree of fidelity these machines duplicate the skill that was once the exclusive pride of the expert handworkers.

One unit removes the stems and veins, passing the leaf along to another machine that bunches and cuts the long filler to proper size. Measured and weighed automatically, this filler charge is conveyed to the binder manipulator where the binder leaf is applied and mechanically sealed with an edible vegetable paste. Another device rolls the bunch, as the filler and binder is called, duplicating the hand-rolling operation to a nicety. The purpose of this operation is to distribute evenly the filler to insure a free draft and a uniform burn. The embryonic cigar is carried to another unit where the cigar ends are shaped, whence it is conveyed to the wrapping machine—a marvel of synchronized mechanical action. A glistening giant metal arm reaches over to where the leaf has just been cut on the automatic cutting die, and for all its weight, it deftly picks up a single wafer-thin leaf. Before you know what has happened, the wrapper has been rolled on and sealed with a touch of gum tragacanth, a colorless, tasteless vegetable liquid free from impurities. Meanwhile a little beveled gadget whirs to shape the head—the nipple end. In a jiffy, the charge is whisked off to the finishing machine, where with maternal tenderness the machine offspring, now worthy of being called a cigar, has its wrapper smoothed; is trimmed to proper length; and then as a sort of farewell gesture the tip is given several affectionate, if not encouraging, pats. Elapsed time from conception to birth: seven and one-half seconds flat.

Several inspections and reinspections are to follow for "workmanship" and particularly color. And then the new-born cigar is fed into a nimble automatic machine to be diapered in shiny cellophane or perhaps foil, and given its baptismal name via an attractive cigar band.

Five-cent cigar production represents the last word in cigar evolution: the completely machine-made cigar. But as we ascend the price scale, volume drops sharply. A point is reached where it is more economical to dispense with this or that unit, until in the highest priced all-Havana cigar we find the old Spanish Handwork method employed, essentially no different than it was four centuries ago—the prototype of all cigar production.

This leads us right into the heart of a hotly contested issue: machine vs. handmade cigars. The handmade advocates insist that the machine-made cigars lack a certain something: an indescribable touch of the expert cigar maker's magic fingers. To this the machine adherents reply, "Bosh."

Strictly speaking, the only truly handmade cigars are those made along the Spanish lines where the wrapper is hand-rolled over the filler itself. For the bunch-made cigar—filler, *binder*, and wrapper—uses a machine somewhere down the line: it may be a simple mould, a stripping device, or a bunch-making machine. With the exception of the Spanish Handwork technique, it seems to be a question of the degree of mechanization.

If we are to go by the experience of a similar controversy of some years back: the handmade vs. the machine-made cigarette, a point is scored against the handmade cigar's case. Because machine-made cigarettes are superior to handmade ones. But cigarette and cigar production are two different things.

In the hope of not being sucked into this volcanic argument, it seems fair and reasonable to say that the high quality completely handmade Havana cigars are, if anything, superior in workmanship. But the low-priced "handmade" cigar—really team-made by assemblers rather than true cigar makers—has no definite advantage in workmanship. However, workmanship is one of the least important of the major factors that determine the quality of a cigar. A cigar remains as it was and always will be—essentially, a roll of tobacco.

Before entering a discussion of the various types of cigar tobacco it would be well if we were to clear up a popular misconception of the first magnitude. It is sheer nonsense to judge the quality of a cigar solely on the basis of the birthplace of the tobacco. As an example: the Island of Cuba produces the world's finest cigar tobacco, yet not all Havana tobacco is by any means first-grade leaf. You might as well judge a person's character by the place of his nativity! As innumerable environmental factors influence a person's character, so countless factors affect tobacco's growth.

Tobacco is an extremely sensitive plant, demanding skill and almost constant attention throughout its growing season. Weather so greatly influences the leaf that one farmer may produce excellent tobacco one year, while next year his crops may prove worth next to nothing. An intelligent farmer, climatic conditions permitting, may harvest choice crops. Across the road a careless grower produces tobacco so inferior as to command a fraction of his neighbor's price. Curing is an important step where the finest tobacco can easily be ruined. And aging is just as important to cigar leaf as it is to wine.

Because one is just as likely to be misled as guided by the sole criterion of a tobacco's point of nativity, we'll just take a hop, skip, and jump through Tobacciana.

American cigar leaf is classified along functional lines: filler, binder, and wrapper leaf—in spite of the fact that poor binder leaf may find its way into the filler, or exceptionally fine filler leaf may be used for the binder. Curious is the fact that not a single state in the Union produces all three types.

Pennsylvania is number one cigar-leaf state in point of production. Though some good wrapper leaf is grown in limited quantities on the light alluvial soil near the rivers, her sixty million pound a year production consists mainly of a broad, long, heavy-bodied leaf most widely used for fillers and binders in the low-priced cigars.

Florida grows about twelve per cent of America's tobacco. One type is cultivated from seed taken from the Island of Sumatra. It is shade grown—laths or cloths cover the plants during growth—and resembles its parent remarkably. Accordingly, it is put to the same use: wrapper purposes. The Cuban type is so-called because it is grown from Havana seed. Resembling its parent in size, color, and general appearance, it lacks the fine, aromatic qualities of choice Cuban leaf. Nevertheless, it is a superior tobacco to much that grows on the Island of Cuba.

Connecticut produces a Broadleaf and Havana-Seed variety; both for wrapper purposes. Broadleaf is a small-veined, broad, silky leaf, rich in grain and color. Havana-Seed is a much smaller and narrower leaf that is exceedingly thin and silky. The Shadegrown Connecticut resembles the Sumatra leaf and is strictly a high-grade wrapper type, comparing favorably not only with the Sumatra-type of Florida, but with the genuine Sumatra itself.

New York has its Big Flats and Onondaga; Ohio its Little Dutch and Zimmer Spanish—mainly filler leaf. Wisconsin harvests a binder leaf in enormous quantities, which is frequently used in combination with Ohio or Pennsylvania filler and Connecticut wrapper leaf.

Imported tobacco deserves more than a passing word:

Sumatra, a Dutch East Indies possession, sends about ten per cent of her annual quarter million bale production to the United States. The natural climate and soil, aided by highly developed

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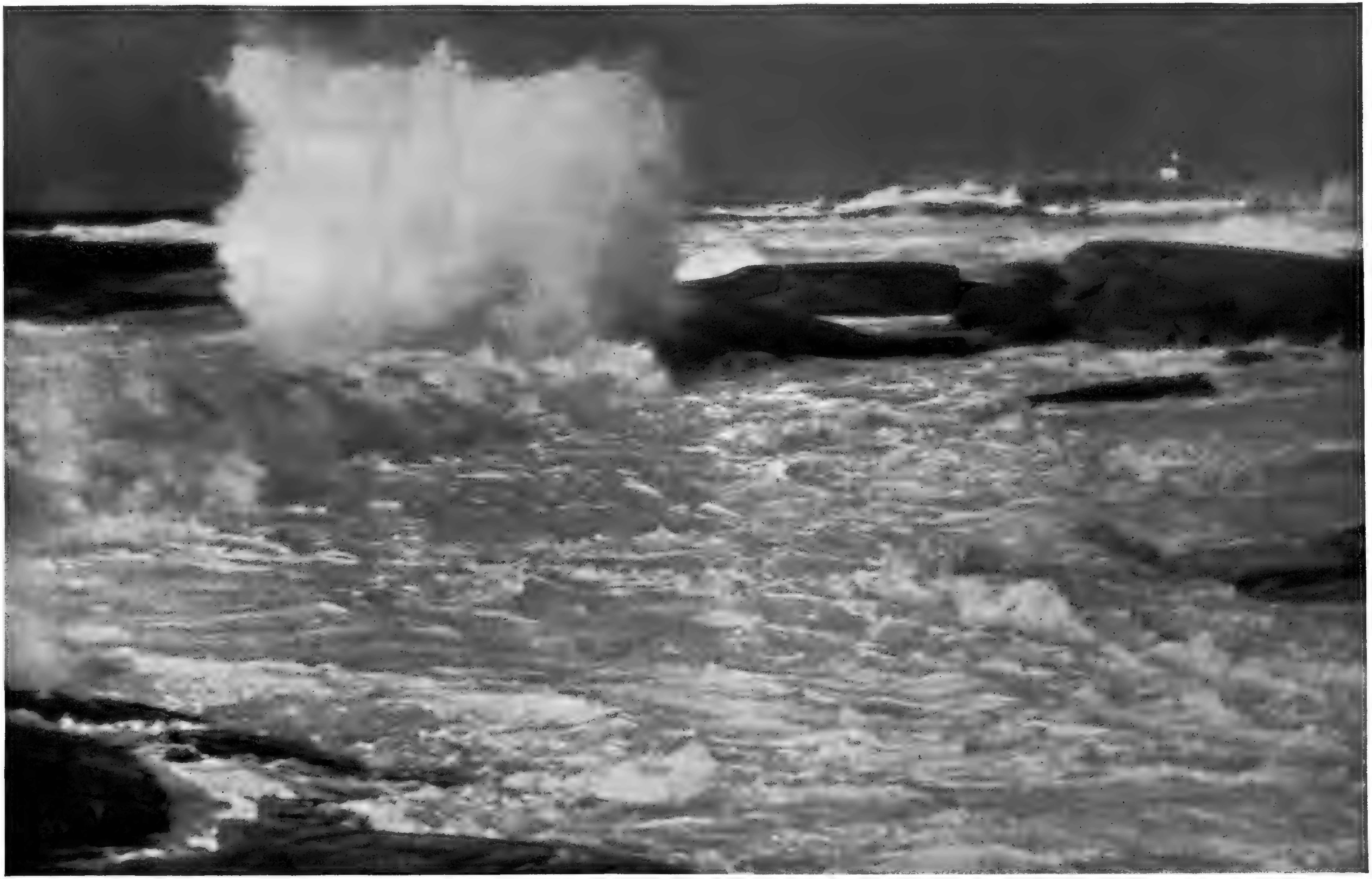
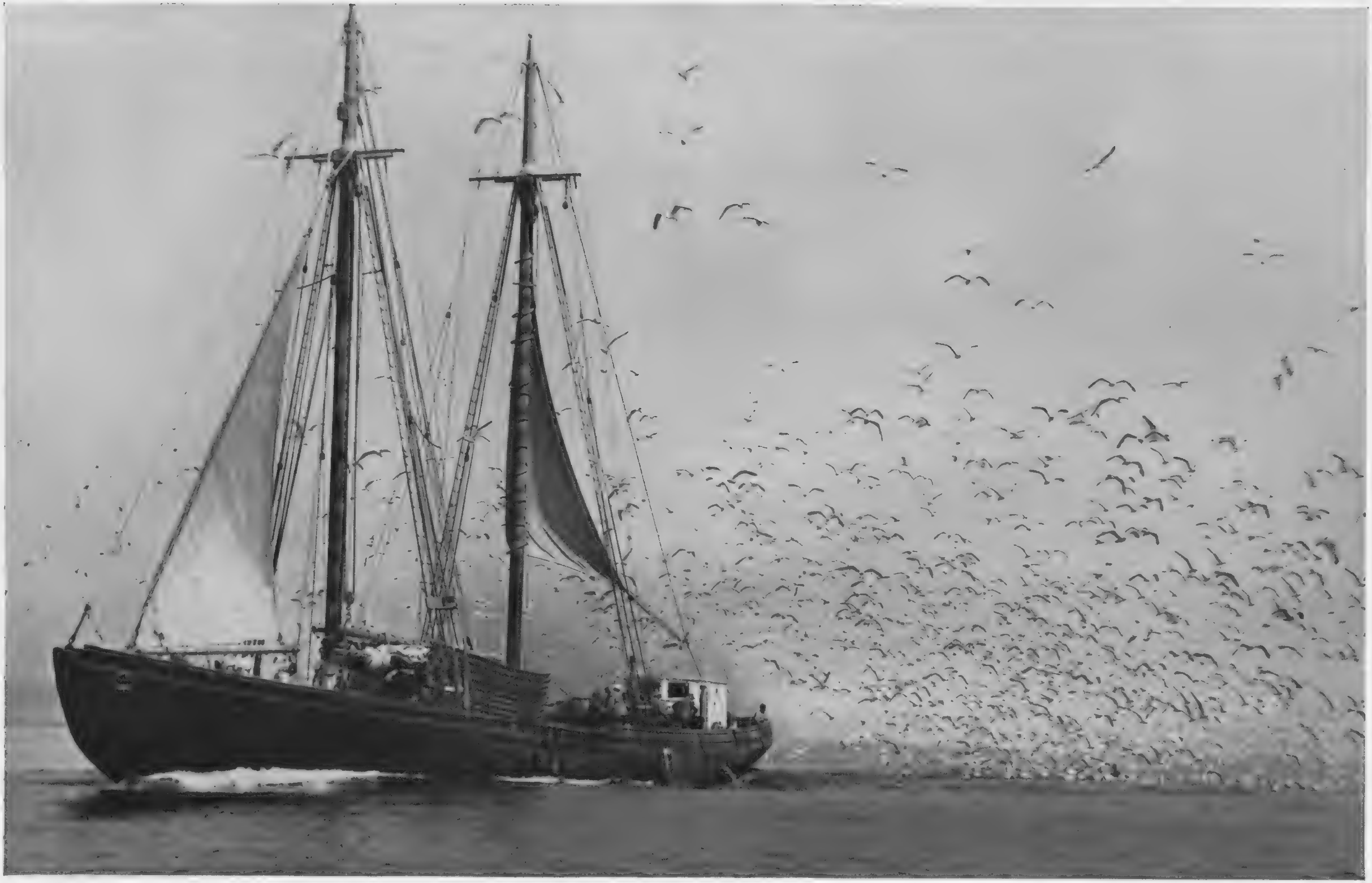


Down By The Sounding Sea.

W.R. MacAskill



Winged Patrol.

W.R. MacAskill

The Smell of a Good Cigar

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scientific cultivation, makes for an unusually fine wrapper leaf. Neutral in flavor, therefore having an affinity to almost any type of tobacco, it serves as a sort of varnish to dress up and finish off a fine cigar. In spite of high tariff rates, it is still an economical leaf because of its remarkable elasticity or covering power. Roughly, two pounds of leaf will provide wrappers for one thousand cigars!

Porto Rican tobacco, though similar to Havana, is not its equal. Mexican, similar to the Cuban, is inferior to the point that it does not reach this country except in dire emergency. Fortunately, the last emergency was the Spanish-American war. Philippine tobacco is fine leaf, but production is seriously limited by the fact that tobacco cannot be grown successfully within ten miles of a sea coast.

All tobacco grown on the Island of Cuba is called *Havana*, though various types are grown in different sections. In other words there's Havana, and *Havana!*

The Province of Pinar del Rio grows the finest, known as Vuelta Abajo leaf. Habana grows Partidos, a much lighter leaf famous for its wrapper purposes, while Santa Clara provides us with the Vuelta Arriba, better known as Remedios, of high flavor and rather heavy body, suitable for blending with American tvpes for filler purposes.

There seems to be little or no argument: no finer cigar is made than a choice Clear Havana by the cigar makers of Cuba, who religiously, if not fanatically, adhere to the ancient technique.The export cigar business of Cuba, within recent years, has been seriously impaired by economic conditions as well as by American interests to the point where a mere million fifteen-cent class cigars, and two and a half million twenty-cent-up cigars were imported last year. Cuban production, imported to America, may be regarded as limited to the custom-built Rolls Royce type of cigar.

Within the past several years, American interests who formerly produced their complete cigars on the Island of Cuba, in an attempt to cut production costs, moved their plants lock, stock, and barrel to the U. S. A. The Cuban muchachas, who stemmed the tobacco, were efficient, dependable low-wage help. But not so the high-priced temperamental torcedores, who burned up free cigars—of choicest tobacco you may be sure—at a furious rate. And then again, the tariff on finished cigars was tremendous.

In ultra-modern air-conditioned plants, the cigars are rolled skillfully. Instead of the Cuban torcedores rolling to the tones of their self-employed reader, who too frequently read fiery anti-employer matter, young girls clad in nurse-like uniforms, hand-roll cigars to the dulcet tones of a company-employed pianist. Not only have the girls displayed amazing ability and speed, but a further reduction has been realized by their abstinence from cigars—no small item. As a matter of fact, one large manufacturer estimates that his Cuban torcedores, who puff away at the rate of ten fine cigars per man, cost him a half-million dollars every year.

Though die-hards insist the American-made product isn't quite as good, though the man on the street believes it can't be as good because it now sells for half its former price, impartial experts and connoisseurs stoutly proclaim there is absolutely no difference in quality. In fact, they defy you or anyone else to tell one from the other.

Judging a cigar is an almost daily performance of the smoking man. Yet the fact is that few smokers really know what to look for, and what to disregard. There is a strong tendency to form fast and hard opinions based on nothing else, in essence, but one's particular taste preferences. True, in the world of taste each of us is a king unto ourselves. But this is no license to wax dictatorial and go on praising this cigar and damning another. In cigardom, it's a case of one man's sponge cake being another man's sawdust.

Your higher cigar education may be divided into two easy lessons. Lesson one is: what not to look for in a cigar, or popular fallacies:

As we mentioned, don't judge solely on the basis of the tobacco's birthplace. Light wrappers are not a sign of a mild cigar, nor dark wrappers the mark of a strong one. Since the wrapper is no more than ten per cent of the total tobacco weight, it cannot, of itself, determine the mildness or strength. But even more important is the fact that a light wrapper is a sign of immaturity and under-curing, which, when translated into terms of smoking performance, simply means that such a wrapper, propper, will not be as mild. Not alone is the United States Government office authority for the statement; company experts prefer the darker wrappers for their own personal use.

The green spot controversy is a curious one. One faction avoids such cigars; the other regards green spots as a sign of fine tobacco. The fact is that both are wrong. Green spots mean nothing more than that some rain drops have fallen on the leaf, while in growth, focusing the sun's rays like so many magnifying glasses. Or that some harmless varieties of bacteria have invaded the plant, in no way affecting smoking quality.

While a brownish or black-tinged ash is a sign of coarse tobacco, it is erroneous to reason the whiter the ash the better the tobacco. As a matter of fact the finest Clear Havana burns with a characteristic steel-gray ash. Oddly enough, a split ash, commonly regarded as a bad sign, is indicative of a long-filler.

Finally, passing an unlighted cigar under your nose and sniffing tells nothing about the quality of the cigar, though it will tell the clerk back of the counter you're not an expert.

Experts appraise quality on five major counts. In the order of importance, they are: burn or combustion, aroma, taste, color, and workmanship.

The *burn* of a cigar is most important, for it not only reflects the workmanship, but more important it tells a silent story of the tobacco's quality far better than any other single test. If the cigar does not burn freely and evenly, taking for granted it was properly lighted, no other combination of features will redeem it. The cigar, once going, should hold its fire for three or four minutes without being puffed, and show no thick black ring of carbon—called the lip—where the ash meets the leaf. The longer the ash, generally, the longer the filler.

Aroma and taste are highly personal issues. If they are agreeable, they are merits. If not, it may still be a fine cigar—but not for you.

The color of the wrapper should not be of too greenish a cast, nor too pale in color—indications of insufficient curing. The ideal color is a rich, ripe, deep, brown; the particular shade is entirely a matter of personal preference.

Workmanship is last. A good cigar should be made smoothly and evenly, without humps or cracks. It should feel firm when squeezed, otherwise it will become spongy and soggy when half-smoked. But it must not be too hard, or else it is not likely to smoke freely. If the filler is not fashioned so that the sprigs of tobacco lay longitudinally, the draw will be impeded.

The finest tobacco rolled by the most expert fingers may be seriously injured, if not completely ruined, by improper care. A certain period of time elapses between the day when it leaves the factory in perfect condition, and the moment that the smoker lights up. Since a cigar is like a sponge in its ability to absorb and throw off moisture, improper handling will often determine a cigar's fate.

The basic principle behind cigar conditioning is to keep the temperature at about sixty-five and the humidity at about, but no more than, seventy-five. Most important is to keep the temperature and the humidity constant, or as near constant as possible. For as soon as the temperature rises beyond this point, the cigar becomes "heated" throwing off its natural moisture and with it its delicate aroma. Then, when you replace the lost moisture, you've lost some of the cigar quality. Obviously, the process of heating up and throwing out moisture to be followed by adding or replacing moisture amounts to washing out the fine flavor and aroma of the cigar.

Because a cigar actually improves with age—to a point—if properly kept, experienced smokers buy a large quantity at a time to be held by the more exclusive type of tobacconist who maintains his stock in carefully regulated air-conditioned humidors. A certain aging process takes place, an inter-marriage of the leaf which the Spanish call *Casado*, which materially improves the cigar. Nonetheless, smokers whose purses dictate the popular brands must content themselves with fresh cigars, or at best, young ones where the incubation period is often of unknown if not doubtful care. Manufacturers have for years given this problem serious thought, with several rather practical compromises.

Putting a cigar in a glass test tube and sealing it was a familiar sight some years back. Since then it has given way to the less expensive, unbreakable, though less effective cellophane wrapping. Lead foil was very popular at one time, and fairly effective. But recently a new hope has appeared on the horizon that promises to have advantages over former methods. It is a gold foil applied by a heat process that serves as a metal case to somewhat hermetically seal the cigar. While it hides the cigar from the consumer's eyes, it does keep the cigar in unusually fine condition. As such, it represents a rather good compromise between the cigar that has been kept in a condition of which there's no telling, and the excellently cared for expensive cigar held in the exclusive dealer's scientifically designed humidor for months, if not years.

Given a fine, well-kept cigar, don't make the all-too-common mistake of biting the head off, lighting up in a flash, and puffing away like a locomotive.

The sophisticated smoker *cuts* his cigar head carefully, not only insuring a proper draft, but obviating the annoyance of loose ends touching the tongue or entering the mouth. Carefully, he lights his cigar all around insuring an even burn. Usually he prefers an inodorous alcohol flame, though if he must use a match he'll keep it a half-inch or so away from his cigar to minimize the sulphurous odors permeating and destroying the fine, aromatic qualities of his cigar. Never does he commit the amateur's sin of flicking off his ashes every few minutes, for he knows that by retaining a long ash his cigar will burn slower and cooler, preserving its taste.

As he sits back, puffing away slowly, calmly, if not deliberately, he cannot help feeling that with women all but dominating the cigarette picture, with their recent invasion into pipedom, a cigar, more than ever before, remains distinctly a gentleman's smoke. #

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

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at my house which followed upon Steinbeck's bland, resolute affirmation that what is commonly called witchcraft and the "hexing" of one person by another person is not a superstition but a fairly common and attestable fact. It is, he says, merely the operation of the kinetic and highly destructive emotion of hate. This is, he says, a disturbing and terrible fact. He says he knew of a man who had reason to hate another man greatly and did so hate him with such concentrated emotion that he was able to say to that man, "You are going to die next Tuesday. At 2:15 next Tuesday you are going to step in front of a truck" and the man did step in front of a truck at 2:15 the following Tuesday and was killed. Steinbeck denied that this was hypnotism, although he believes that all of us daily perform hypnotism and are subjects of hypnotism almost daily in degrees depending upon the force unconsciously exercised upon us, our resistance to it, and upon the strength of our own will and purpose.

He said he was mortally afraid of hate and that he never wanted to hate any one or have any one hate him—very much. The only defense against concentrated hate, he said, was immediate surrender, capitulation; and this must take the form of humility, benevolence, friendliness. The only way to combat hate is to remove from within yourself the reasons for this hate; only thus can you disarm the one who hates you; only thus can you render the terrible force of his hate impotent. "If I knew a man hated me a great deal," he said, "I would try to make friends with him; if I had done him harm I would try to undo that harm quickly. I wouldn't try to hate him back, no, no, because then the only reason I would have for hating him was because he hated me and that isn't reason enough to generate any strong, counteracting emotion. This would only intensify his hate and he might take it into his head to will disaster or death upon me.

"Don't mistake me. You can't go around capriciously wishing misfortune upon people whom you happen for a moment to dislike and expect them to fall victim to misfortune. You must have good and sufficient reason for hating some one for the destructive force of your hate to develop and become operative. If it is strong enough you don't have to do anything about it: it works of itself and your victim may not even be aware of your hate; he may not even be aware that you exist. That is the ineluctable horror of hate. It causes not merely individual deaths and disasters but mass deaths and disasters. Such is the destructive power of hate that, without turning a hand or venturing out into the street, old men and hysterical women can swell the mass force of hate and will death upon hundreds of thousands of youths whom they have no reason to hate and disaster upon generations of people five thousand miles away. What is more, they have often done it.

"To avoid being the victims of the destructive force of hate, we should each ask ourselves every day if we have done anything foolishly unhumane or brutal lately that would arouse deep hatred in any one and, if we have, set about counteracting by humility and kindliness what we have aroused, otherwise our heirs and assigns may wonder how we happened to crash into a stone wall when there was nothing the matter with the car. On the other hand the destructive force of hate sometimes seems to have a therapeutic value if only as a release of the pent-up emotions of hate. The Archduke Charles Ferdinand was shot by Gavrillo Princip but he was killed by the concentrated hate of the Serbians he had arrogantly exploited and humiliated."

Presently I perceived that Steinbeck's metaphysics was having to do, in a language and ratiocination of his own, with what in the Greek consciousness was the high sin of *hubris* or arrogance or insolence and its consequences. In Greek tragedy there are degrees and kinds of *hubris* each with degrees and kinds of punishment extending up to dire suffering and disaster, the reasons for which the victim in his *hubris* or unwarranted and exaggerated self-conceit cannot figure out; he does not know why he has offended the gods; but the audience knows; he thought too well of himself and so aroused hatred by insolence without even knowing he was insolent and so brought punishment on himself.

In *Of Mice and Men* Steinbeck's thematic intention, not wholly obvious, was, in a way, to expound the complete non-morality of Nature in her physical aspects and of the morality of expediency that must necessarily arise from Nature's blundering. The giant imbecile was certainly not responsible for being what he was and nothing could right the bungling of Nature and yet this giant imbecile, fully meriting our pity, sympathy and tenderness, must be killed; for society cannot permit, out of pity, the dumb, destructive force of bungling, nonmoral Nature to operate. . . .

After the dinner, the speeches got under way. There is something about the conditions surrounding a banquet speech which causes even the noblest and most intelligent minds, confronted by the faces of hundreds of people all of them individually intelligent, suddenly to collapse into windy banalities. The speeches on this occasion were not an exception.

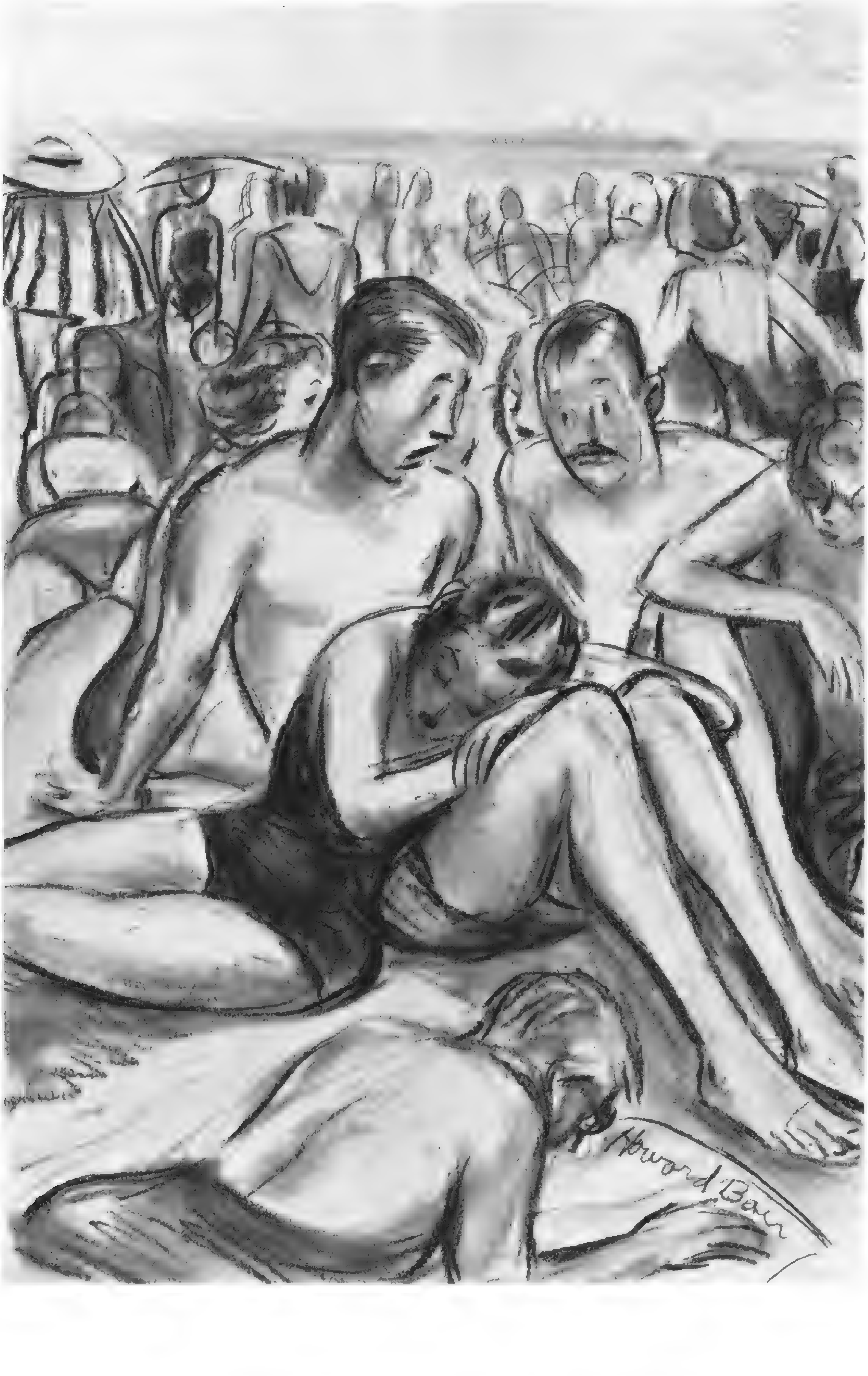
Steinbeck stuck several of the speeches out with incredulous horror mounting in his face. He had never attended a banquet before. He whispered to me, begging to know if there was any possible way of escaping; he said he did not think he could stand it another minute. I told him it was very simple; he had merely to follow me, whereupon I arose and wended my way between tables to the nearest exit. His calm returning under a double brandy and soda, Steinbeck said, "I was about to cry. Tears were welling up. It hurt me deeply; it made me so sad that I was trembling with grief to see Thomas Mann, this man with a sensitive brain and exquisite genius, this great literary artist I admire so much, get up and say such empty things, such drooling copybook stuff. I couldn't believe it. I didn't want to believe it. I wanted to hang my head in shame for Mann, for myself, for the human race."

As I write this, the Steinbecks are bicycling somewhere in Denmark. At least that was their plan when they sailed.

The reviews I have read of *Hart Crane: The Life of An American Poet* (Norton, $3) by Philip Horton seem to me to have missed the point about the publication of this biography. The important thing is not whether Hart Crane was one of the great poets or a poorly talented intellectual fake or whether he was a pitiable genius or an unmitigated scoundrel. The important point is, it seems to me, that here is a unique and astonishing, wholly magnificent piece of biographical writing. I have never heard of Philip Horton before and his publishers do not supply with the book any information about him. But take my word for it: here is a book to read and own and to marvel at. Here is some prose so excellent that I believe, in spite of Mr. Horton's exceedingly high estimate of Hart Crane's poetry, will live long after Hart Crane's poems have been forgotten; that, indeed, whatever of immortality Hart Crane has in literature it will be by virtue of this biography rather than by Hart Crane's harsh and often puerile rhetoric which he imagined to be poetry. *The Quest of Corvo* I thought was an unusual and distinctive contribution to the technique of biography, and it is a book now very highly regarded by connoisseurs; but here is a sport, a freak, a new mutation in biographical literature. For one thing it is the frankest, least hypocritical, least conventional biographical work I have ever encountered. Mr. Horton has thrown all the usual paraphernalia out of the window and with a selection and synthesis of what must have been a prodigious amount of data has brought to life in a fascinating narrative a curious and interesting, if repugnant, creature. In the second place Mr. Horton has succeeded in making his biography an unmatched and perhaps unmatchable *tour de force* of detachment. Where on page after page he recites incidents in Crane's career and aspects of his character which seem to scream for comment involving a moral judgment by the author either for or against Crane, Mr. Horton accomplishes the almost inhuman feat of showing no prejudices or opinions of his own. He shows no pity for Crane, evokes no pity for him; toward Crane as a phenomenon, as a person, as a poet his intellectual detachment is so unemotional that one would say that Horton was inhumanly devoid of emotion, were it not for the fact that occasionally in descriptive passages, notably in the evocation of scenes in Mexico, Mr. Horton is so superb an artist, so precise in his images, so evocative of color, sound, scene and mood that I wonder what he can find to admire in all except a few isolated passages of Crane's. Crane in his thirties habitually wrote the sort of strained, undisciplined, immature rhetoric that Mr. Horton must have written reams of when he was sixteen or seventeen years old and thereafter diligently and systematically avoided slipping into such an ignorant misuse of words.

Mr. Horton's conscientiousness and patience are equal to his other merits. He seems to have accounted for almost every hour of the day and night of Crane's last few years, to have checked and rechecked, got oral information, weighed and discounted the usual exaggerations, read thousands of letters and using only the relevant matter, discarded bales of material which most biographers do not know to select from. Mr. Horton is absolutely accurate in his accounts of the few things in the life of Crane I happen to know about, so I must conclude that he is astonishingly accurate throughout. His story is of the unpleasant, tortured, sordid career of the son of neurotic and quarrelsome parents who were finally divorced after nerve-wracking separations, recriminations and reconciliations. The son was certainly "spoiled," vainglorious and yet full of self-pity, a snob who nevertheless wailed and whined about the injustices of society and refused to assume any of the responsibilities of life, a spendthrift and a cadger, a continual, obnoxious, violent and debauched drunkard, a confessed homosexual obscenely boasting of his squalid conquests of sailors in alleys and waterfront dives, a sophomoric charlatan boasting that he was a Baudelaire and a Marlowe solely on the grounds, apparently, that they had reputations for drunkenness. (They also had reputations for working and for writing immortal poetry.)

Mr. Horton's reasons for his great admiration for Crane's poetry do not seem cogent or sustained to me even when he is explicit in the analysis of a passage from Crane's brief output; but I respect his opinions here, because Mr. Horton's own talents as a writer are fine and distinguished.



Howard Baer

"I'm not sure but I don't think she's in our party"

The Brother of Mrs. Morton

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An American whom he had talked with in his hotel in Mexico City—a rather intelligent looking man who said he was a magazine-writer—had told him that Lake Chapala was a lovely spot. When he repeated this to Plutarco, the interpreter shook his head. "No, sir. Nothing there. Just little town—no anything. You not like it. Just lake. Just poor people. Nothing nice."

But since Mr. Morton was unbearably bored by Mexico City, and since he was a man of energy and determination, he decided to go to Chapala, no matter who advised him to the contrary. That American writer ought to know; he said he had once stayed there for months, working on a book, and that he had found it delightful. Mr. Morton suspected the sincerity of Plutarco's advice; probably the lazy dishonest fellow just didn't want to leave his usual haunts in the city.

After a dusty night's journey on the train, and a long sixty miles by motor over atrocious roads, Mr. Morton and his family reached the little lake-side resort.

What he found was very disspiriting. The hotel was quite the worst he had yet encountered. The rooms were clean enough—but the furnishings were such as he would not dream of permitting in even a servant's room in his own house. No comfortable chairs. Bare floors. A horrid bowl and pitcher for washing, on an oilcloth-covered washstand. And the astounding information that if you wanted a bath, the public bathhouse was only five blocks down the street. And as for the toilet! . . .

"We can't stay here!" Mrs. H. C. Morton exclaimed indignantly.

"Must do," Plutarco grinned. "Not can get car tonight." It gave him pleasure to see his employers punished for their folly in coming here.

Just as Mr. Morton was leaving his room and starting to go down stairs to see what the dining room was like, he saw an odd object scurrying across the floor of the hallway. Instinctively he stepped on it, thinking it was a cockroach—nasty things that they were. It cracked under his heel. Then he looked at it, and saw it was a scorpion. He kicked the corpse into a dark corner of the hall: his wife would simply have a fit if she knew.

He inspected the dining room. It was even worse than he had expected. Everything was shoddy and ugly, and the walls were ornamented with gaudy lithograph calendars advertising Moctezuma Beer. He found Plutarco in the lobby.

"We don't want to eat here. Where is there a better restaurant?"

Plutarco grinned. "Eat here—else not eat. This very fine place. All *politicos*, all *magnificos*, all *generales*, they come here on fiestadays from Guadalajara—for eat big dinner. Sometimes hundred—two hundred—come. Get drunk. Shoot revolvers. Get killed. Fine dinner. Widow Sanchez, she make *mole* very wonderful. Um-um!" Plutarco patted his stomach.

"What's *mole?*"

"She make *mole*—turkey with chocolate for gravy. Um!"

"What a revolting idea! Tell her, please, that we want a nice, thick steak tonight. I don't suppose she could give it to us with mushrooms, but ask her. And potatoes au gratin, and plain lettuce salad, and Roquefort cheese."

"She not got steak: must order from Mexico City. Lettuce—you no eat lettuce, sir: you get typhoid the fever. Can have potatoes, can have nice cheese come in can from Chicago. You not want *gusanos de maguey?* Um! She make wonderful!"

"What is that like?"

"Very fine. Taste like snail. Mexican like very much."

"I like snails as they are served in Paris. Does she prepare them anything like that?"

"I not been to Paris. But nice! *Gusanos de maguey* is big white worm who eat inside maguey plant. He get big—he get fat—he get caught—he get fried. Um! Very nice!"

Mr. Morton felt he could bear no more. "Tell her to give us ham and eggs and bread and butter and chocolate. I suppose she can give us those things?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir!"

Mr. Morton strolled out of the door of the hotel and onto the terrace. Albert came running after. "Father, may I come too?"

"All right, Albert, I'm just going to look about for a moment."

They walked out onto the esplanade that extends along the water front for half a mile. In many places the concrete of the sidewalk was demolished by the force of the waves from the lake.

"Look out, Albert! Watch where you're walking!"

Albert gave no heed, stepped into a hole, and tumbled suddenly off the walk and into a mess of wet sand, lake weeds and dead fish that were on the beach below.

"Albert!" said the sorely tried Mr. Morton. "What did I tell you? And see—you've torn your trousers and spoiled your new hat! You go right back to the hotel, and tell your mother that I say you're not to go out again."

Mr. Morton continued his stroll alone. When he reached a spot on the lake-front where a native woman was doing the family washing while her three laughing girl-children played completely naked on the sand, Mr. Morton was rather glad, after all, that Albert had torn his trousers.

He turned away from the lake and began to walk back through the center of the town toward his hotel. There was nothing to see—just cobbled streets of one-story plastered houses, and an occasional glimpse into a courtyard where flowers were growing in huge earthern jars and birds were singing in small cages.

He passed a dingy little saloon over which hung a sign—"CANTINA DEL PARADISO"—and from which the smell of that sickening Mexican drink *pulque* was wafted in waves that poisoned the air.

He emerged into the Plaza. It was a neat spot, with a small pavilion in which a band probably played on Sundays—so the guidebook said. The two towers of a white Catholic church rose beyond the Plaza. Two old women with black shawls over their heads were standing before the portals and crossing themselves before they entered. Poor, ignorant people!

He crossed the Plaza and emerged onto the lake front again. There he found a rather agreeable-looking open-air bar with a canopy and iron tables. Faintly reminiscent of Paris. He sat down and ordered a drink.

The great lake, Chapala, lay before him in the evening light. Blue-grey mountains rose on the far shore, ten miles away. Several fishermen were working to moor their sharp-prowed black boat at the pier. A ragged old man slouched up to the table and murmured something. A young girl in a thin cotton dress offered him a flower. Four wandering street-musicians came and began to play and sing.

Queer people! he thought. He finished his drink, and walked back to the hotel. They would have to put up with it; it was only for one night, anyhow.

As he re-entered, the Widow Sanchez came out from behind the desk. She recommenced her voluble outpourings of Spanish.

"What's she saying?" Mr. Morton asked his interpreter.

"She say she not know that Mrs. Morton have a brother—and she so happy to see you come—and Mrs. Morton be so happy."

"Mrs. Morton has no brothers: she has three sisters. What does the woman mean?"

There was a prolonged conversation between the Widow Sanchez and the interpreter. At last Plutarco seemed to have got the matter clear in his head. He turned to Mr. Morton.

'You not brother to other Mrs. Morton? Señora Morton?"

"I don't know of any Señora Morton."

Plutarco turned to the Widow Sanchez and there was a long animated discussion between them. When it at last ended, Mr. Morton asked: "What's all this about?"

Plutarco translated. It seemed that the Widow had supposed that of course Mr. Morton had come to visit his relative, the wonderful Señora Morton, an elderly Englishwoman who had for twenty years lived in quiet retirement here at Lake Chapala. Her husband, a mining engineer, had died many years ago; but instead of going back to her own people in England, she had preferred to stay on in her house beside the Lake.

"I don't think much of her taste," interrupted Mr. Morton.

Plutarco continued. She had a beautiful garden and three wonderful Mexican servants who were like a family to her. She spoke Spanish just like a great Señora from Mexico City. She knew every man, woman, child, dog and burro in the village, and was very kind to everyone. The only thing wrong with her was that she never went to church and probably was not a Catholic at all. But she always gave money to the priest at Christmas time to help the poor, and she always paid liberally toward the cost of the Fiestas—and in the Widow Sánchez' opinion, maybe God would make a special exception and let Señora Morton go to heaven when she died. The Widow admitted that this might be a very wicked view of the matter for her to take, and she had sometimes prayed God to help her believe that Señora Morton would be damned—but, so far, she had not been able to achieve that degree of faith.

"What a superstitious lot these Mexicans are," Mr. Morton said to his wife, who had joined them in time to hear the tale. "And what a queer freak the old girl must be, to live alone in this God-forsaken place for so long. Maybe she's committed some crime, and doesn't dare go back to England."

Plutarco translated this last suggestion to the Widow Sanchez. She threw up her hands in indignant horror, exclaimed: "*Maria Sanctissima!*" and walked away.

At supper, the ham and eggs proved to be bearable, and the chocolate was good. For dessert there was a vast piled dish of really excellent fruits—minute bananas that were green outside and reddish inside, pineapple that seemed all juice, and several odd but luscious tropical fruits whose names Mr. Morton did not know.

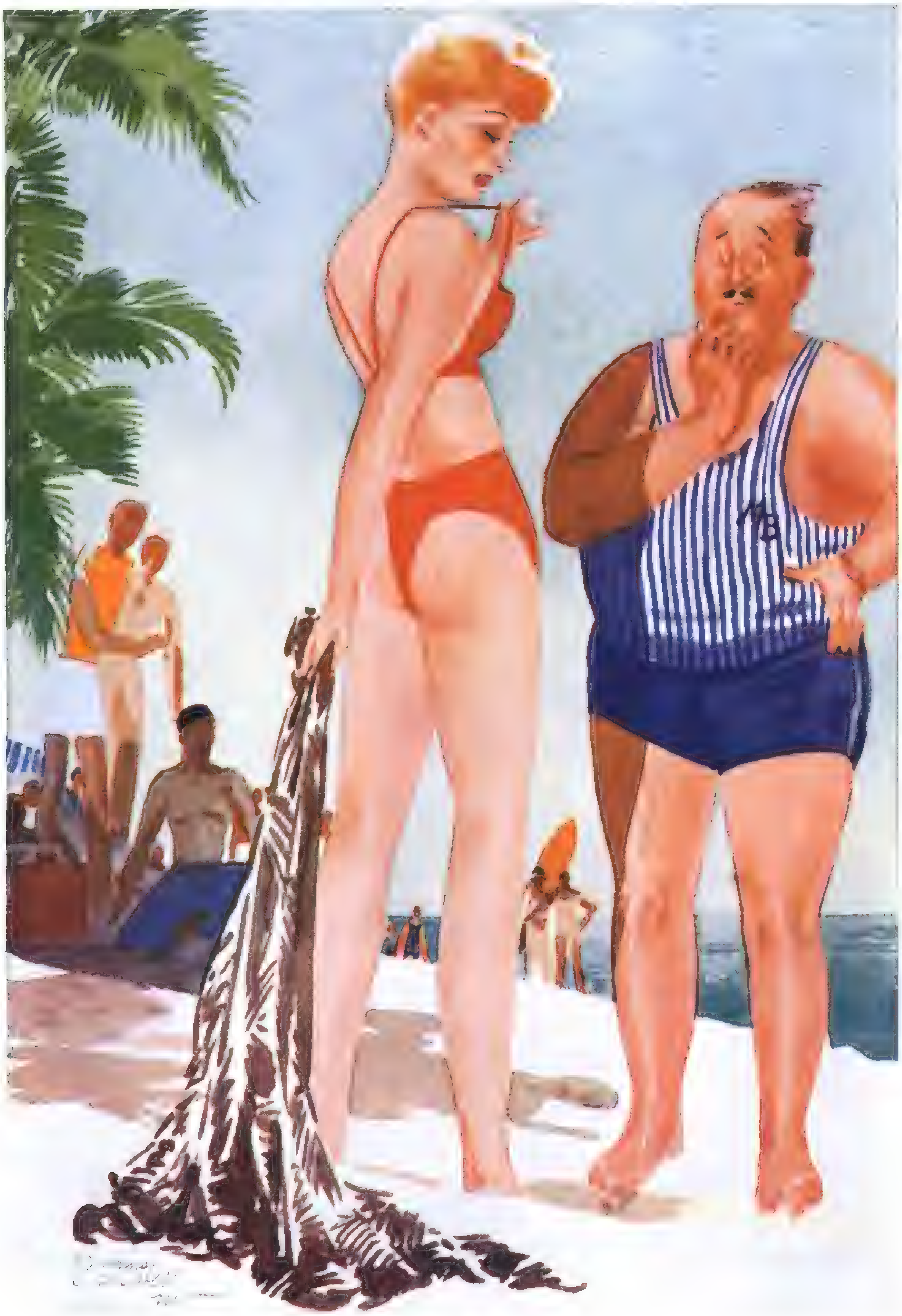
When they rose from the table, a little less cross than when they had sat down, Mr. Morton remarked with a laugh: "Well, my dear, what do you say to our going to call on my sister?"

Mrs. Morton stared at him. "Go to call on that queer old Englishwoman? What for?"

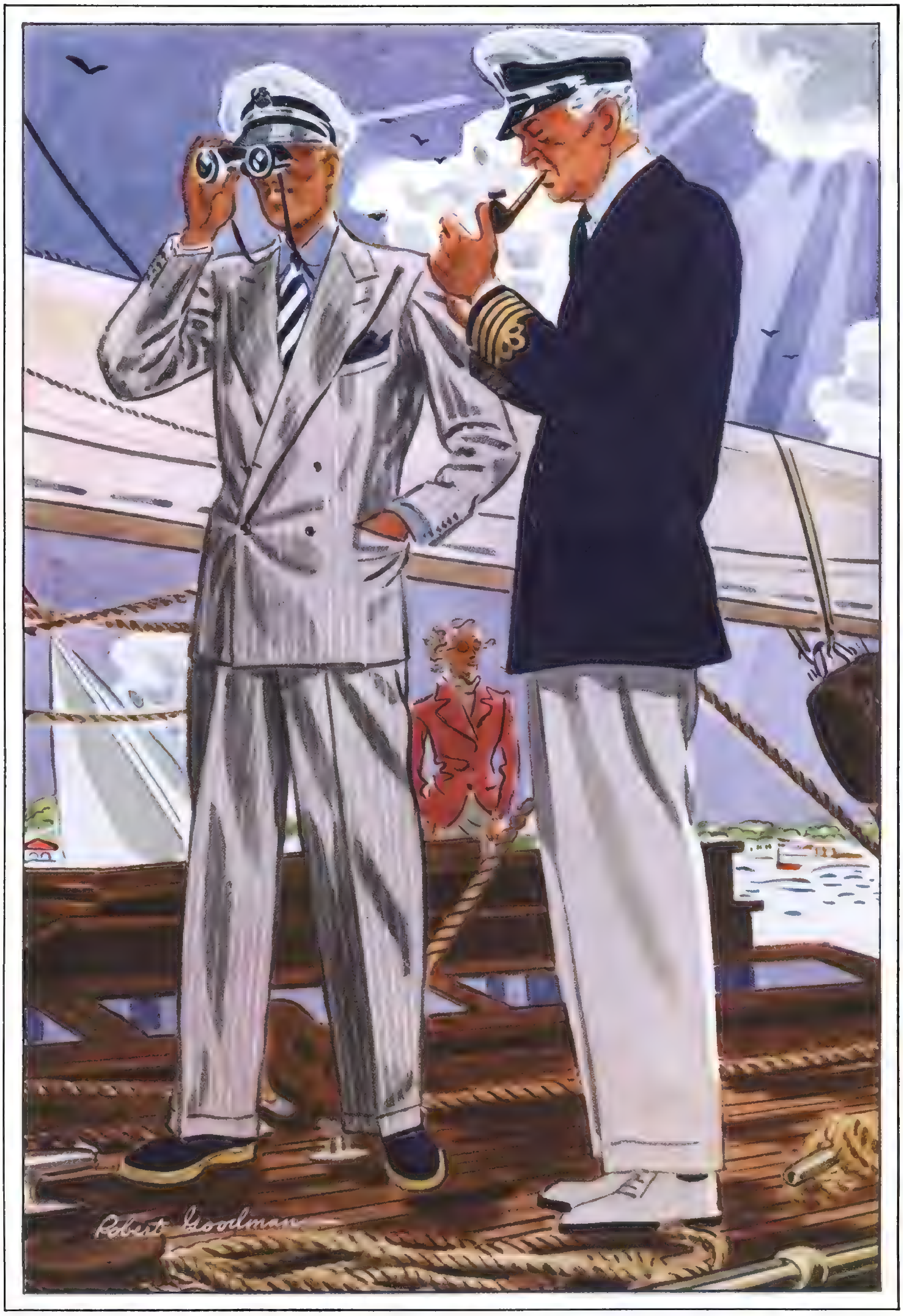
Mr. Morton had not been serious in his suggestion, but suddenly the idea rather appealed to him. "Just out of curiosity. There's nothing else to do in this wretched place this evening—and it might be fun to joke with her a little about my being her brother, and see how she lives."

"You certainly have a morbid curiosity. I wouldn't dream of stirring a step to see her. But there's nothing to prevent your going by yourself."

Continued on page 125



"I feel conspicuous—I guess it's because it's new"



MOST COMFORTABLE FEELING KNOWN TO MAN

We refer, in case you're guessing, to the feel of a flannel suit, which yields to no other fabric in considerations of comfort. The example shown on the left is a very pale grey with white chalk stripes, a suiting that has been popular in England for many years and has only recently made its appearance, in this very light shade, on this side of the water. The rest of the outfit consists of the appropriate accessories to be worn by a visitor aboard a yacht. The regulation white-top yachting cap is worn by way of paying respect to the yacht's owner (the rather grumpy looking old guy on the right) but a word of caution is in order concerning its use. The idea is that you don't, by any means, wear an emblem of any sort on this sort of cap unless, of course, you happen to belong to a yacht club yourself. The customary, though by no means the only, yachtsman's uniform is the one indicated on the right.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Brother of Mrs. Morton

Continued from pages 73-122

She was greatly surprised when he took her at her word. "Well, I guess I will. It might be a kind act to go and cheer her up. She probably doesn't have many civilized visitors in this deserted place."

"As you like. Albert must go to bed, and I shall stay upstairs and read."

He hunted up Plutarco in the lobby, told him to find out where Mrs. Morton lived, and to accompany him. They started out along the esplanade. Though there were lampposts at frequent intervals, none of the lights were turned on; and since it had grown quite dark, Mr. Morton realized that he might easily slip into one of the holes in the broken concrete and repeat Albert's exploit of the afternoon. So he sent Plutarco back to get a flashlight from his wife; and then the pair proceeded with more confidence.

After a ten-minute walk they arrived at a high wall over whose top the dark masses of palms and other tropical trees were visible against the stars. There was a huge gate, built as if to withstand a siege.

"This her house," Plutarco said. He pulled a bell-rope. Mr. Morton heard the jangle of a bell somewhere beyond the wall.

After an interval, a barefooted frowsy native opened one-half of the gate. He peered at the two visitors suspiciously. Plutarco spoke in Spanish. The frowsy man opened the gate a little wider and admitted them.

"This man is the gardener," Plutarco explained. "He crazy man—you know?—not right in head. I tell him go bring cook. He not understand nothing I say."

Mr. Morton stared at the queer half-witted face of the gardener, and walked through the gate. He guessed there was no danger. He found himself in a small stone-paved patio, with the lighted windows of a house ahead of him.

A tall and rather handsome Mexican woman came hurrying across the courtyard. She had a grave, quiet face. She spoke in low tones to the gardener. The gardener replied in a mumble.

"Tell this woman that I am Mr. Morton, and that I have come to call on my sister." He chuckled to himself as he thought how this announcement would surprise the old English lady when it was brought to her.

Plutarco translated. The grave beautiful face of the Mexican woman became rigid. She stared at Mr. Morton in silence.

At that moment the front door of the house opened and a neatly clad house-boy in white uniform and brown sandals hurried across the patio. He came up to the group of Mr. Morton, the interpreter, the gardener and the cook as they stood in the darkness.

"You tell him," Mr. Morton said. He was relieved that an apparently more responsible member of the domestic force had arrived on the scene.

Plutarco spoke to the houseboy at some length. The houseboy frowned, shook his head, and spoke briefly.

"What did he say?"

"He say you no can come in. He say he wait for other gentleman, not for you."

"Did you tell him I was Mrs. Morton's brother?"

Before Plutarco could convey this information to the houseboy, the front door of the house opened again. There, outlined against the lamplight of the inner hall, stood an old woman leaning on a cane. She spoke with a slightly quavering voice, but very clearly and decisively.

"What is this? Did I hear someone talking English? Pedro! Clara!"

Mr. H. C. Morton stepped forward into the light and took off his hat. "Yes, madam. Permit me to introduce myself. I am Henry Clay Morton, of New York—and the Widow Sanchez says that I am your brother, so I thought I would pay you a call."

There was a moment of pause. Then the old voice said: "How interesting. Please come in."

He followed the old lady through the hall and into a rather pleasant living room where there were many books along the walls. He got a glimpse of a wide terrace beyond the opened doors, and of a garden, and of the surface of the lake.

"Won't you be seated?" she said.

He sat down. "Amusing, isn't it, that the Widow Sanchez thought I must be your brother!"

"Perhaps there is some relationship. My husband was Seymour Morton, son of Dr. Edward Howland Morton. We are Sussex people. Is that a branch of your family?"

"I don't know, madam. Probably it is—but it would be hard for me to say. But at least, I thought I would stop in and give you a little greeting—stranger to stranger in foreign lands!"

She paused, smiled, and said: "I have been here so long a time that I hardly feel a stranger. Are you enjoying your visit to Mexico? How does it impress you?"

"Frankly, it doesn't impress me favorably. I haven't found much of interest. Of course, there are wonderful natural resources—but it's all so undeveloped; and I don't see how, with this kind of lazy labor, one could get anywhere. I have lots of friends who have lost stacks of money in Mexico. And if you do make any money, then a new government comes along and takes it away from you."

"Doubtless you are right. But don't you like the Mexican people—the simple people? They are well worth your sympathetic interest."

"I haven't got very well acquainted with them. I don't speak any Spanish."

"Yes, that does put you at a disadvantage," she agreed. "But why do you not start by talking, through an interpreter, to the Widow Sanchez? She is very witty, very well-informed about local conditions, and a very fine woman."

"Well, that may be—but she runs a very poor hotel!"

"It is, indeed, a little primitive. Perhaps she is at a special disadvantage just now: her only son, who used to help her, was drowned in the lake a few weeks ago."

"No! How terrible! She didn't tell us of that." He remembered Albert's tumble off the esplanade onto the beach. What if Albert had tumbled into the lake and been drowned? "Why, that's terrible!" he repeated.

"Very sad. Won't you smoke, if you care to? I have no cigarettes to offer you, but doubtless you prefer your own brand."

He lighted one, and while doing so he looked the old lady over very carefully. She was dressed in a rather handsome black gown, not of the latest style, but nice-looking. Her white hair was arranged in an old-fashioned manner that framed her wrinkled forehead, bright blue eyes and firm chin. Her throat, encircled by a black ribbon, was the stringy throat of a lean old woman.

"You don't smoke yourself?" he asked.

"No, thank you. Are you staying long in Mexico?"

"Not long. I've got to get back to my office soon. This is just a little joy ride."

"I hope you will not carry away too bad an impression of the Mexican people."

"Well, you know them a good deal better than I do—but my impression is that all Mexicans are a pretty ignorant, degraded, dirty lot."

She looked at him for a moment in silence, as if collecting her thoughts before she spoke. The silence was broken by the entrance of the houseboy.

"*Señora, el Señor Castellano esta aqui.*"

"*Si, Pedro.*" She nodded to him; and then turned to Mr. Morton. "I was expecting a visit this evening from Señor Enrique Devargas Castellano, the famous poet and dramatist. He has come now. I do not think that you will find him to be ignorant, degraded or dirty. I hope you will like him."

A tall lean man of sixty entered from the hallway. He was wearing a dinner coat; his collar was the old-fashioned straight kind. He crossed the room, bowed before Mrs. Morton, and kissed her hand. Under his arm he carried a shabby black leather portfolio.

Mrs. Morton rose. "Señor Enrique Devargas Castellano, may I present to you Mr. Henry Clay Morton of New York."

The ascetic face of the poet lighted up. He spoke in perfect English as he shook hands.

"Ah, Mr. Morton, I am happy to meet you! I have many American friends—chief among whom I prize the late William James. Did you by any chance know him?"

"No, I don't think I did. What business was he in?"

"Professor William James, the great philosopher, I mean."

"Oh, I didn't catch the name. No, I don't believe I knew him."

"A very wonderful man—so penetrating and honest a mind! Another of my American friends whom you doubtless know is George Santayana. Of course, one knows that he is not really an American—for his places of residence have been so varied in recent years—yet one still thinks of him as an American:—don't you agree?"

"Is he the novelist? Did he write a book called *Anthony Adverse?*"

"Ah, no; it is as a poet and a writer of superb philosophical prose that he will be remembered, I think."

"I don't go in very heavily for literary things," Mr. Morton said briefly. This man was rather a bore.

The poet smiled sympathetically. "In these busy modern days, few of us have time for as much reading as we would wish. In what direction, may I ask, do your chief interests lie?"

Mr. Morton smiled. "Well, I'm pretty much interested in my business—which is the advertising business. You see, I'm the person who made women nail-conscious!"

"Would you please explain a little more?" Señor Castellano asked. "I am afraid I do not quite comprehend. Nail-conscious?"

"It's very simple. I saw red nails in India, when I was on my tour around the world—and I thought I could sell them to American women—and I did."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand, either," Mrs. Morton interposed. "You sold red nails to American women? Red nails? Are red nails more durable than the ordinary galvanized-iron ones?"

Mr. Morton laughed. "I mean fingernails and toenails! I sold them the idea—and now they have to color their fingernails and their toenails a rich blood color."

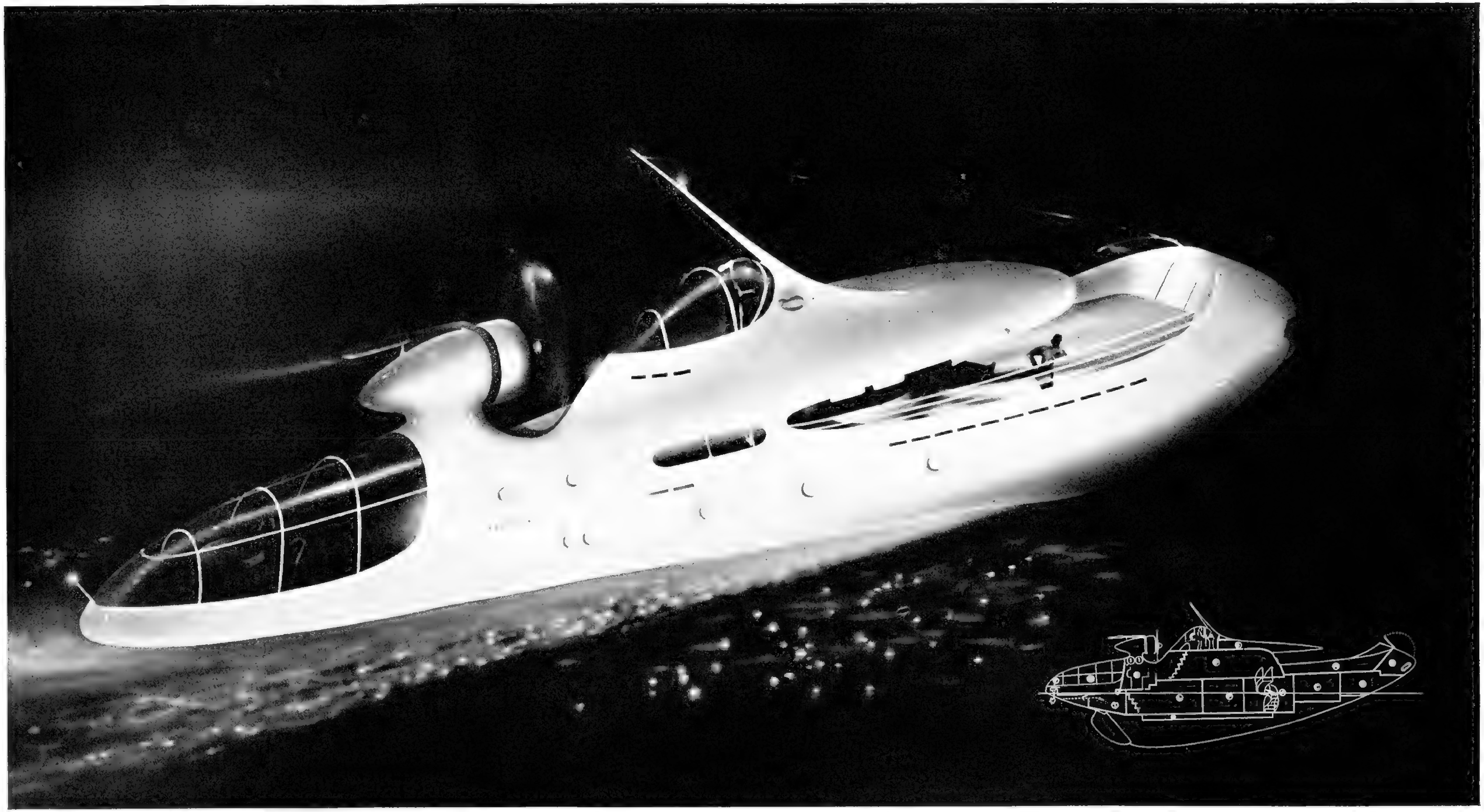
"And do American women now color their fingernails and their toenails blood red?"

"They have to: otherwise they're out of fashion. There are six principal shades which we advertise. Ox-blood is the most popular shade at present."

The poet shuddered and seemed unable to speak. But Mrs. Morton was not to be deterred. "And may I ask what the American women pay you for this? Or is that too personal a question?"

"Not at all. They have paid me, so far—indirectly, of course, through the firms whose advertising I handle—about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Continued at top of page 127



YACHT OF THE FUTURE DESIGNED *by* RADEBAUGH

This artist can, and does, on occasion, design things that are marketable. But every now and then, when he's sick of the "merchandising" attitude of the old school, he likes to let himself go and dash off something non-commercial like the smooth looking job in this picture. Then he puts it away and sits back to wait a few years, till the wise guys who've been calling it "Radebaugh's folly" come crawling around. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this boat is its glass-enclosed sun deck, aft, which is a complete unit in itself. When it is released it launches itself from the cruiser and, *mirabile dictu*, by a process of vegetative reproduction, you have a dinghy, powered by an outboard motor. The show and crews quarters are forward, opposite the stateroom and radio room.

KEY

A. Forward Deck
B. Gear Compartment
C. Radio Room
D. Main Cabin-Bar
E. Gas Tanks
F. Pilot Room
G. Galley
H. Sun Deck—Aft—Glass Enclosed
I. Pump Room—provisions and refrigerator
J. Gas Tanks—Oil Tanks in Engine Nacelle
K. Water Tank
L. Owner's Stateroom
M. Staterooms with Bath
P. Auxiliary Outboard Motor
Q. Light Plant

The Brother of Mrs. Morton

Continued from pages 73-122-125

"About seventy thousand pounds," she remarked meditatively. "You must be one of the most eminent men of your profession, I suppose."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" he said modestly. "Cleves and Donnery have many more of the big accounts than I have."

"But this is a very large reward which you have mentioned."

"That's just the beginning. Before I get through with the campaign I'm putting on for the Cutie Compact Company and the Art At Your Fingertips Company, my commissions might run up to a million."

"How very surprising!" Mrs. Morton said. "And how rich all the American women must be."

"No, it isn't that—but they're artistic, and they love beauty."

"How very interesting!" Mrs. Morton said.

The poet nodded in sympathetic agreement. Then he turned to Mrs. Morton. "Señora, will you pardon me if I make a suggestion? Since the American gentleman understands no Spanish, we must not burden him with the little undertaking which we had agreed upon for this evening. I will come on another occasion, and bring the manuscript again."

"Certainly not, Señor," Mrs. Morton said firmly. "After your kindness in coming all this way for the purpose of giving me this great pleasure? By no means! The American gentleman will at least enjoy the beautiful sound of your verse, and I will explain to him the general purport of the plot as it develops." She turned pleasantly to Mr. Morton. "Señor Castellano very kindly agreed to bring the manuscript of his new blank-verse play and read it to me this evening. I can imagine no greater privilege than hearing it. And I think we had better begin at once. Please sit there, Señor Castellano, where the light is good."

Mr. Morton was appalled. What! He sit here during interminable hours and listen to this poet reading a blank-verse play in Spanish? Not if he knew it!

With his best smile, he said: "That's terribly kind of you. But I'm afraid I can't stay: you see, I just went out for a walk, and my wife expects me back at the hotel any minute now—and I don't want her to be worried."

"I am sorry you cannot stay," Mrs. Morton said graciously. "But I fully understand that you must not cause your wife anxiety, in these foreign regions."

In a trio of polite farewells, Mr. Morton departed. He found his way to the gate, where Plutarco awaited him with the flashlight. The pair started hotel-ward through the dark narrow streets.

Mr. Morton, shuffling over the cobblestones, grinned as he realized what a laugh his wife would have on him when he told her of his adventures and of what a narrow escape he had had. Blank-verse plays in Spanish! That was a good one! What a funny old Englishwoman—and what a country! ⋕

Railroads on the Floor

Continued from page 46

measures, or at least a Bronx cheer. On the other hand, the entire realm of entertainment offers nothing quite as satisfying as quick, efficient traffic management. So complete is the illusion that it dwarfs the fun of artificial, abstract games.

Expense and complicated operation usually make model railroading a co-operative venture, with the road itself located in public rooms or a member's home. Outstanding among such systems are those of the Westchester Model Club at New Rochelle, New York; the Milwaukee Union Terminal R. R., owned by the Model R. R. Club of Milwaukee; the Big 7 Route, a privately owned road at South Orange, New Jersey, consisting of three terminal and four main-line divisions with their control towers; and the Atlas Northern at Rochester, New York, which has four control towers, a complicated terminal division, a double-tracked main line of some hundred feet with three feeder divisions, one elevated, one subway. The Milwaukee road is one of the most accurately managed, with telephone dispatching, regular printed time cards, train sheets, even "scale clocks" with hands moving twelve times as fast as standard! All of these are "O" gauge (roughly scaled ¼ inch to the foot), as are most others. There are, however, extensive systems both larger and smaller. "OO" gauge (¾ inch between rails) seems to be increasingly popular as it takes less space and is less costly to build.

Another of the largest "O" gauge roads is that of the New York Society of Model Engineers, which has its marine department, a smaller "OO" gauge road, and less extensive efforts in larger gauges. It is to such builders as the members of the N.Y.S.M.E. that the model road of today owes its respectable maturity. While its real purpose is to associate model builders, its central interest is the railroad, one of the craft's masterpieces which is operated by a full corps of officials one night each week. In its membership are automobile manufacturers, radio and electrical engineers, railroad engineers and firemen, bankers, brokers, doctors, dentists, lawyers, artists and architects.

Like this one, many of the roads have miniature stations, water towers, section shanties, and even complete cities along the route. The old romance of tunnels, mountains and bridges still flourishes. These have graduated from the 49c toy stage into elaborate continuous settings built at considerable cost and labor.

Model manufacturing has, of course, become an industry, with a score or more companies devoted to steam replicas, and two to electric models only. Some specialize in smaller gauges. Rolling stock is put out either complete, or in kits—parts in various states of construction for the purchaser to complete and assemble. The finer steam locomotives run up to several thousand dollars apiece, and their detail work is perfect in all visible respects. Most systems are run by electricity, irrespective of the appearance of the engines, but there are live steam models on the market, which actually operate under their own power. They are difficult to control, and consequently, not used much in practical operation. Outside third rail—like a subway or suburban railroad—is the normal power distribution except in reproductions of railroads using suspended overhead wires. The latter is an extremely difficult and more costly type to construct in miniature. It has its own proponents however, especially among electric railroad ("juice") fans, and one model maker devotes himself entirely to them.

Model builders have their own organization—the National Model Railroad Association—which held its second annual convention at Chicago's Union Station last September. There were exhibits of members' work and manufacturers' lines, sight-seeing tours. Business sessions adopted standard measurements for "O" and "OO" gauge and received with acclamation a gesture of official recognition by the Association of American Railroads.

II

Model activities, for all their vigor, are but one phase of a larger railroad enthusiasm which has many other means of expression and many active organizations throughout the country. Most prominent of these is Railroad Enthusiasts, an incorporated organization in the United States, and its affiliate, the Railway Correspondence and Travel Society of Great Britain. For its three hundred members Railroad Enthusiasts publishes a twenty-page illustrated magazine, unfortunately called *The Enthusiast.* There are centers in several cities, among them a good-sized room in the Grand Central Terminal at New York, where the organization has about one hundred members. Other divisions are in Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Los Angeles and Louisville. Members pay two dollars a year plus one dollar for division dues. It was incorporated two years ago, and is still headed by H. W. Pontin of Boston. One of R. E.'s principal activities is the railroad excursion which covers not Niagara Falls or the World's Fair, but points of interest in the railroad itself: round houses, freight and passenger yards, and frequently out-of-the-way routes which have been abandoned for passenger use, but which are prominent in railroad history.

When the first of these was planned the New York Central skeptically offered a private car on a regular train if enough turned out to fill it. But when the brothers arrived it took a private train to accommodate them: eleven coaches, two diners and two locomotives. Recent trips have been to Baltimore over the B. & O. with historical B. & O. rolling stock as the principal attraction; to Oneonta, New York, over the West Shore, Ulster and Delaware, thence to Albany by the D. & H., back to New York via the N. Y. C.; and to Susquehanna, Pennsylvania via the Erie. Fare averages less than a cent a mile. The delegation to Oneonta went in two private trains, each consisting of seven coaches, a Pullman observation, two diners and two locomotives. One diner served a table d'hote menu at seventy-five cents and one dollar; the other, sandwiches and refreshments.

In addition to the Enthusiasts, there is the National Railway Historical Society of Philadelphia, with branches in Baltimore, Lancaster, Trenton and New York. For more serious students of the subject there is the Railway Locomotive and Historical Society which collects and preserves files of data for perpetual reference. Its headquarters in the States is at Cambridge, and it has representation both in our cities and in Canada.

Still more specialized, yet larger and more influential is the Electric Railroaders' Association, with national headquarters in New York, division headquarters at Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta, San Francisco, and active centers in many other cities. E. R. A.'s four hundred members are contacted through its *Bulletin* which carries news of interest to devotees of main line electric railways, interurban, suburban, elevated, subway and surface lines. Its presiding genius is E. Jay Quinby, National Secretary, whose own model road has already been mentioned. E. R. A., like the others, is a non-profit organization. Its purposes are to unite all electric rail fans, make the public conscious of the advantages of the electric rail carriers over highway competition, to disseminate information on progressive moves in the industry, to collect information, statistics and

Continued at top of page 128

Railroads on the Floor

Continued from pages 46-127

history of Electric Railways, photographs and models of obsolete contemporary and proposed lines, structures and equipment, and to form a library of reference works.

Both R. E. and E. R. A. as well as the other associations of similar character present lectures on and movies of operation, ranging from the publicity films loaned them by rail lines and occasional shots taken on vacation to full length features specially produced by their members. Of the latter, Walter Druck's *Mighty Monarchs of the Rails*, a three reeler with full synchronized sound score, ranks as high as any.

Both organizations are widening their propaganda work in behalf of the railroads, and R. E. has just announced the formation in New York of a "Committee of Railroad Support to offer voluntary assistance to railroads which are criticized by the public for various failures of commission or omission, or those which are running the barrage of public hearings on matters of service, elimination of grade crossings and other matters." The Committee consists of a commuter on each of the railroads entering New York. Members in Vermont lent their support recently to help save the milk traffic of the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain Railroad from busses. E. R. A. was instrumental in delaying a threatened abandonment by demonstrating at the court hearing the safety features used on the railroad and impossible to use on busses. The result was extensive space in the local press and greater railroad consciousness among its readers.

Thus the fan organizations are not only serving the interest of their members, but are rapidly becoming a focus of public sentiment against tax exemption of highway carriers and similar discrimination.

III

The rail fan is almost inevitably a collector. In addition to model roads, excursions and meetings, he occupies himself with elaborate scrapbooks devoted to his particular specialty. They are in most cases distinguished by some locale, type of equipment or historical period. At meetings he usually finds kindred spirits who share his fancy for old timers or streamliners as the case may be. The former are still most popular and the latter, though a novelty, are parvenus. For those unable to go into models, photographs are a welcome though secondary satisfaction. At least two companies offer extensive lists and albums. Collections range well into the thousands with highly specialized items.

Here as elsewhere electric fans have their own preferences and are to be heard debating the merits of obscure types of rolling stock in remote regions. Even the streetcar does not lack its admirers with more specialization. Some prefer modern lightweight, low level cars such as the new ones in Chicago, Washington and Brooklyn. Many more champion older types with open platforms. I have never found any horse car fans, but doubtless there are some who long for the good old days before electricity had supplanted "one of God's noblest creatures."

Photograph collections are universal among all orders of fans, but are augmented in many cases by files of timetables, tickets, tokens, transfers, equipment catalogues, operating time cards and blueprints. Among the stranger specialties are badges, uniform buttons and ticket punches. Mr. Raymond Gale of New Britain, Connecticut, has one of the most unusual: a collection of ninety railroad marker lanterns. Among ticket collectors, a probable record is held by C. R. Gordon Stuart of London. Mr. Stuart started a few years ago at school and now at the age of twenty-seven can show more than forty-three thousand items. But most ambitious of all, and necessarily limited, are collections of full sized locomotives and cars. These range from one to several and vary from a group of old local steam engines on standard gauge track on a private estate in Pennsylvania, to single items such as the interurban electric car of W. Lupher Hay on ninety feet of private track at Lakeside, Ohio. The headquarters of the Michiana Model Engineers' Club at South Bend is an abandoned South Shore line car.

Unofficial organ of the entire unofficial railroad fraternity is Munsey's *Railroad Stories Magazine*. Its international circulation of three hundred twenty-five thousand reaches fans in almost every country from here to the Antipodes, and its editors are wise enough to cater to all phases of the mania, including model building, excursions, and picture collecting (it has its own International Engine Picture Club). There is considerable fiction of a not too literary character, historical and technical accounts, news, question and answer, reminiscence departments, and a trading post for collectors to publish offers of trade. *Railroad Stories*' circulation probably underestimates the extent of the railroad fever as it does not reach many of the brothers, and as the circulation reaches many who are not subscribers.

The iron trail is again on the up. Not least responsible for the new promise of life is its vast army of admirers whose earliest thrill was the sight of the iron horse at the village station, who felt the romance inseparable from endless rails over the hills to lands beyond the horizon, and who have not lost faith in the railroad's unique position in mass transportation. ⁂

Something About Pegler

Continued from page 82

hardly remember a time when they didn't know the score."

From that point on, Pegler is writing about the sex books, the manuals of love, written by a "gritty, gloomy lot," cold anatomies of love. He even kids himself with "we-all, baby-havin', 'tater-hoein', homespun folks of the great American majority—well, stranger, we don't regard sex as any fittin' topic for a book." He thinks the human race has made fair progress "and no man of any pride will ever admit that he had to turn to Chapter IX to brush up on courtship." As I have grumbled myself, in these pages, about the familiar slander that the American people know nothing about love, I can see what he means.

But Pegler's slant is the important thing. He is suggesting that intellectuals go off the rails in matters of sex, fail to adjust themselves to its realities, and do not savor its pleasures; which is probably true in enough instances. He is also suggesting that the average sensual man—*and woman*—is abundantly happy in his sexual life, of which a vast amount of testimony in the courts and asylums ought to make us suspicious. And he forgets the sex literature of the drugstore counters, where a hundred copies are sold for every one which goes out by mail to the subscribers of the *New Republic* and the *Nation*. He forgets the ads in the pulp magazines. In effect, he dislikes the anatomists of sexual love and assumes that, since they are intellectuals, their readers also are. It's a long jump.

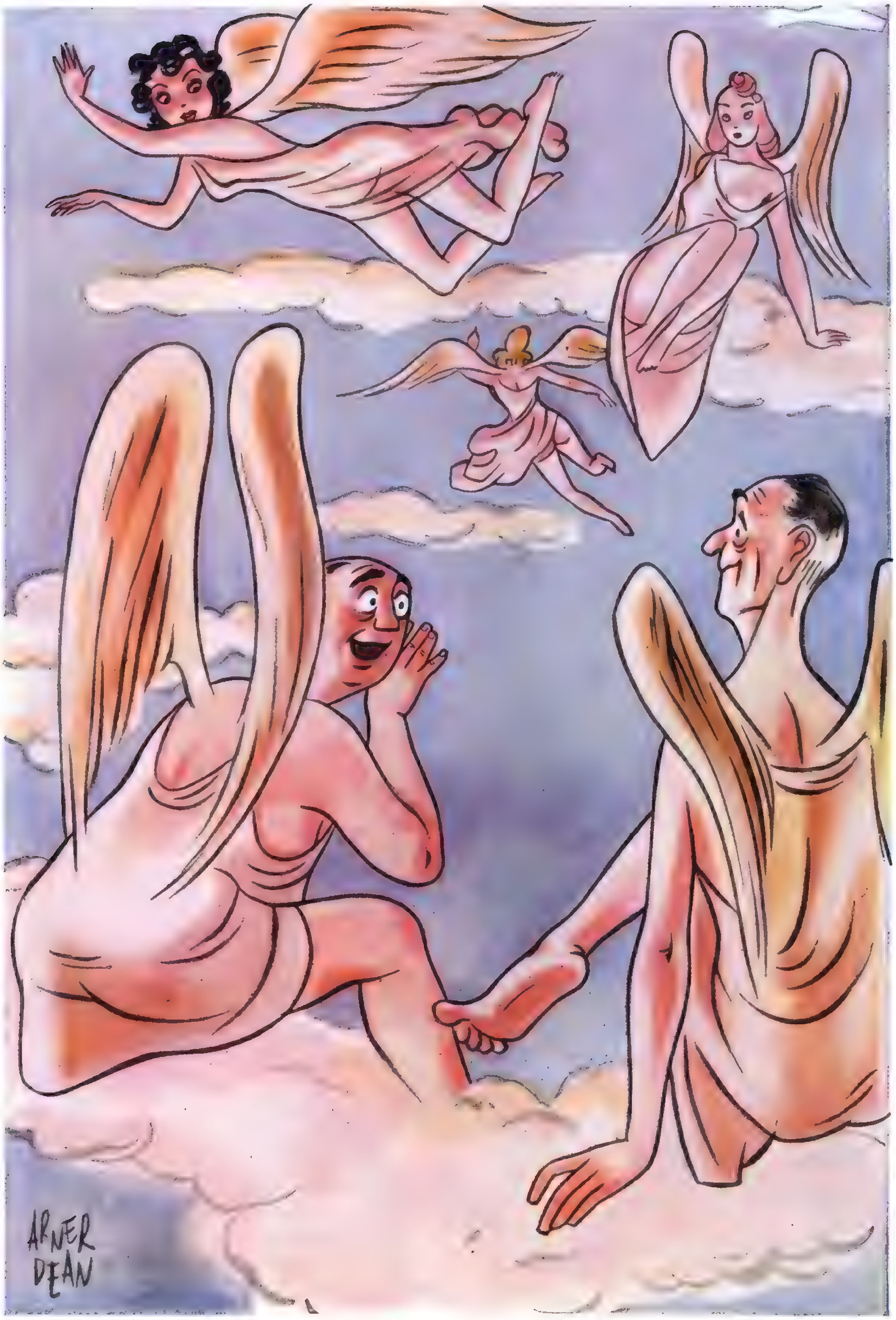
I have met very few men who didn't enjoy reading Pegler; I have never yet met a woman who cared for his column in the slightest degree. Maybe I meet the wrong kind of women, but I know some who can take them all, from Winchell and Sobol to Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson. They don't cotton to Pegler. I don't know whether women liked Ed Howe, whom Pegler often resembles. I think Pegler is unconscious of the possibility that women read newspapers. Maybe that's part of his toughness—and of his charm.

Pegler has said—maybe he was quoting some mentor of his own—that it takes good leg work to remain a good columnist. He is always taking off, not on tours and trips he'd want to do anyhow, combining vacations with his job; he goes directly to a scene of action, as he did to the flood area. He turns himself into a straight reporter, omitting the spot news, often turning up stuff which the correspondents are too busy to send. He covers a lot of territory and gives a good account. I have been away from the big city on occasions myself and know that it's harder to turn out copy between trains than it is between drinks; but Pegler's old news training is still with him. He's got his byline and his picture and his column now; but he'll always have a job waiting for him if he gets tired of being a swell columnist.

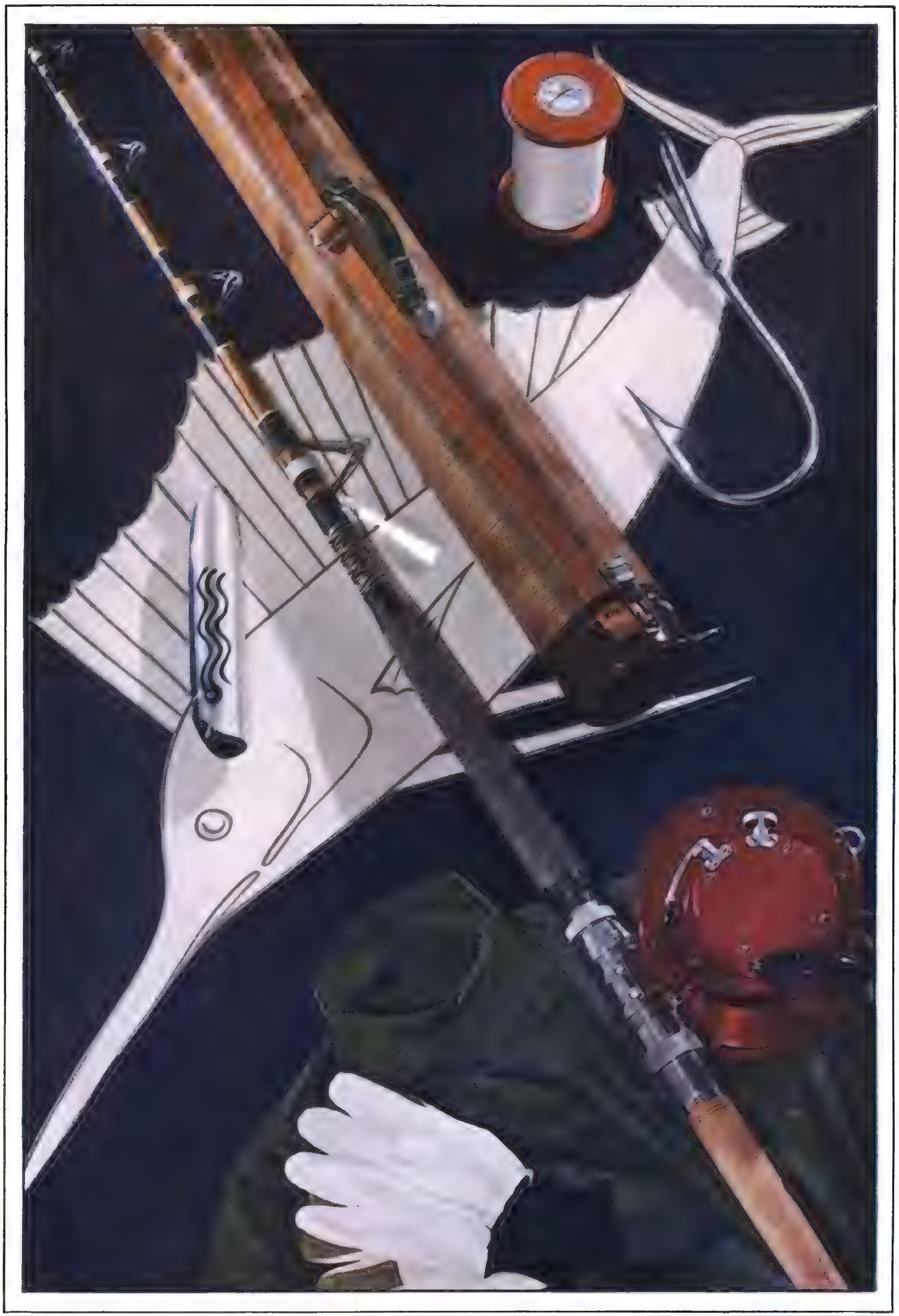
I have harder things to say of the American intellectual than Pegler has ever needed to say; I suspect that Pegler is making a voyage of discovery and every once in a while an intellectual swims by and Pegler either pulls him out, to see if he is worth rescuing, or hits him a clip on the ear, to make sure he sinks. Heywood Broun, who also came over from the sports page, used to be like that and look what happened to Heywood—he was in danger of becoming an intellectual himself when he became a labor leader instead (which is a much more satisfying job). Pegler must be in his early forties now, so not much can happen to him. He'll probably find that a few people who think are not actively offensive and that a lot who don't may be running his country straight into the arms of the first Hitlerian savior of the common man who arrives at the right moment—economically. That is, when the middleclass average man still feels that he has something to save.

That will displease Pegler. He is willing to defend the commonness of the common man but he wishes the common man weren't such a bastard, politically. It is typical, I think, that municipal graft, or State graft, hits Pegler hard, and that graft in general hits him harder than the lack of fundamental brainwork in our legislatures. My guess is that Pegler criticizes the workings of a law ten times—and the law itself once, if at all. That makes him refreshing. He's just the man to pop up in the back row of press conferences and ask impertinent questions. But there's no reason for him to go behind the barn to smoke the forbidden weed of a book on economics or a magazine without humor. He's grown up now and has all the privileges—including the right to vote.

He's still pretty fresh. And if the edge of his rage against tyranny is ever dulled—there are the Olympics of 1940—in Tokyo—to give him another taste of dictatorship. After two such doses Pegler might even cotton to a labor leader or to Herbert Hoover—whichever seemed at the moment to be protecting liberty more successfully. ⁂



"I had no idea things would be like this or I wouldn't have been so careful of my liver"



STAGED AND DESIGNED BY WHITING-FELLOWS

WHEN YOU GO DOWN TO THE SEA AND FISH

The background for this display of big game tackle and accessories is the flag that the boat's owner proudly flies on the way back into the dock, to tell the waiting world that the expedition has met and captured its quarry. There's a flag like this for marlin, broadbill, tuna, and sailfish. There ought to be one for the Mako shark, but so far there isn't. (For that matter, there probably ought to be one for lost tackle. Write to your congressman.) The other items on the page seem self-explanatory, though it may be necessary to explain to squeamish maiden aunts that the hook in the upper right hand corner isn't a hook at all, but a shark or game-fish gaff. Other items: aluminum alloy metal rod-case wound with fiber cord, a heavy-duty rod with a reel of approved type, a spool of linen line, an aluminum bodied Zane Grey teaser lure, an oilskin coat and canvas gloves with re-enforced leather fingers.

For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Nicolas de Molas: the Versatile

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traits, designing rooms and furniture, managing fêtes and masques, preparing sketches for murals, designing costumes and fulfilling any one of a dozen other artistic commissions. Hardly any challenge would have found him backward or deficient, for he does today all the things court painters used to do centuries ago. Nicolas de Molas is the court painter born two hundred years too late, but with the power of adapting his talents profitably to modern demands. He is supple, clever, varied, amiable and able, unhobbled by temperament. He fulfills his commissions and sees beyond them. His collaborators are decorators and architects instead of court favorites and chamberlains. He has passed through his School of Paris period into ingratiating decorativeness. De Molas has revived, more than he has adapted, an outworn function. There survive some members of the nobility of birth whose fortunes and whose estates serve as models for the newly-created nobility of finance and industry and in serving the nobility of wealth as well as that of birth de Molas has put off for a time that dread day of reckoning with the law of diminishing returns.

The conversation picture and the ceiling painting are the two types of centuries-old art which de Molas has brought up to date. The renewed vogue for the ceiling picture is languishing, but out of the conversation piece de Molas has made, in the more innocent use of that vernacular, a racket. The conversation piece is supposed to have started with a group of Italian artists who went around painting on commission portraits of a man and his family, his friends and his pets, his home and his furniture, all on one canvas. These pictures served to show, among other things, how people lived and dressed at the time, besides constituting a naïve and friendly form of art and a harmless expression of vanity, in the man who gave the commission. The habit spread to England, and Hogarth earned an honest guinea now and then with a c.p. commission, as did Gainsborough, who took the c.p. outdoors where it tended to lose its friendly, genre quality and became more formal. (Sacheverell Sitwell has just published a book on this subject, should you care. It is called *Conversation Pieces.*)

In the course of time Nicolas de Molas came to England. In the course of time he was invited to Chatsworth, the magnificent estate of the Dukes of Devonshire. (From now on, lords and ladies are going to pass through this article just as if they were ordinary men and women—which they are.) Devonshire House, in London, one of the glories of the English past, had been sold and dismantled. From the wreckage, Edward, Marquess of Hartington, eldest son of the Duke, had salvaged the beautiful woodwork and mantelpiece of the dining room, which he had had fitted into his own London house. Over the mantel was a space approximately five by three and a half feet. For this space the Marquess asked de Molas to paint a portrait, so to speak, of Chatsworth and that is how de Molas, single-handed and almost by chance, revived the conversation piece in England.

At first de Molas painted in only the house, grounds and park with himself in the foreground at his easel. Then the Marquess asked: "Why not put me in?" And he put him in, leaning against a tree. Then one or the other remarked: "Doesn't this look like a conversation piece?" And sure enough it was. Then he put in a pair of fighting cocks and a pair of spirited horses (the estate is famous for both) and the Duke himself shooting and various members of the family in various attitudes. Every time de Molas lunched with the Marquess in his London house some heretofore neglected member of the family would beg to be included. Three years after he had fondly believed he had finished the picture, the Duke's nineteen grandchildren (by two sons and three daughters) insisted on being indicated and de Molas tipped in nineteen little figures playing on a walk. De Molas recalls old Lord Salisbury (son of Queen Victoria's Prime Minister) saying: "Young man, better put it under glass or you'll never have it finished."

It was worth the trouble it took. The Duke ordered a second c.p. from de Molas for his younger son, Lord Charles Cavendish, as a present on the occasion of that young man's marriage to Adele Astaire, the dancer. The scene was Lismore Castle, in Ireland, with Lord Charles proudly displaying to Miss Astaire a fat salmon which had obviously come from the stream in which week-end guests are disporting themselves. Lady Astor heard about these pictures and decided she had to have one. De Molas traveled to Taplow and painted the Astors and their estate, Cliveden, subsequently painting a supplement, Lady Astor's Cricket Week at Cliveden. (See page 107.) De Molas had begun painting conversation pieces in 1930. By 1935 certain circles in America had become aware of his English vogue. The Belins are kinsmen to the Pierre S. Du Ponts, whose estate, Longwood, in Pennsylvania, became the painter's first American sitter, so to speak. It is the only estate with which de Molas was not permitted to take any liberty. Every tree to be painted in was indicated. The artist had to paint out Mr. Du Pont's casually uplifted arm to make his pose the less informal. For the Verner Reeds, of Pinehurst, North Carolina, de Molas painted his largest canvas, thirteen by nine feet, large enough to include the estate, Sandy Woods, as well as portraits of persons and horses, with a little less than absolute fidelity permitted the artist in his delineation of the Reeds' pack of hounds. This c.p. hangs in the Reeds' Newport home in order that their winter home may keep fresh in their summer memories.

Mrs. Truxton Beale, a descendant of Stephen Decatur ("My country, right or wrong") is one of Washington's most fashionable hostesses. Once a year, on the night of the White House reception to the diplomatic corps, she gives a party, to the same gentry and their wives and friends. Her home, Decatur House, is just across the street from the White House. De Molas had been invited, December 17, 1935, to both functions. Looking around at the dress-uniformed and be-medalled ambassadors in Mrs. Beale's drawing room, he remarked to her: "This looks exactly like reunion in Vienna." And she said: "Why don't you paint it?" and he did, thus creating his first interior conversation piece, with recognizable portraits of Sir Ronald and Lady Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Laboulaye, the Swedish, Norwegian and Brazilian ambassadors, all under a gas-lit chandelier, for there is no electricity in Decatur House. Among other c.p.'s, de Molas is doing one of a romantic landscape suggesting the south of France being admired by a Chicago couple who have no estate of their own, although enough of a bank balance to meet his bill. This commission has suggested to the painter a variation in his genteel racket, the painting of portraits of people in the midst of landscapes they admire but do not possess.

Nicolas de Molas did not begin his painting with c.p.'s and will not end his career with them. Back in 1927 he renewed the vogue for the ceiling painting, under the aegis and with the social sponsorship of Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl), fashionable decorator of Paris and the Riviera. For Lady Mendl herself he painted his largest ceiling, one measuring one hundred twenty-eight feet at its widest point. The first commission of this kind came from Paul Louis Weiller, the aviator, whose home in Versailles de Molas decorated with *Balloon*, an imaginative record of the first ascent. The homes of Lady Maxwell Scott and Mrs. Woolley Hart were similarly adorned.

In the meantime, and since, the artist fulfilled a number of mural commissions for the rich, if not the idle. Among his mural clients have been Sir Louis Mallet, whose home in Grasse he decorated, Frederick Lewisohn, of London, William Burton, of Moujins, Raymond Tartière, of Paris, on whose walls he painted views of ancient Paris, and the Gilbert Millers, for whose London home he painted two decorative panels. (Mrs. Miller is the daughter of the banker, Jules Bache, who recently gave the state of New York a collection of Old Masters worth millions and a mansion in which to house them.)

Mr. de Molas, modern court painter, has not been above patronage. His clients have been pleased. So has he. It is pleasant to go about visiting the greatest country houses in England and America and painting pictures under circumstances so beneficent as those which have thus far attended the painter.

But if an almost perfect stranger like this writer may make a surmise, Nicolas de Molas is happiest in the theatre. Even now, with various c.p. commissions demanding to be finished, he itches to do a job for the American stage. Although he has worked for the leading English and American producers, of opera and the revue, and for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (in Rome) he may do no work for the American theatre until he has joined the appropriate labor union, which he will be most happy to be allowed to do. To say that he will make a success in the American theatre is to make a modest prediction.

As a boy he worked in the Marinski Theatre in Petrograd in order that he might qualify for a food card. A refugee in Prague in 1921, when he wasn't much older, he worked, and for pretty much the same reason, on the production of Mozart's *Magic Flute.* But his grown-up career in the theatre began in 1931 when he designed the scenery and costumes for the Cochran-Noel Coward revue of that year. He did a similar job for the production in Covent Garden of Rossini's *The Italian in Algiers*, but his most ambitious stage job was for the Covent Garden presentation of Frederick Delius' opera, *Koanga*, which called for designs for five sets and sixty costumes. In Paris, at the request of Sacha Guitry, he made the designs for *Mon Ami Pierrot*, libretto by Guitry, music by Sam Barlow, the first American to have his opera performed in France by a state theatre. After seeing his water color sketches for many of these sets and costumes, it is easy to see how theatre-wise de Molas is. He knows how to make stage designs interpret and add to action. He knows how the first sketch of a scene will work out in its enlargement and final form. In a pinch he can paint the set himself; he knows how to put story content into costumes. For a projected production of *Rigoletto* he designed a revolving rostrum allowing three quick changes for a complicated scene. His theatre work has had the secondary advantage of compelling him to create for exhibition purposes a large body of water colors, many of which already have been snapped up by

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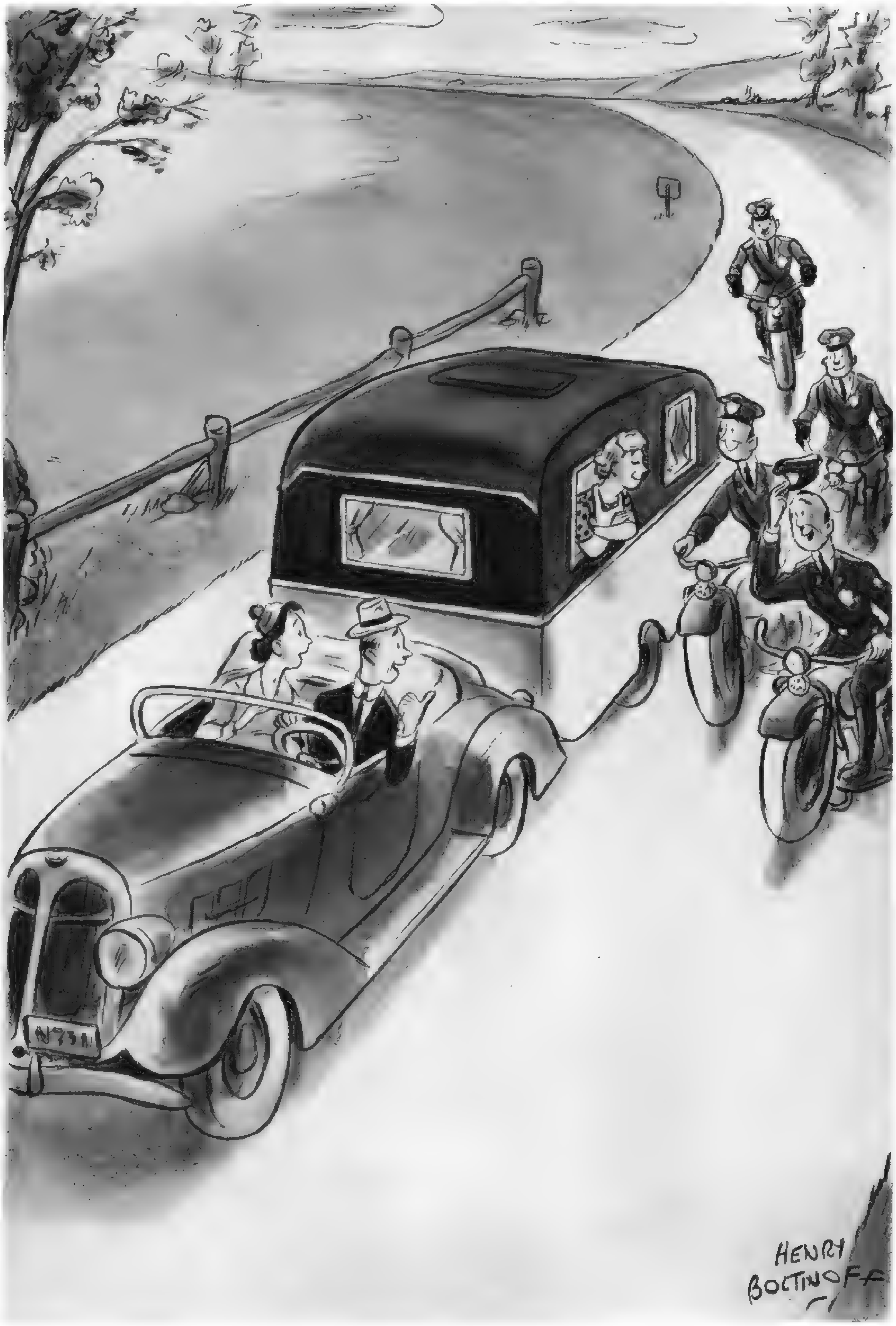
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"They're not after us—they're just dating Nora!"

Nicolas de Molas: the Versatile

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collectors. Being engaged mainly in decorating the homes of the wealthy, he is in the fortunate, and perhaps not so fortunate, position of having more opportunities to exhibit his work than he has easel paintings to exhibit. More than once has he found himself torn between art and commissions, His theatre work, therefore, is more than a pleasant compromise between the two urges.

All artists are handy, as a rule, but de Molas can stand on his head. He is at the least double-jointed. He can adapt himself to modern industry no less readily than to ancient courts, as was shown in the challenging commission he completed for Fortnum and Mason's, of London. For this swank specialty shop-department store, he designed the general scheme of a floor, with decorative schemes for each of the rooms on it, the stairway leading to it, the mural on the wall alongside, the furniture in the rooms, mantelpieces, chintz curtains, painted blinds, rugs and mosaics. All these were built and designed by studios after de Molas' sketches and the painter receives royalties on the sales of these curtains, blinds and rugs. Copies of his chintz curtains adorn the windows of his New York studio. Perhaps some day de Molas will design an automobile. So far he hasn't been found wanting. Some years ago, in Paris, he designed an entertainment. For years, incidental to his other jobs he has been illustrating, in color and in black and white, for some of the leading English and American fashion magazines. Being prudent he does not care to give up the least of these assignments, for he has learned how one thing may lead to another. He has even written 35,000 words of a novel, tentatively entitled *I Hate You All*, in which he will use, if not directly tell, the most interesting story which is the story of his life. Yes, he is a most versatile young man and we who can, at best, do only one thing well may comfort ourselves with the reflection that there is a price for versatility, which even de Molas has to pay.

De Molas traces his ancestral steps back to San Pedro de Torillo, in Castile, from which place his great-grandfather, with his son, de Molas' grandfather, left for Russia at the beginning of the last century, when the Carlist wars made living in Spain almost as uncomfortable then as it is now. Some time thereafter the Molases were wallowing in distinctions in Russia, where the de was dropped. The most distinguished member of the family was Peter Molas, great-uncle in whose honor a monument was erected in Kronstadt. He held the rank of admiral in the Russian Navy and was one of those who died at Port Arthur when the Japanese blew up the flagship of the Russian fleet, the *Petropavlovsk*. The name of this great-uncle alone made inaccessible places accessible to the painter. Besides, Rimsky-Korsakoff, with whose family the Molases were thrice intermarried, was his grandmother's brother. On his mother's side there was a grandfather who was governor of Poland. One great-uncle governed Lithuania and another served the Czar as Ambassador to the Sublime Porte. The painter's father was himself in the foreign service and the artist remembers going abroad five or six times before he was old enough to go to school. Under the circumstances one wonders that the Bolsheviks ever allowed the young man to sing the *International* and have a food card into the bargain.

The efforts of tutors were supplemented by an excellent private school education. At home he learned, besides Russian, English, French, German and Italian. He was only fourteen when the revolution came. Had his schooling been less thorough and civilizing one could say that the revolution interfered with his education. De Molas does not today give the impression that he was inadequately prepared either for life or society. Had he been born a few years later and in a lower strata he might easily have become one of Russia's wild boys. One could not blame him if he slapped himself on the chest and declared himself a self-made man, but he prefers to give the credit to Karl May's Gymnasium, which he calls the only completely liberal school in St. Petersburg. It had been founded in 1900 as a co-operative owned by parents and it bore on its payroll not only a Greek Catholic priest, but also a Roman Catholic priest, a Protestant clergyman and a Jewish rabbi. The faculty consisted of university men and after the fifth year students had the right to choose their own courses and engage professors accordingly.

At first Nicolas was frightfully taken up with music and his mother secretly hoped he would become a pianist but subsequently he became interested in drawing and remained interested, even though the sons of three famous painters who were in the same class jeered at him for his clumsiness and shyness. Art was not suspect in his family, for the grandfather who had been governor of Poland painted in water color upon his retirement. As a boy of ten Nicolas already knew about Picasso and Matisse and spent his Christmas money on art books, among which he vividly recalls Meier-Graefe's *The French Impressionists*. As soon as his parents realized that Nicolas meant business, they sent him to the New Art School which had been organized by a group of modern painters under the leadership of Jacovieff. Through Benois, one of the school heads, he came into contact with people of the theatre, opera and ballet, including Bakst and Chaliapin. These connections were valuable when the revolution came and even art students had to work to eat. He became an apprentice-pupil of the stage studio connected with the Marinski Theatre. He mixed paints, cut canvas and on cold mornings thawed out the solidified pots of paint. He recalls days so cold that he had to work in overcoat and galoshes and performances at which overcoated audiences shivered and marveled at the intrepidity of ballerinas dancing only in their ballet dresses, not knowing, as de Molas did, that under these dresses the dancers were wearing sweaters down to their wrists.

Young de Molas cut his eye teeth in the theatre by painting scenery from artists' sketches. There was much of this to do, for the original company, together with the original stacks of scenery, was abroad at the time of the revolution, and stayed abroad, and new sets had to be painted all over again, from old designs. In the Spring of 1921 some of the younger performers wanted to get out of Petrograd and persuaded someone in authority to sanction a tour of propaganda plays. Our young hero was taken on as scene shifter. Performances were given at railroad stations; the company lived on the train and drifted from town to town, en route to Murmansk, at the mercy of available engines. No propaganda play was available at the beginning of the tour, a Goldoni comedy had to serve and one of de Molas' tasks was to explain to the peasants how Goldoni had anticipated Communist ideology, Harlequin standing for the proletarian spirit as against the bourgeois Pantaloon, with whose wife Harlequin had made free. Subsequently the actors did learn a revolutionary melodrama which they performed in public and jeered in private. From Murmansk de Molas made an abortive attempt to escape to Norway. He was hauled back in disgrace to Petrograd, lost his job, papers, food card and barely escaped with his life following trial before a military tribunal.

In August, 1921, de Molas made good his escape, by way of Finland and in the company of the family of an uncle, Amphitheatroff, Socialist journalist and writer whom his nephew describes as a sort of Russian Zola in nonfiction. The refugees made stops in Stockholm and Berlin before reaching Prague where Uncle met an old friend, Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovak Republic. They pitched their tents in that city for a time, de Molas enrolling in the Academy, in which a scholarship was arranged for him. But two months after Uncle had left Prague, the Academy forgot about the scholarship and de Molas had to do a stretch of starving, until rescued by his professor. In the Spring of 1922 Amphitheatroff sent him a draft to pay his fare to Levanto, near Genoa, where he and his family had taken a villa close by the home of another old journalist friend of his, one Mussolini. With a cousin, de Molas joined the Levanto Fascisti, bringing the total of that unit to nineteen members. Levanto is the first place in which Mussolini mentioned the March to Rome and a big stone block now stands in the room of first mention. In taking part in the free train ride to Rome de Molas' first thought was not Fascism but art. He is not the only student whom the Eternal City grievously disappointed. He became office boy in the Chicago *Tribune* bureau then headed by Hiram Kelly Moderwell, who took him on the moving picture sets on which M.G.M. was filming *Ben Hur*. M.G.M. gave de Molas a job as designer and at the end of two years he was one of three art directors. He conducted research in libraries, was set dresser, in charge of the wardrobe and finally designed sets. When the company struck camp de Molas was offered a place in Hollywood, but he preferred to spend his time and his savings traveling around Tuscany, mainly around Siena, painting architectural water colors.

It is 1925 in the epic of our hero. He had accepted an invitation to the south of France where, at Cannes, he painted his first mural, for the house of Sir Hugo de Bathe, husband of Lily Langtry. This mural contained the first germ, completely unconscious, of the conversation piece. The house was called Notre Dame des Anges. De Molas invented a legend of the building of the house, culminating in a picture of the house with a portrait of Sir Hugo as the chief mason.

In the Winter of 1926 de Molas visited London for the first time and his record from then on may be looked upon as a sort of triumphal tour, with sales and commissions strewing his path. That winter he gave his first exhibition. It was successful. The mural commissions began. With shillings jingling in his pocket he returned to Cannes, where there were more commissions. He traveled through Algiers, Tunis, Morocco, Spain, Greece. Later he was to discover and return to Portugal. He spent his travel months sketching, in preparation for the exhibition of drawings at the Paris galleries of Bernheim-Jeune in 1928. Almost half of the thirty drawings were sold. The ceiling commissions began coming in, subsequently the conversation pieces and theatre jobs. He had begun maintaining two year-round studios. He visited the United States for the first time in November, 1935. How he gets around is illustrated by the fact that a month later he

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was a guest at a White House reception. His American commissions began. He arranged for his first American exhibition and in May, 1936, returned to Europe to paint some pictures for the show. In all, seventy-two pictures were hung and some of those that had not been borrowed from old purchasers were sold to new ones. In any event, the show was a success.

He has gone further on less capital than any other living artist. It is to his credit that he realizes that his art and his social connections are not of equal weight, but when one has much of the latter one can squeeze by with a little less of the former. His chief danger lies in the fact that his public is less exacting than he is.

He feels that he has been using up his artistic capital, that he has not been refreshing his sources. He has not done much painting from Nature, animate or inanimate. He has been inventing his own conventions of how to express elements in Nature and he has been repeating those conventions so that he has been painting trees, for example, that may become stereotypes for trees. It is entirely to his credit that he sees above the heads and beyond the requirements of his patrons and that he demands more from the artist within him than from the successful salon painter. It will be his task to see how much of the artist there really is in Nicolas de Molas and how much of the illustrator. The least that can be said for him is that he does not appear to be sunk in complacency nor devoid of curiosity and standards. "American painting," he said, "is frightfully clever, but not inspiring." Mr. de Molas knows how valuable cleverness can be.

Fancies of a Plain Cop

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a fugitive from Dutch law, American law and the law of the high seas. During his first few days' residence in a tree on Union Hill, Hoboken, he was the object of an intensive search by New Jersey and New York police who were told to look for a tough customer accused of practically everything in the book. At that time Cornelius was only sixteen. He had run away from his well-to-do father in Rotterdam under the inspiration of wild adventure tales related by an uncle who served under Napoleon and who spent his old age making passes with a battle-scarred sabre and sicking young Cornelius into fights with bigger boys. Willemse Senior wanted his son back to give him another caning. The Dutch gendarmes wanted Nelis to put him in jail for forging his father's name on the ship's papers. The port and United States immigration authorities wanted the lad for illegal entry into America. And the captain of the ship Cornelius deserted particularly desired to clap young Willemse into the brig which he had broken open to release another mutinous sailor. But Cornelius outwitted them all. When the *Obdam* sailed back to Holland he spent his last nickel on a ferry to the Battery and landed, as his uncle would have wanted him to do, without a cent in his pockets, without a friend in New York and without the slightest idea of how he was going to earn a living.

Willemse, however, possessed two qualifications for employment in New York. He had not yet learned to drink and he could fight like a fiend without becoming entangled in the rules. He could steal very well, too, Willemse assured me, and so managed to keep himself and two friends in full stomach from the kitchen of a restaurant where he washed dishes. He soon got a job delivering meat for a butcher in a thug-ridden district. The young Dutchman won general esteem by challenging a gang leader to fight and using boxing gloves caked with dried blood which cut his opponent to pieces. Just to keep in practice he went on an Irish picnic where three bargefuls of Hibernians fought continuously with fists, bottles, beer-glasses and chairs, attacked a boat-load of police who tried to prevent their landing on Long Island, and finally were compelled to run the gauntlet between two rows of cops with nightsticks who welcomed the picnickers happily home. Young Willemse was taken to City Hospital about this time with blood poisoning. He emerged to find that his landlord had moved away with all Cornelius' belongings. For five months our Dutch boy lived a bum's life through the bitter cold of a New York winter, wrapping newspapers about his body under his thin, ragged suit and stealing what he could from the free lunch counters in saloons. At last a family friend from Rotterdam chanced upon the unwashed, vermin-infested skeleton of a lad and asked him, in amazement, why he hadn't written his father for help.

"I'd rather die than do that," answered Cornelius. The friend staked him to his first bath, shave and square meal in many months, and with the help of a new suit and his old battle ardor, Willemse got himself a job as lunch-counter man and bouncer in the Eagle Hotel. Cornelius found this work doubly enjoyable, with huge cauldrons of free lunch at his disposal and an average of thirty-five or forty fights the week. One thing he had to be careful about, however, was not permitting a victim's head to strike the tiled floor after he had knocked him out. The proprietor thought murder a trifle indiscreet. It annoyed Cornelius to have to catch a fellow before he fell and ease him onto a cellar door where he was laid in readiness for the cop to find. But even this rule was off in the case of one Jim Irvine, a Bowery bad man whose especial delight was to pick a quarrel with some inoffensive stranger and thrust a lighted cigar into his eye. With Irvine, Cornelius was given a free hand. He stole up behind him, delivered a haymaker behind the ear and heard with unalloyed ecstasy the mug's head crack on the tiles. When Jim Irvine returned from the hospital he took his station behind a tree at the Eagle House door, knife in hand, waiting for Willemse. But Cornelius had already developed a policeman's sense of caution. He sneaked out a side door, again took the unfortunate Irvine from the rear and whammed him over the head with a trusty blackjack. At that moment the officer on the beat came up and started to arrest Willemse for murder. But when he recognized Irvine's unconscious face he merely chuckled. "Beat it before I see you," he said. "If this fellow's dead it's all right with me." Cornelius now felt himself properly qualified for a policeman's job and he applied for appointment. But Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner, turned him down with finality. "As long as you work in a place where they sell liquor," said T. R., "you're not wanted in the police department."

When Tammany regained full control of appointments to the force, Mr. Willemse's talents were recognized. He proudly donned a blue coat, bought himself some squaretoed shoes which cost him a dollar a month to keep polished, and strode pridefully among his gently nurtured playmates, a rookie policeman. Is it any wonder, with such a background, that the philosophy of the nightstick appealed to Officer Willemse?

"A cop's job is to boss his beat," Willemse's grizzled old Sergeant advised him. "They'll drop bricks on your head, so wear newspaper wads in your helmet. They'll put the street lights out and open the coal holes, so never run along the sidewalk when you hear somebody yell, "Help!" Jump on a wagon and sneak up on the bums who'll be waiting to do you in. They'll beat you in court. The complainant won't show up. Your prisoner'll jump his bail. Witnesses won't testify or they'll be found in the hospital. Politicians will interfere and they'll take your shield if you prosecute in spite of 'em. But this," he pointed to the cuts and lumps that adorned the face and body of a prisoner who had just received his regulation beating, "this he's got and no damn mistake about it. As soon as the hoodlums get wise to your handwriting they'll give your post a wide berth. There's more religion in the end of a nightstick than in all the sermons ever preached. When you're dealing with criminals, let 'em have it! It's the only language they understand."

It was a language, too, that young Willemse understood. I said that he was the pure, unadulterated genus cop by training, experience, philosophy and nature. He liked to fight, but especially he enjoyed inflicting punishment. The savage delight of punching terror into the soul of some helpless rebel, the almost fanatical joy of hurting a human enemy till he cries "uncle," the jungle feel of destructive energy rushing frantically over taut nerves to tearing, threshing muscles—these are the pleasures which compensate for centuries of civilized repression. And they are the important factor in the mental machinery of cops. It is futile to try to persuade oneself otherwise. Men do not work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four as Willemse did when he joined the force, they do not take continual hazing from their fellow officers and brutal oppression from their superiors, they do not risk their limbs and their lives hourly, day after day, in accidents and gun battles for $66 a month nor for reasons of sentimental righteousness or a rarified sense of duty. Cops have high pain thresholds and low sensitivity to shock, physical and emotional. They can take it and they do take it because their jobs furnish opportunities to give it to somebody else. That's the cop pattern—dominance over human beings by physical force. What! He beat up his mother? Can I take him down cellar, Sergeant? "By all means my boy." Did you hit your wife? O, you did, huh? "Sock and sock again if necessary." But—"By no means strike a man on the head. It may crack his skull. Strike him over the arms or legs unless you're dealing with a real bad crook. Then it doesn't make any difference whether he goes to the insane asylum or to jail." Thus the policeman's credo according to Willemse. And he knows.

I was lunching one day with my friend the Captain when he told a group of us about beating up a gang leader, Dopey Benny Fein, in the District Attorney's office, to extract a confession that betrayed twenty-eight mobsters. The mildest man present spoke judicially. "I don't believe in Third Degree methods," he said. "But gangsters like Fein ought to be beaten up because they're dirty crooks. Police are straight—I be-

Continued on page 137

Happy Days

Tens of thousands are keeping them forever with a home movie camera

SWIMMING, diving in the surf of some wind-swept beach—or outward bound on the deck of a boat...Tramping across country with a dog and a gun...

Or just pottering around the garden, having fun with the children, watching your adorable baby as he toddles about on an endless tour of discovery...Your happiest days—which are they?

However they come about—they're the best part of life. Thousands upon thousands of people today are keeping them forever with a movie camera.

Home movies are the great new thrill all the world's discovering. They give you a power never known before—the power of bringing back the actual changing scenes of your past experiences; living over again the happy times you've had with people you love, precious interludes you've shared together.

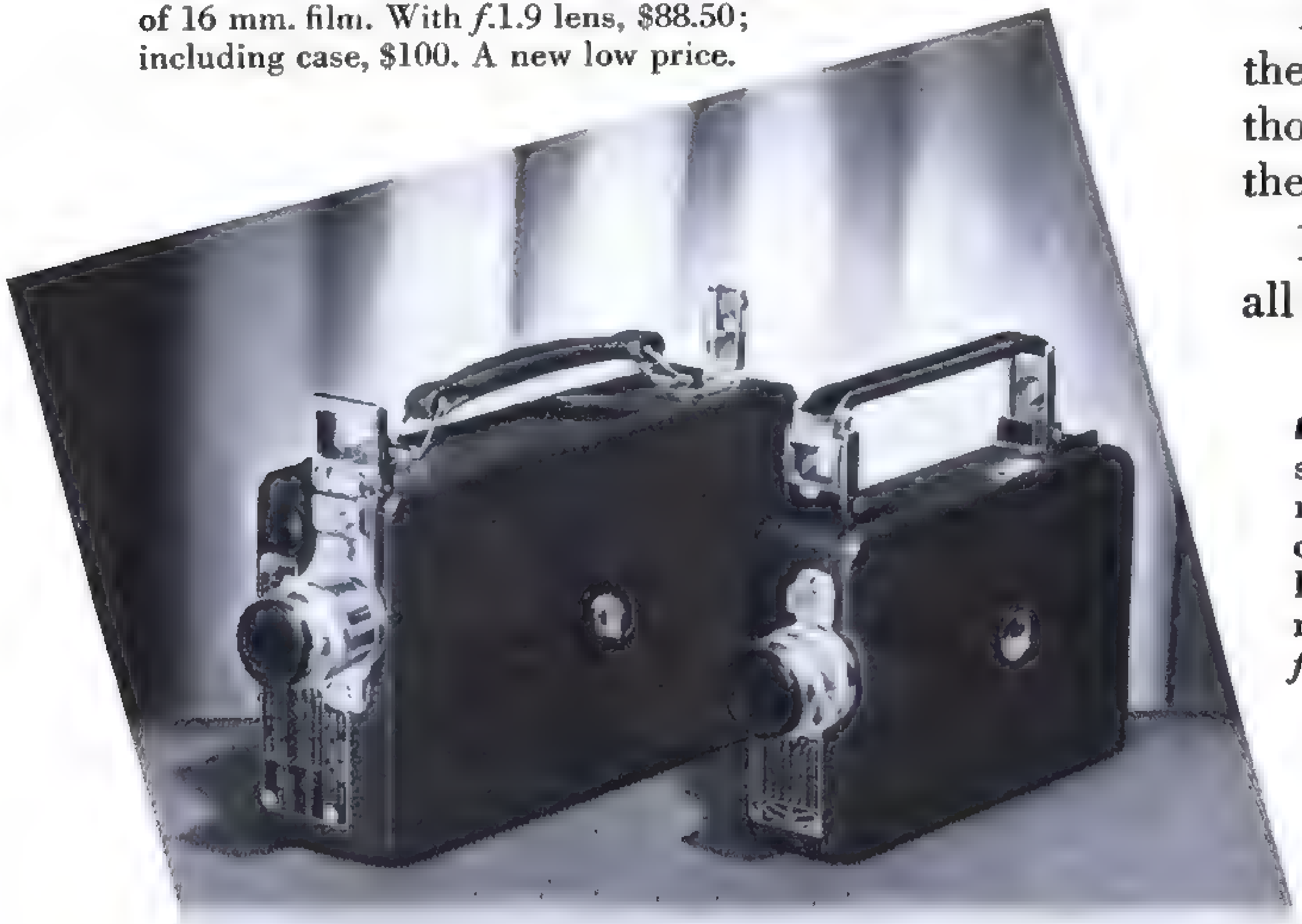
Eastman's finest home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—make it easy and simple for anyone to make home movies.

FULL-COLOR KODACHROME. And now you can get the thing you've longed for as the sheer perfection of picture taking—movies in full, natural color. These 16 mm. cameras give you either black-and-white or color movies. For radiant, glowing, lifelike color—load your camera with Kodachrome, Eastman's wonderful new color film. No fuss, no extra equipment, simple as black-and-white.

Drop in at your dealer's today—let him put both these cameras through their paces for you. He has some great reels to show you...Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

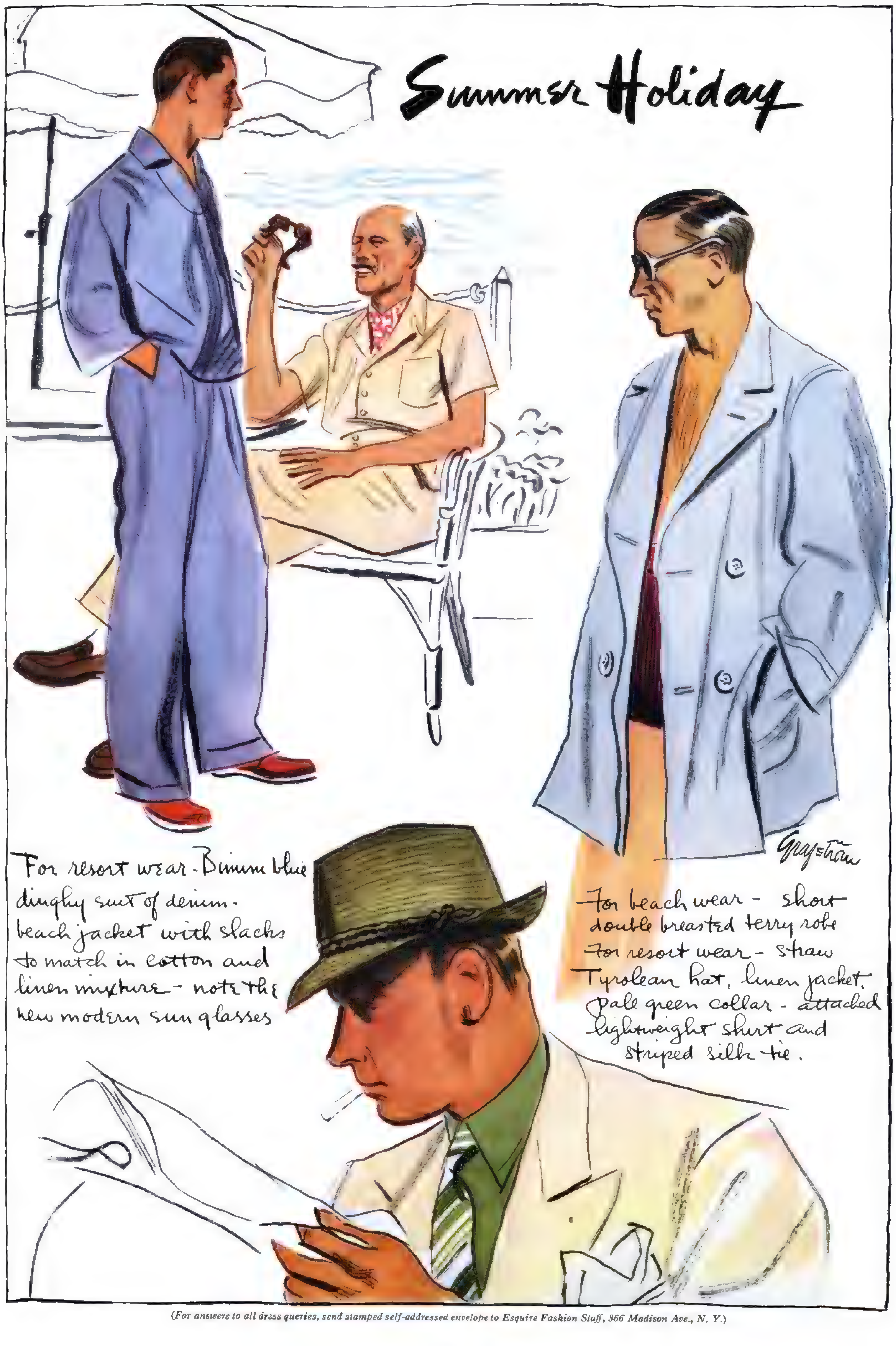
• • • •

CINÉ-KODAK "K" is the world's most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and, as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $88.50; including case, $100. A new low price.



MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is only one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50.

Summer Holiday



For resort wear - Bimini blue dinghy suit of denim - beach jacket with slacks to match in cotton and linen mixture - note the new modern sun glasses

For beach wear - short double breasted terry robe

For resort wear - straw Tyrolean hat, linen jacket, pale green collar-attached lightweight shirt and striped silk tie.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Fancies of a Plain Cop

Continued from pages 76-134

lieve that—and it gives them the right to use force." There was a funny expression on Willemse's face. He got off one of his classics. "Well," he drawled, "there may be a cop that's straight. I'd like to meet him." Poor policemen, Willemse thinks, are to be pitied, not blamed for supplementing their meagre salary pittance with Judas silver for betraying their trust. The criminal has such a convincing argument. "Don't be such a damned fool—you don't owe the public anything—what did the public ever do for you? And what'll the public do for your wife and kids if you get bumped off? Be wise, feller, and take it while the taking's good. You don't have to do a thing—just look the other way. And forget a few things—okay?" Alas, reasons the Captain, that cop may be in debt, with sick kiddies and no money to pay the doctor. I can't squeeze out any tears myself over this argument, but Willemse's lecture audiences weep copiously. Pity the poor, grafting cop, sob, sob.

But one thing I do admire about the Captain in this connection is the refreshing lack of hypocrisy with which he drops the mask of police virtue. "I'm no saint," he says, "and the cop who claims to be one is a bigger grafter than I ever was." Besides utilizing every known method of obtaining luscious and expensive edibles and drinkables for nothing, hiring boys to steal roast turkeys out of hotel kitchens, soliciting rare liquor from millionaires for visiting celebrities who didn't drink, and palsy-walsying big shot Chicago gang leaders into throwing a magnificent banquet in his honor at Jim Colosimo's, Captain Willemse admits a number of personal peccadillos. He guarded a gambling house once in the uniform of New York's finest, at a comfortable weekly stipend. He painted gray hairs out of an old bull dog and sold him at a fancy figure with attendant publicity to Gaby Deslys. He stole $600 out of his precinct captain's tin box—one of those indispensable receptacles with which every intelligent New Yorker seems to be equipped according to the testimony in Mayor Walker's case—and got away with it because the precinct commander manifested reluctance to claim the money as his own. He accepted financial presents now and then for accomplishing results which it was his duty to accomplish anyway. "But let me tell you this," Captain Willemse shouted at me, "the police department, from top to bottom, has no use for black sheep! Criminal acts which cast odium on the department enrage every man in it."

"The policeman's moral code," I suggested, "is not to do anything the public can catch him at?"

"No," the Captain said, "not that exactly." He thought for a while. "It's like this," he said. "There's a big difference between clean money and dirty money. Clean money is graft you get from business men for favors like overlooking city ordinance violations, traffic violations and so on, or for recovering lost or stolen property. Gambling donations are clean money, too—by that I mean paid protection from raids by gangsters on clubs and gambling houses. Things like that are okay. But dirty money is different. Dirty money is sharing the proceeds of prostitution, larcenies, robberies and the like; taking graft from racketeers, gangsters, thieves or pimps. See? Clean money is considered moral but dirty money will always get a cop in bad." A distinction without a difference, perhaps, to the layman. But every calling has its own inside standards of right and wrong.

The police principle, I think, can be generalized into something like this—"No compromise with our enemy the out-and-out criminal." It is more a question of the character of the individual from whom graft money comes than of what the cop actually did to earn his bribe. Appreciation of a policeman's services in extending courtesies to a distinguished citizen's family during a murder investigation is quite according to Hoyle. But to accept a grand from a racketeer to overlook some crucial evidence in a homicide case would not be cricket.

It adds up to this. Policemen are men of physical fury. So, of course, are many types of criminals. But there is one important difference. Your typical cop is gregarious; he feels somehow a necessity for hunting with the pack. His fury is restrained by the presence of people who personify, to his mind, the will of a group of which he likes to feel himself a part. Criminals have no such limitation. The one trait which all the criminals I have studied possess in common is the secret conviction that they have nothing in common with other human beings. A real criminal is at heart a lone wolf and he firmly believes that people who pretend to be social-minded are arch-hypocrites. Captain Ayres, formerly in command of the Missing Persons Bureau in New York, disagreed with my analysis on the ground that most boys are led into crime through social tendencies which result in their association with neighborhood hoodlums. He pointed out, too, the fierce clannishness of the gangs. But boys' admiration for hoodlums is based upon the very trait I am talking about, the mobsters' daring freedom from social restraint. And the clannishness of gangsters, when it exists, is due mostly to fear of each other, and to the curiously inverted idea that professional criminals are more to be trusted than respectable people because the crooks are more honest about their self-seeking motives. Especially do criminals hate policemen because cops, they know, do practically the same things that crooks do, at the same time submitting to social control in order to sustain their stand-in with society. This to a criminal's mind is the acme of stupidity and policemen, therefore, are by definition stupid. Cops genuinely despise crooks for the converse reason. It isn't what a crook does that a cop objects to, it is the outlaw's attitude of scorn toward society.

To understand the policeman's moral code you have to understand the criminal's and vice versa. It is a matter of clashing personalities, not of religious or moral principles. The crook hates the cop for possessing a social submission which he does not understand. And the cop feels virtuous in venting his physical fury on the criminal because the crook refuses to unite with the social group. It is, if you like, a war to the death between fraternal crusaders and self-sufficient individualists.

I agree with Captain Willemse that odds in this battle of personalities greatly favor the criminal. It is a case of men in manacles against free roving bandits. Suspects are brought to trial in not more than one crime out of twenty. Nation-wide statistics show that only one trial out of six results in conviction. In New York there is a murder every day, most of them admittedly "unsolved" after a perfunctory investigation. According to Willemse's figures the New York authorities obtained two convictions out of two hundred gang murders, while in Chicago there were seven hundred sixty murders in two years with only twelve convictions. Even when convictions are obtained they may be upset by legal technicalities. Captain Willemse was particularly incensed by the reversal of a first-degree verdict against Gang Chief Tom Flanagan on the ground that the prosecutor in his speech to the jury called Flanagan a "notorious criminal." Tom's character was not in evidence since he failed to take the stand in his own defense. Facts and figures merely reveal a criminal victory which the characters of the opposing forces make inevitable.

There is one trick in a cop's bag which Willemse used with exceptional cleverness. By virtue of wearing society's shackles policemen acquire their share of influence with society. This they can barter for secret information on the enemy's movements. Captain Willemse, for example, persuaded a friendly judge to free a prostitute addicted to drugs. Imprisonment wouldn't mean much to the average girl, but jail without her morphine meant hell to "Foxy"—so she was ready to exchange information for freedom. Foxy called the Captain up one day and told him about a murder on Fourteenth Street. She told him who had been killed and why, who had done the killing, and who had witnessed the crime. She told him where the killers were hiding, and what plans they had made for their get-away. Until Foxy's call came through the police didn't know that a murder had been committed.

Another spy of the Captain's was a young gunman who had just served a term in Sing Sing. When the boy went to prison his mother was left alone, sick and completely destitute. Willemse took care of her. He supported the wretched woman and through his friend Dr. Norris he obtained for her medical treatment which prolonged her life until she could see her boy free again. In exchange for all this the mother persuaded her son to betray some of his fellow criminals into the Captain's hands. It was this unregenerate hoodlum who told Willemse when and where Kid Dropper's mobsters were to meet, heeled for a big job. All the police had to do was go there and pick them up, every man with a gun on him, and so liable to a long term under the Sullivan act. Willemse's boys took the mobsters to police headquarters and "entertained" them all night. Secret plans were made for taking Kid Dropper out of Manhattan. But that night the gangster informant called Willemse.

"I hear you're going to take the Dropper out tomorrow." He repeated every detail of the arrangements which Willemse supposed no one but himself and a few high officials knew about. "Look out for yourself," the youth continued, "Little Augie has got the news and he's steaming up a lot of punks to get Kid Dropper in court or just outside. Be careful to keep away from the Dropper." That was why Captain Willemse had eighty detectives on guard. But one of them let Louis Cohen through the cordon with his gun concealed in a newspaper and Willemse came within a scant inch of death. Even with the aid of faithful spies in the enemy's camp policemen still find the crime battle an unequal one. The cops like to play it safe but criminals take chances that upset their calculations.

As a writer and lecturer Captain Willemse has found a place in the sun more warming to the ego than any post on the criminal battlefield. He is discovering the truth of that proverbial comparison between pen and sword. His first book, *Behind the Green Lights*, was a best seller. He has lectured in forty-eight states. The adulation of Junior Leaguers and especially the hero worship of young boys give Cornelius Willemse a thrill he never extracted from swinging the nightstick or rubber hose. I believe him when he says he is still a plain cop. But he is a cop now with artistic fancies which are paying dividends. #

Mr. Chung's Newspaper

Continued from page 70

bucks and gave me half.

It was about a month later I began to wonder why we weren't making more money. We were showing a profit on the circulation, I knew; we had good advertising and the overhead was low. Then I found out that Chung had opened up an advertising agency in his office and was charging the paper 15 per cent on everything that went in. When I beefed about that he pretended to be surprised, then hurt. He gave me an elaborate explanation about how we were saving money by having an advertising agency right on the premises instead of paying 20 per cent to the outside firms. He got me so mixed up that before I knew it he was giving me some cigarettes. I began to realize then that Chung was very cagey.

By the next summer I could understand Chinese pretty well and I was on to most of the fast ones that were pulled in the office. Even so I wasn't ready for the suicide story of beautiful Meli Yuen.

Meli was one of the big movie stars, a real sweetheart who packed in the fans. As a kid she had lived with a wealthy wine dealer in Fukien. He gave her a nice trip to Shanghai and she became a movie star and never went back. She also became the mistress of a young photographer.

After vainly trying all the schemes he could think of to get her back, the wine dealer came to Shanghai and sued the photographer for alienating her affections. It was big news for us all and Meli took it hard. One morning they found her unconscious in bed; she had taken nearly a bottle of sleeping pills and it killed her that afternoon while thousands of fans wept outside her house. They also take their movies seriously in China.

Well, they had a gigantic funeral for her—the largest since the old Marquis Tseng Kuo-fan died they said—and her studio cashed in plenty. They had sound trucks running from the Settlement into Chapei taking shots of the ten-foot portrait of the girl which preceded the coffin, the wagons from which coolies were throwing joss money to comfort her soul, and the entire movie colony walking behind the hearse. There must have been a quarter of a million people along the funeral route and just at the psychological moment our first edition came on the streets, tearing the wine dealer to pieces for causing the girl's death. We described him as an evil, old roué who had crushed out her tender life. Boy, if the public had caught him then they would have cut his heart out.

He was plenty scared when he came into the office, wearing an old blue gown so no one would suspect his identity. Nobody knew him anyway but he thought he was a marked man and he wanted to fix it up. I told him no can do and Chung also shook his head. I thought he escorted the wine dealer to the door and I went home soon afterwards. That night I found we had published a late edition that netted a cool $10,000 beyond sales. It said the earlier story was all a mistake; the fact was, we said, that Meli Yuen was actually the wine dealer's wife and the mother of three little sons who were pining their hearts away for her. She had been ashamed to face her long-suffering husband and had chosen death to atone for her dishonor to the family. The edition sold out, too, and I don't believe the gag ever raised a ripple. Chinese are so accustomed to phonys that they won't believe the truth.

For instance, if you knew for a fact that General Chiang Kai-shek was absolutely on the level, that he didn't make a dime except his bare living, you couldn't convince the public. But if you said he had salted away a billion dollars in American banks they would say you underestimated. Maybe they're right at that. I didn't know for months that Chung had taken five hundred from the photographer for that first edition.

From time to time we had what might be called crucial moments. One day we and another paper accused the Minister of Industry of taking the market for a ride when China nationalized all her silver. We said he handled it through his wife, who is the brains of the family. I still think we weren't so far from wrong but they slapped down the other paper damn quick and I got a call from the American Consul General to come and talk things over.

"Look here," he said to me, "I've had enough complaints about that rag of yours. I'm going to have the marshal close you up."

Believe me, I talked fast. I told him I had all my savings invested in the paper and about how hard it was to check a Chinese report. Then I started explaining some of our experiences and the old boy began to smile. While I had him on the run I promised to publish a nice big apology to the Minister and never get in trouble again. So he let me go to sin some more.

I learned a good deal about Chinese newspaper methods during my editorship and why very few firms make money. Family ties are the only guarantee of security in China and every moderately successful man is saddled with dozens of poor relations. In our office at least half the men were Chung's relatives and all the rest were worked in on some graft or another to keep the dough in the clan.

And because there are so many mouths to feed the work has to be spread out very thin. Every paper has its staff of reporters who never report. Other independent crews, calling themselves news agencies, do the work; they have a monopoly on the courts and police stations. If a staff reporter tries to get a court story the news agency boys just chuck him out. But the staff man never tries—he sits and drinks tea all day long.

Then every paper (except ours) has its board of self-styled experts; military, educational, domestic and foreign policies, sociological and biological. They hunch over their desks with brush and ink laboriously writing treatises that few can read because of the high-flown language. But it doesn't matter because no one would read them anyway. We were regarded as comparative pioneers because we adopted entirely the vernacular language which can be read by perhaps five out of ten people in Shanghai. The literate percentage is much lower in the country and that's why the peasants are so happy.

A publisher can get better stuff at from thirty cents to a dollar a column from free lance scholars who have fallen upon evil days. The Chinese have given them the suitable name of "black hands" because they have to wrestle with the dirty, native ink stone to make a living. A column contains about 1,000 characters and a scholar will take pains with every one of them. These men are descendants of the class who were highly respected and lived well in the days of the old empire, but most of them have had tough going in recent years. Warlords think more of guns and opium than of fine poetry and the kingly way of life.

We had one old fellow who had taken his degree under the imperial examinations. He sold some "black hand" stories and wrote for the movies when they wanted a classical play adapted. He had managed to pick up a fairly good understanding of English and he was a brilliant man. I tried him out on background stuff for mail correspondence to the States. He got the idea quickly for he had a knack of nosing right into a situation and coming out with all the highlights in his hand. He left me for a good job with an official who can hardly write his own name. Whenever he came to Shanghai after that he always gave me the lowdown on the politicians.

I don't think we ever had more than two month's smooth sailing on the Shanghai *Wan Pao*. Every time we would get a fast one straightened out and settle down to a few restful nights something else would happen. I was responsible for the crack that nearly put the finger on us both.

The chief of the Green Dragon Society—the great opium combine—is a gangster of lowest coolie origin. The present government owes plenty to him because he financed them when they split with the communists in 1927. So he was given the Order of the Brilliant Jade and built a huge ancestral hall across the river. All the diplomatic colony ferried over to pay their respects at its inauguration although God knows who the chief's ancestors were. The big shot is generally described in the native press as "the well-known philanthropist."

But the payoff was when he presented a big bombing plane to the government and was rewarded with the title of Chairman of the Opium Suppression Bureau. I thought that was too good to pass so I let him have it. Over Chung's frantic protests I ran the big shot's picture with his new title captioned above. Below I ran a brief, pungent and true account of his career. Did we get results from that story? Wow!

Chung didn't turn up at all the next morning but the big shot's secretary and two plug-uglies did. They marched right into my office, looked around for Chung and didn't even bother to answer me when I asked them what the hell they wanted. They asked the Chinese in the outside office who really owned the paper—Chung or the foreign devil? The office boys falteringly said that I did and about that time I got up enough guts to try a bluff of my own. I went out and pounded the counter and shouted about nothing in particular until a curious crowd of people gathered at the street entrance. Then I called in one of the reporters and told him to tell the bad men not to try any of their tricks with an American.

"Tell them," I bellowed at the reporter, "that they got away with the Frenchtown job just because the Frenchmen were in too deep. Tell them I'll print that story if they don't get out of here damn fast."

My interpreter was on the spot. He swallowed and looked at me appealingly, but finally got it out. Of course it was toned down nicely but they knew from my gesticulations I wasn't sweet talking. The secretary looked at me and grunted. Then he spat on the floor, turned and walked out. He had gained a little face by deliberately spitting in front of me but I let it go. I didn't want them to come back.

Chung went to visit his ancestors the next day and was gone for a month.

I was afraid that incident would spoil Chung for newspaper work but it didn't. He came back with a nice subsidy for our paper from one of the Kwangsi warlords and from then on we would lay into the Nanking crowd for dawdling about while Japan continued to chew off new chunks of territory. Chung's heart was really in this—he wanted to see war declared right off and he had no doubt at all but what China would win.

He had it all figured out. What Chiang Kai-shek should do, he said, would be to foster an incident in Shanghai, the base from which the Japs always operate. Offended by this violation of neutral territory by the enemy, Chiang would have every reason for attacking and leveling the International

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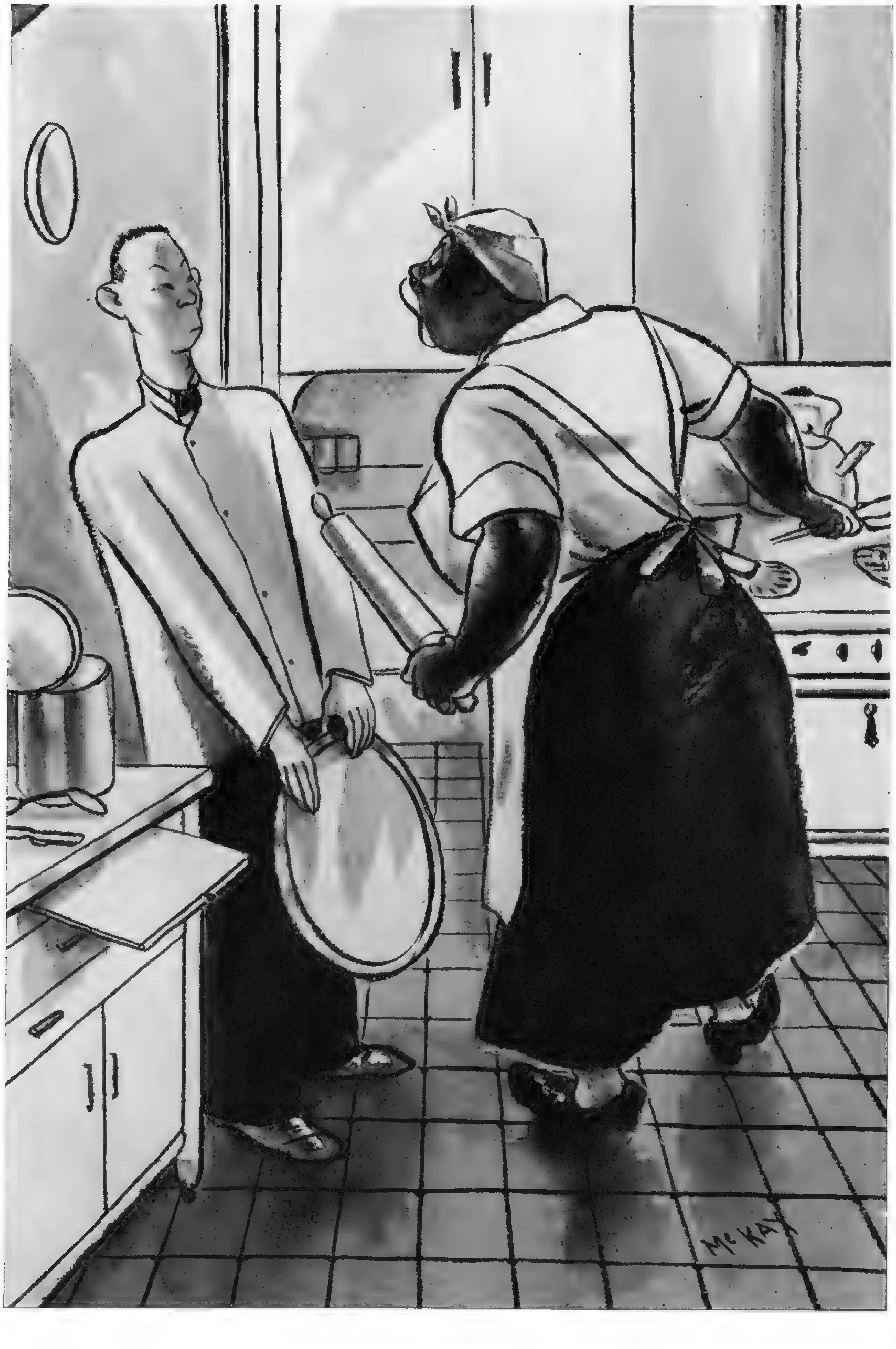


"Don' you call me Mammy!"

Mr. Chung's Newspaper

Continued from pages 70-138

Settlement with his big fleet of bombing planes. That sort of an attack would hit the Powers in the pocket and would bring out intervention in short order, he declared.

Chung had all sorts of schemes to make money but I was getting a little worn down by the strain. It gets tiresome when you have to kneel down by the bed every night to pray you won't make the hoosegow the next day for something you don't even know about. It's the suspense, I guess, that gets you.

One day I was figuring on how to tell Chung I wanted to resign when he strode in with a grin just splitting his flat face.

"Ha ha, goddam," he announced. "We make money this time. The governor of Hupeh wants to buy guns. We are his agents. You buy the guns and he gives us opium to sell."

I gaped at him. Christ, they shoot people in China for selling opium.

"Chung," I said desperately, "I have bad news. My father has died and I have to go home to arrange his funeral. There's no one to do it for me—I've got to go."

Chung gave me a cigarette. He was all concern. The family angle was his one weakness, yet he hated to see me leave. We were a good combination for avoiding the jug, narrowly perhaps, but we had, and we had made money. When we parted that night I knew he was thinking as fast as I was and I wondered whether I could make my resignation stick. I stayed up late thinking and afterwards I was glad that I did.

I had said the next morning would be my last at the office. Chung was there early and as I walked in he handed me an expensive pen.

"Just a poor present from one who will miss you very much," he said. He thought he had me but he didn't.

I pulled out my present for him —a camera that cost me plenty. I was one up on him and determined to stay there. I could see him fumbling in his coat pocket but I beat him to the draw.

"Please take a cigarette," I said. ###

The Spirit of '76 Was Rum

Continued from page 85

to get in exchange the following:

"1 hogshead of best molasses
1 hogshead of best rum
1 barrel of lymes, good and cheap
1 pot of tamarinds, 10 pounds
2 small pots of sweetmeats
Residue, much or little of good old spirits."

In the fracas which came along a little later the General never forgot the value of rum for his army. There is one amusing report among his papers, from a supply officer, who promises that he will not let the army down on its rum ration even if the food and ammunition are slow in coming.

The distillation of rum on a commercial basis began as early as 1680 in the Massachusetts colony. The only requirement for opening a plant was that it be located near running water so that the mash could be carried off. As the equipment was expensive, and had to be imported from London, only the richer men of the town could open a still. Providence and Newport were the hot spots of the industry, having the double advantage of being near the ports and also the Indians. Newport had twenty-two distilleries. Providence had fewer than that but did have more taverns, one ordinary for every 110 population, a higher average than the law allows today. The price at the stillery was three shillings and three pence a gallon.

The profound historians make no secret about the part rum played in the freeing of the Colonies. It really was the main business of the northern states. The Yankee ships took spoiled fish down to the Barbados and West Indies and brought back molasses from which was distilled the rum. Gallon for gallon, much to the disgust of the British. This rum was then sent to Africa where it paid for slaves, who were sold to the Indies to work the sugar plantations. Money from the slaves was used to buy more molasses. As a rule there was no money involved, all the transactions being in terms of hogsheads of rum. All of this trade brought no revenue to the British, so they put on the molasses tax. Instead of paying it, the Colonists bought their rum from the French islands, where it could be purchased much cheaper, the French protecting their brandy trade and not wanting rum as a rival. The Colonists began to smuggle in their molasses, dodging the British tax. That led to the Hancock confiscations, back talk and so on. It was the Boston Tea Party that started the war, but school histories forget to tell you that there was a lot of rum in the tea.

The church and rum were great pals in the early days. The first Colonists decreed that the tavern be established next the church. The tavern was heated and the church not, so the good fathers listened to exhortations for an hour and then ducked in for a flip and a chat in front of the fire. When the Medfield Church was completed, they had a little party to celebrate, everyone who helped build the church (and that meant everyone in town) was invited. Just in case you are building a church, or entertaining for the week end, here is the recipe for the Meeting House Punch:

4 barrels of beer
24 gallons of West Indies rum
35 gallons of New England rum
35 pounds of loaf sugar
25 pounds of brown sugar
465 lemons

This was mixed in hogsheads, set up on the green in front of the church. The party was a success.

Another claimant for the first American cocktail comes out in the history of rum. It was called the Coow-Woow, and there are records of it as early as 1684.

½ glass of rum
½ glass of water
1 large pinch ginger

This was particularly favored by the Indians. But it is a libel on our business ethics to suggest that Manhattan Island was swapped for a few of these Coow-Woows. The Colonists were scrupulous about all their dickers and only after the beads had been passed over, the drinks were served, never before.

Down south, suh, the favorite drink was known as a "Kill Devil" or Julep. But their favorite was somewhat different and called a Bombo, named after an Admiral of the line. It was made as follows:

1 part rum
1 part water
1 stick of long sugar (sugar cane)

It is interesting to note that southern hospitality goes away back; there were no taverns in the south as the plantation owners were always glad to take in any traveler, and ply him with Bombo. Mint hadn't made its appearance at that time. While the master was sipping his punch the ordinary man went in for a combination canapé and cocktail. Personally, we haven't tried this one but if you are a hardy American, you are welcome. It is called the Byrd after Colonel William Byrd II who notes it in his papers of 1728.

Fry six rashers of fat bacon
When done add one pint of good rum
Eat the bacon and drink the syrup

The U. S. Government put on the market this summer a rum of its own, probably realizing that a country conceived in rum might as well stick to it. The rum put on its feet the Virgin Islands who were too far away to open speakeasies when prohibition hit the U. S., and consequently had no livelihood.

The rum drinkers, and they increase every summer, have a wide choice for their tastes, running from the heavy rums of Jamaica to the thinner ones of Haiti and Cuba. Recently the New England states have gone in for some of the early glories of their ancestors and turn out a rum. If you have ever been to the tropics, one of the interesting sights is a cane field with its natives polka-dotted around in the lush green, or the ox carts carrying the cane to the crushing mill. Age improves rum, of course, but the connoisseurs usually go in more for flavor and strength. Every port of call has a variation of the rum punch whatever the name. Its excellence depends upon the quality of rum and the way it is mixed. It is difficult for the writer to report after the fact, so much of any enjoyment comes from the surroundings and the circumstances of sipping a drink. As a matter of cold fact, your local bartender can learn, or has learned, the art of mixing any drink.

It was Al Long, of the George Washington Hotel, who showed me the secret of a good Daiquiri. He mixes the sugar and the lime juice thoroughly in a glass before he adds the other ingredients. At the Bacardi Bar in Havana, they use a great deal more chipped ice. In the Ron Havana Club they add a touch of something they like to keep secret.

DAIQUIRI

Mull lump of sugar in juice of one lime
Add generous jigger Cuban rum
Shake and serve in glass filled with fine ice

What seemed the best rum punch was at the Tourists Bar, Port Au Prince, Haiti. At the noisy Sloppy Joe's, Havana, they have a variant, using a sort of five fruits, which they mix themselves, for the flavor. These are rather mild and perhaps fixed for the women trade over sixty.

RUM PUNCH

3 parts of Haitian rum
1 part sugar
Peel of lime
Dash of bitters
Ice and shake

In Charley's Bar, in Kingston, Jamaica, the feature is a Charley Collins which they claim is a first cousin of Tom.

CHARLEY COLLINS

1 tablespoon fresh lime juice
½ tablespoon of sugar
1 jigger rum
2 lumps of ice. Put in highball glass and fill with charged water.

A second cousin of Tom's is the Count Currey, as served in the Donnely household daily. Not for the P. W. A. worker, though.

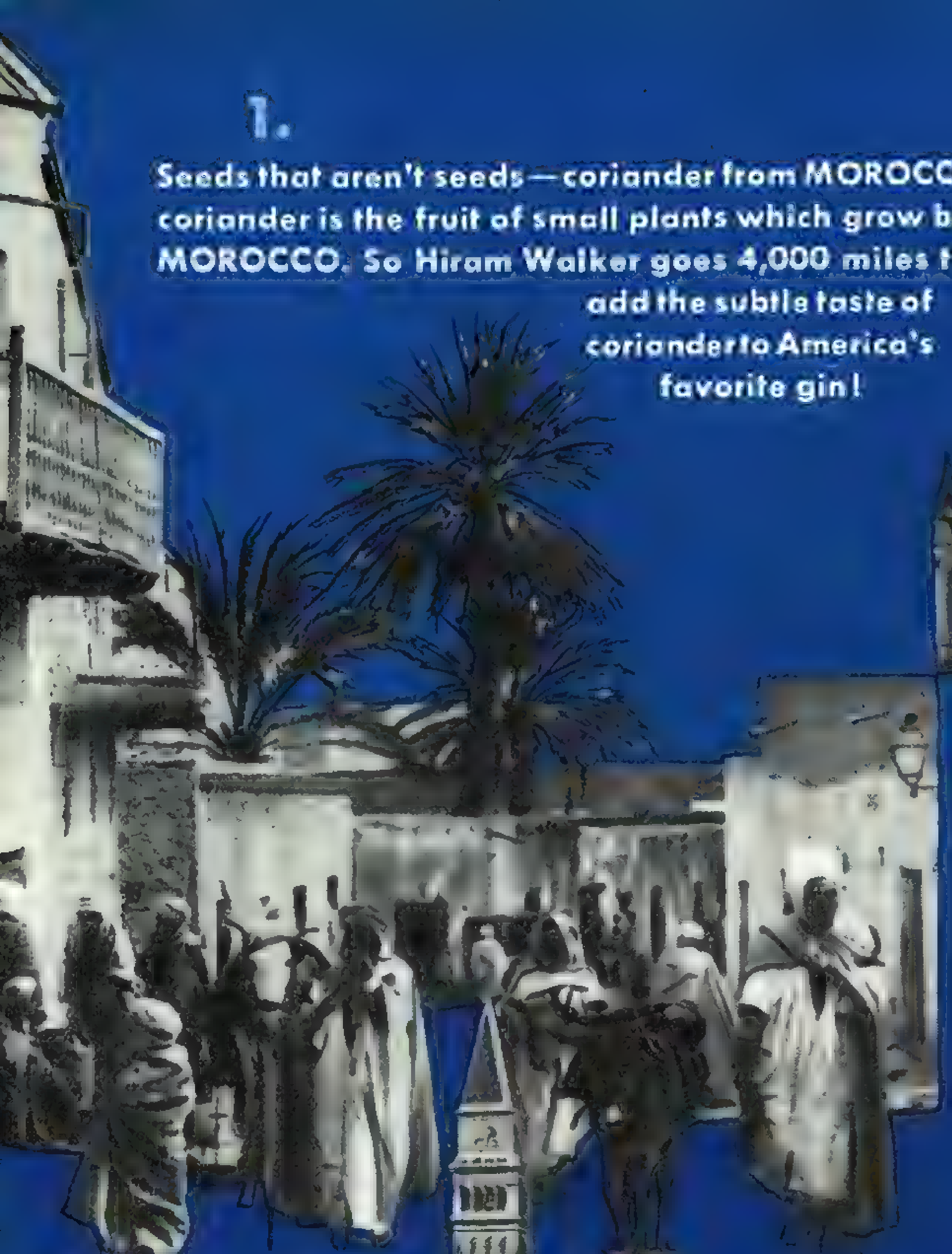
COUNT CURREY

1 jigger of gin
1 spoon of sugar
2 cubes of ice. Put in a highball glass and fill with champagne.

In case you are not building a church and want to entertain fewer folk, say fifty, use the Schuykil Punch as brewed in Philadelphia since 1732.

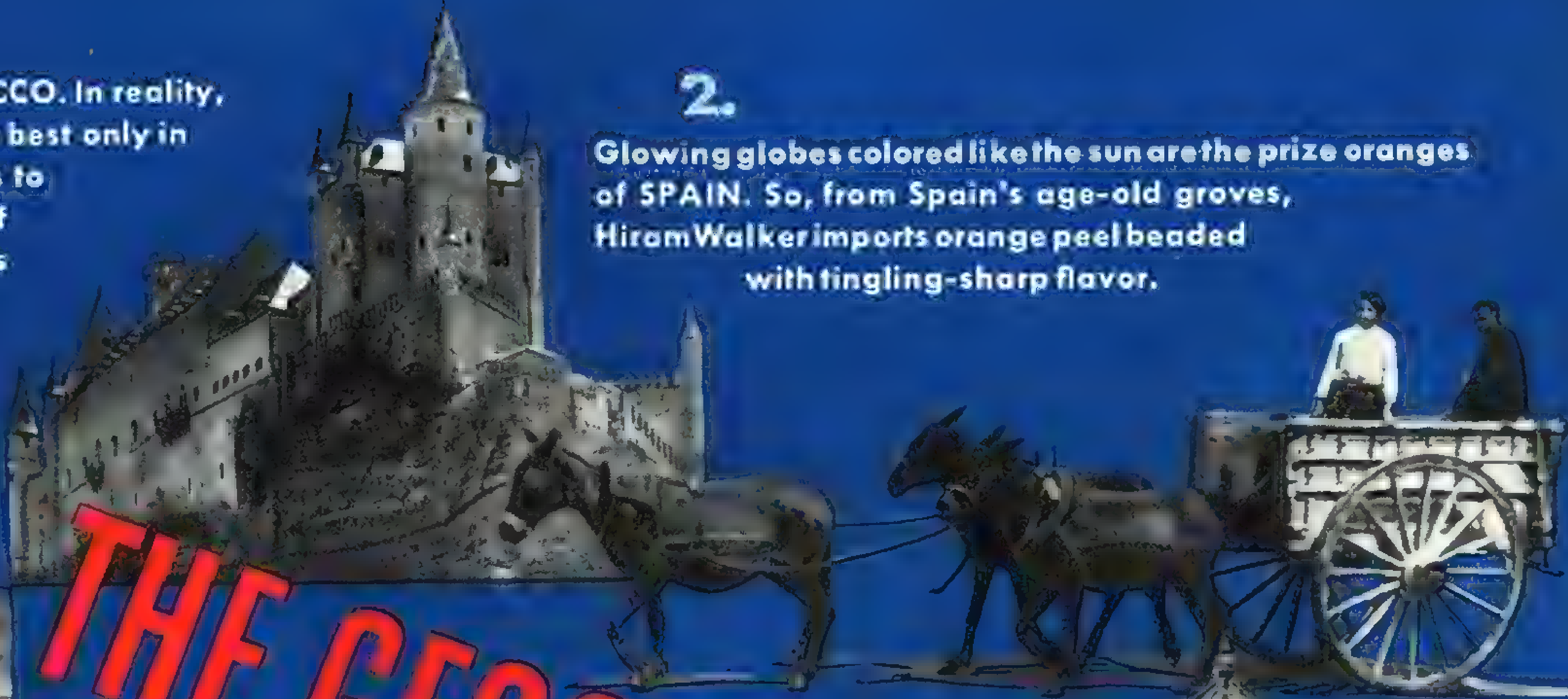
Slack ¾ pound of loaf sugar in punch bowl.
When dissolved, add:
One quart lemon juice
Two quarts of Jamaica rum
One quart cognac
Two quarts water
One wineglass peach brandy.
Put in punchbowl with large cake of ice and allow to brew for two hours before serving. ###

THE GEOGRAPHY OF GIN



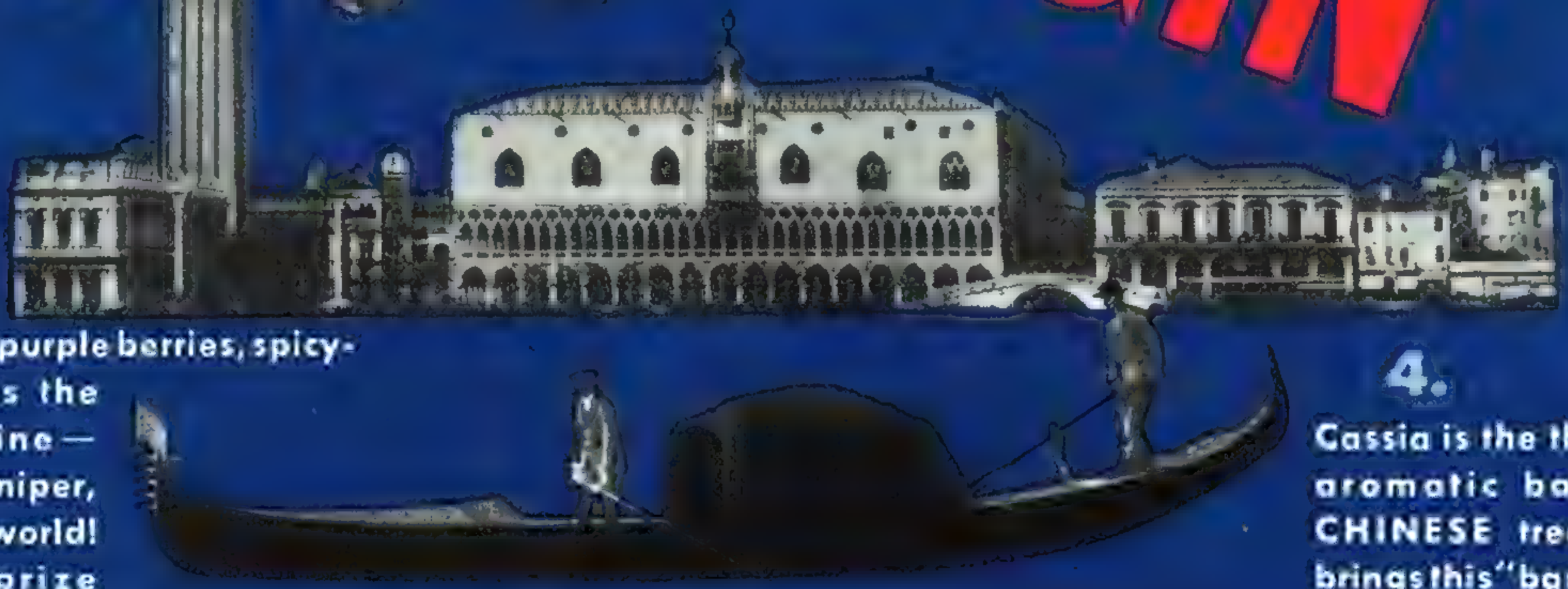
1.

Seeds that aren't seeds—coriander from MOROCCO. In reality, coriander is the fruit of small plants which grow best only in MOROCCO. So Hiram Walker goes 4,000 miles to add the subtle taste of coriander to America's favorite gin!



2.

Glowing globes colored like the sun are the prize oranges of SPAIN. So, from Spain's age-old groves, Hiram Walker imports orange peel beaded with tingling-sharp flavor.



3.

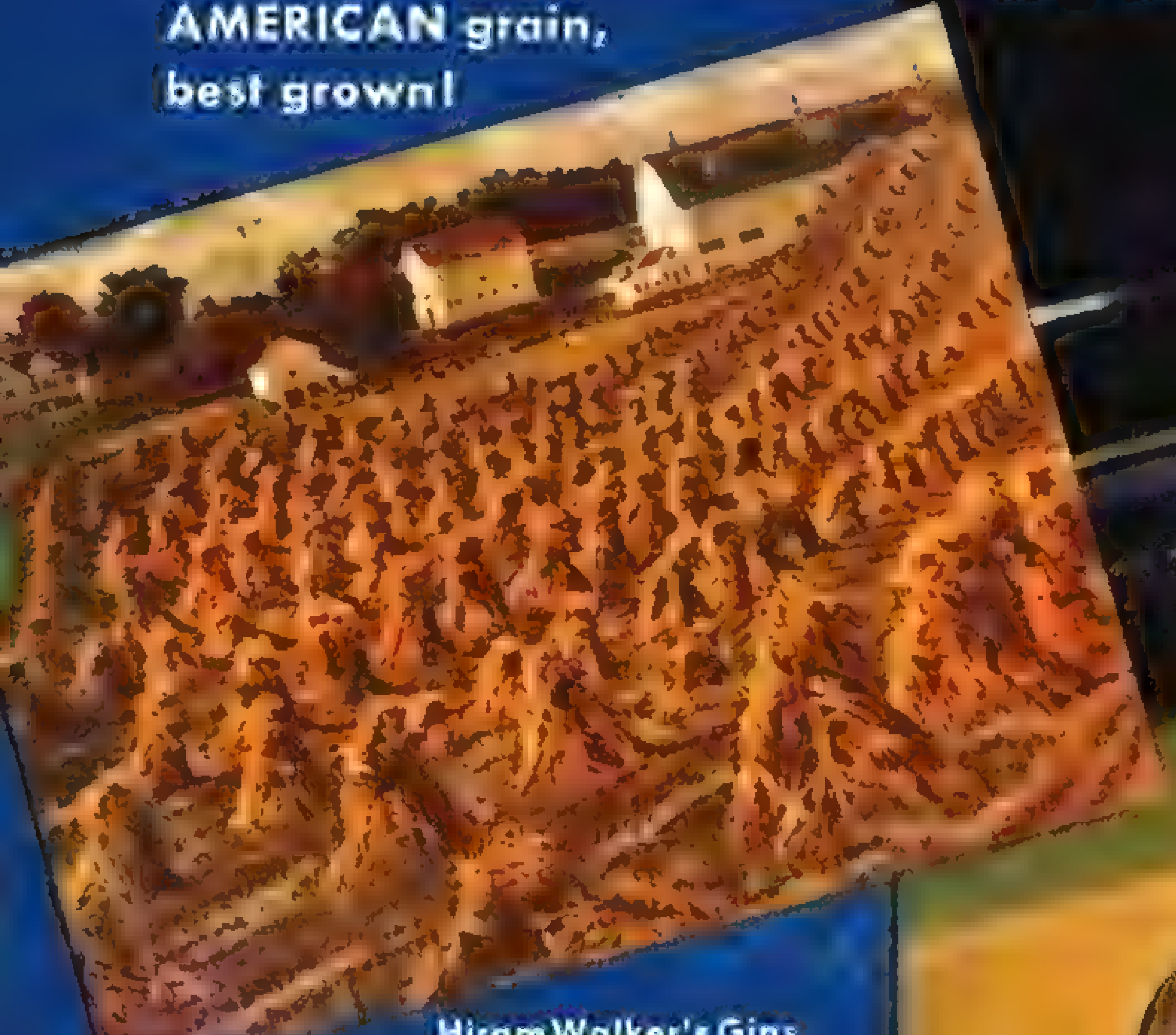
Fat, red and purple berries, spicy-smelling as the scent of pine—ITALIAN juniper, finest in the world! Yet from prize harvests, only the most succulent, fragrant juniper berries pass muster for Hiram Walker's Gin—America's favorite!

4.

Cassia is the thick brown aromatic bark of a rare CHINESE tree! Hiram Walker brings this "bark without bite" clear across the world to add its pungent, thirst-quenching touch to Hiram Walker's Gin!

5.

Credit the U. S. A. with the most important ingredient of all... AMERICAN grain, best grown!



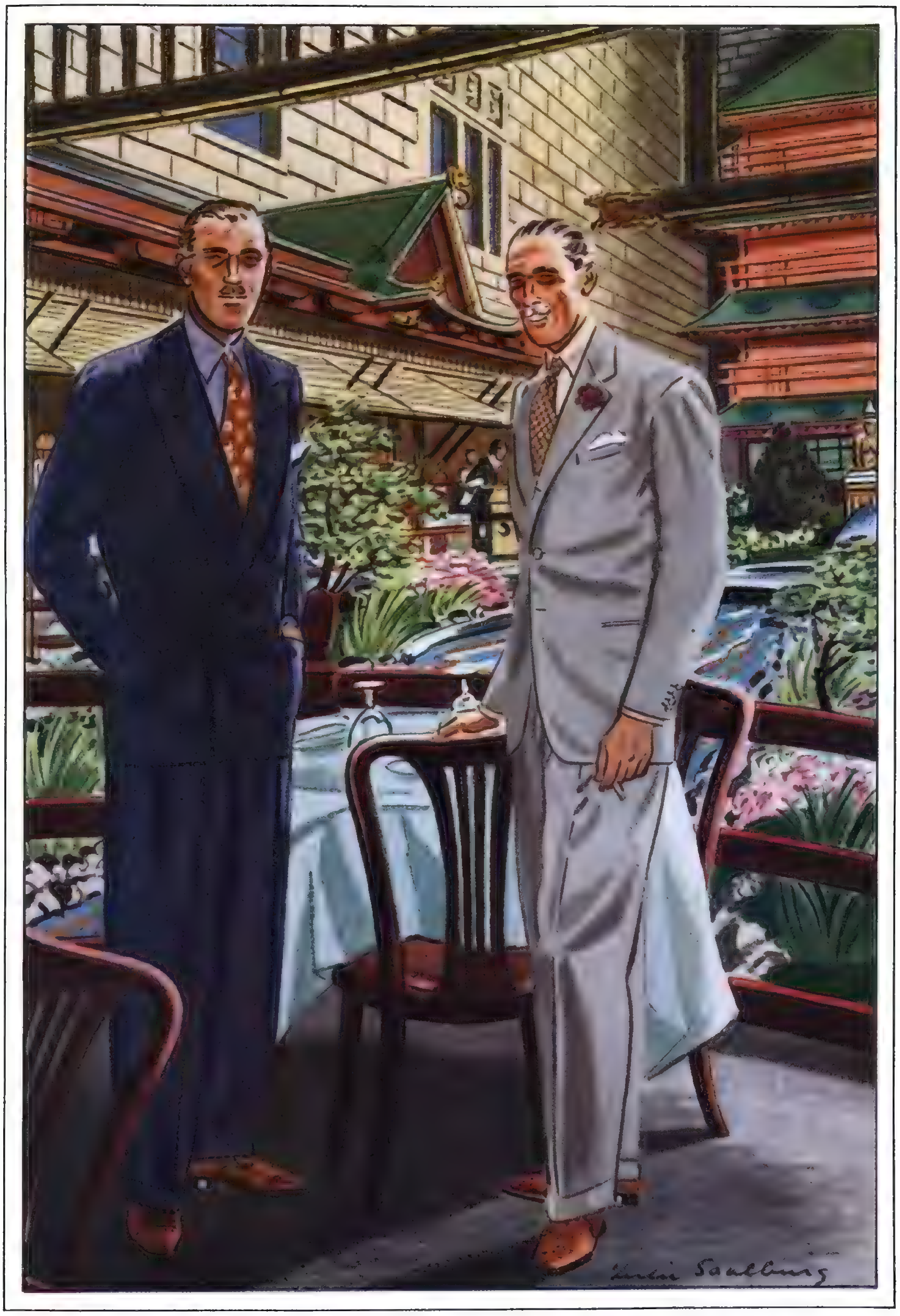
HIRAM WALKER'S GINS

MORE PEOPLE BUY HIRAM WALKER'S GINS THAN ANY OTHER KIND

Hiram Walker
4/5 QUART
FIVE O'CLOCK Cocktail GIN
85 PROOF
4/5 QUART
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
70 PROOF
4/5 QUART
FIVE O'CLOCK Sloe Gin
ORIGINAL
Hiram Walker's DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
90 PROOF

Hiram Walker's Gins are distilled from 100% American grain, with fruits, herbs and berries from all over the world. Hiram Walker's own Controlled Condensation Process governs the flavor-strength of these ingredients scientifically. Thus there can never be the slightest variation, today, tomorrow, or a year from now!

Hiram Walker's DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—90 Proof. FIVE O'CLOCK COCKTAIL DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—85 Proof. FIVE O'CLOCK SLOE GIN—Flavored with imported sloeberries—70 Proof. Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill.



NOW TAN FITTINGS WITH GREY SUITINGS

The use of tan or brown accessories in combination with a grey suit is on the ascendancy and may be recommended as a pleasing color scheme except for those of extremely light complexion. In this instance a single-breasted grey suit, which may be of flannel or of tropical worsted, is combined with an ivory color silk shirt with lounge collar to match, a brown and white checked foulard tie and brown monk-front shoes. Either a Panama hat or a lightweight felt in dark green or brown would be a suitable finishing touch. The other outfit consists of a double-breasted chalk striped blue suit of lightweight fabric such as Palm Beach cloth or a tropical worsted. Note that it is worn without a waistcoat and while it happens to be shown in this instance with the bottom button fastened, it would be just as correct if it were buttoned at the waistline. Blue broadcloth shirt, foulard tie and reverse calf shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 88

by their hodgepodge arrangement. In an effort to have featured numbers for the chorus, the orchestra, and each of the soloists, everything is dragged in but *Nearer My God to Thee.* As evidence, here's the final program of the last Evanston Festival: (It was organized to provide for the performance of unusual masterpieces *beyond* the resources of ordinary organizations.)

The compositions, in the order played, were:

Jubilee from Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches; *Una Furtiva Lagrima* from Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'amore;* Paganini's *Moto Perpetuo* (arranged by Stock); *Connais tu le pays?*" from Thomas' *Mignon;* songs for baritone solo and chorus from Hanson's *Drum Taps; Sanctus* from Palestrina's *Pope Marcellus* Mass; a Bach motet, two French folk choruses from Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson:* that old war horse, *Ai nostri monti* from *Il Trovatore,* and selections from *Die Meistersinger.*

* *

The granddaddy of all such Festivals, the Cincinnati Biennial, has the hoariest traditions. Started by Theodore Thomas sixty-four years ago, it came to international fame through his efforts. Practically every great singer has been invited to join with its unsurpassed chorus and perform the great liturgical masterpieces. The list starts with Materna, Christine Nilsson, Lilli Lehmann, Emma Eames, Nordica, Sembrich, Emil Fischer, Andreas Dippel, Bonci, Amato, David Bispham, Arthur Middleton, and continues to Schumann-Heink (who came early and stayed late), Destinn, Louise Homer, Alma Gluck, Matzenauer, John McCormack, Edward Johnson, Meisle, Rethberg, Pinza, and Flagstad.

Thirty years ago Sir Edward Elgar came over from England to conduct his oratorios, and Cincinnati has often honored itself by a first performance. This May it presented R. Nathaniel Dett's sincere and powerful *The Ordering of Moses.* But Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Mozart have furnished the bulk of the repertoire.

From the beginning its choruses have been thoroughly trained. Three hundred men and women and their children spend seven winter months preparing the scores they sing in May. A minimum of ninety rehearsals is allowed, and their performance demonstrates that the time has been well spent. Simple, gentle melodies floating out of the throats of five hundred children, expressing thoughts as yet pure and unsoiled, bring a tremor in every heart.

Cincinnati has a back-log of conventions. The dusty files of the *Enquirer* yield up an insinuating account of opening night at the first Festival in 1873: "There was an unmistakable manifestation of hesitation and embarrassment among the ladies in the auditorium at the novelty of leaving their seats before the close of the program. . . . However customary it may be in New Orleans or Europe, where an affair of this kind is a social event, and where the lobbies and the saloons are an invariable incident to every house of amusement, it was a novelty in Cincinnati for the ladies to step out between acts.

"Nevertheless, they fell into it quite readily, possibly from an innocent feminine desire to increase their store of knowledge by learning why it is that young men go out at interludes. They have now discovered. Ice cream and soda water is the attraction. Though, in sooth, some in attendance, chiefly members of the orchestra from great distances, did wander out to a certain neighboring corner . . . and still the wonder of the fair ones is appeased to some extent.

"It was an exhilarating spectacle in the Floral Hall; the fresh faces among the festooned evergreens; the sparkling eyes that gazed on sparkling waters; the roses of health at the foot of the pyramid of flowers; and what mischief may have been done amid those 'antres vast' at the remote recesses of the promenades, no type can tell."

To this day, not the least important part of the May Festival is the hospitality, "open house" in all Cincinnati's grand old homes . . . and the champagne that is poured freely by stunning hostesses and their ravishing daughters.

Festival audiences there pride themselves on their knowledge and the severity of their judgments. Doubtless they have slipped a bit from their high estate. The lady next to me spoke about Brunnhilde's aria in *Lohengrin,* and another described how Flagstad sang the Love-Duet in *Tristan* when she meant the *Liebestod.*

* * *

But, another fifty years and we'll lose our snobbishness and hypocrisy about music, and have a saner perspective about these festivals that now dot the landscape in Bethlehem, Ann Arbor, White Plains, Princeton, Worcester, Montclair, Lake Placid, Stockbridge, and elsewhere.

As in all departments of life, we could stand better performance. When more of us are able to decide for ourselves what is good and what is not, and insist on the best, we will get it. The surest way to find out what you are getting in your home town and how it stacks up, is to visit your neighbors. Jump in your trailer and head for one of the spots listed below (preferably one where you have relatives or friends who won't mind the music). The pilgrimage will do you good and the minute you get home, ring your local dowager, society editor, and Chamber of Commerce secretary, and tell them how the other folks do it. That'll start the ball rolling uphill.

* * *

As to places, probably you know better than we. At deadline hour it was too early to prepare a complete catalogue, but we heard rumblings about roses in Portland and a summer series of symphony concerts there.

The Pacific Coast's famous Bowl, a natural amphitheatre hidden in the hills back of Hollywood, will house more than a quarter of a million listeners at twenty-four concerts on the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights between July 13 and September 3. "Symphonies Under The Stars" now include operas and ballets. Conductors are Vladimir Golschmann, Ferde Grofé, Erno Rapee, Hans Kindler, Carlos Chavez, Howard Hanson, Fritz Reiner, Viscount Konoye, Otto Klemperer, and André Kostelanetz. Soloists are Rosita and Josef Lhevinne, Dalies Frantz, Jascha Heifetz, John Charles Thomas, and Lily Pons. Last summer those now famous lovers, Pons and Kostelanetz, topped all Bowl attractions with an attendance of 26,000, and they appear there again August 13.

* * *

Colorado boasts a Gilbert and Sullivan season at Central City under Frank St. Leger . . . and almost anywhere on the Western prairies you can meet up with cowboys whanging guitars. The Texas Exposition, well—that I leave to you.

The St. Louis Municipal Opera (actually Operetta) season is in the middle of its "87 Glamorous Nights" which end August 29. Comedians Al Trahan and Eddie Foy, Jr.; operetta favorites Wilbur Evans, Guy Robertson, and Bernice Claire; Metropolitan opera stars Suzanne Fisher, Joseph Bentonelli, John Gurney, and George Rasely, make fun and music on Nature's finest *al fresco* stage, framed by towering oaks and equipped with the only outdoor revolving platform in the world.

Highlights are the first performance anywhere of *Salute to Spring* by Earle Crooker, American librettist, and Frederick Loewe, Viennese composer, the week beginning July 12; Smetana's *The Bartered Bride* (in English) the week beginning July 26; de Koven's *Robin Hood* the week beginning August 9; and the American première of Robert Stolz's *Wild Violets,* originally produced in London, the last week of August.

* * *

Ravinia, on Chicago's North Shore, world-famed in operatic circles because it attracted for twenty years the top-flight of songbirds, opened six weeks of symphony concerts (Thursday to Sunday evenings inclusive) with a Gala Night featuring three of the old clan, Lucrezia Bori, Mario Chamlee, and Leon Rothier, in music conducted by the favorite Ravinia maestro, Gennaro Papi, now of the Metropolitan. During opening week, José Iturbi played four piano concerti with Sir Ernest MacMillan, conductor of the Toronto Symphony. Other conductors include Ernest Ansermet, Hans Kindler, Hans Lange, Vladimir Golschmann, and Fritz Reiner, who concludes the season on August 8 with an all-Wagner concert. Mischa Mischakoff, the Chicago Symphony's concertmeister, resigned to head up Arturo Toscanini's violin section next winter, plays the Tschaikovski concerto July 17 as his farewell.

Godsends in last summer's Ravinia Festival, the first since the depression, were George Gershwin's concert and the appearance of guest conductors with the Chicago Symphony which, in the forty-six years of its existence, has had only two conductors, Theodore Thomas and Frederick Stock. Most unexpected feat of the summer in the old amusement park that once housed a merry-go-round was no rain, no mosquitoes, and the return of seventy-five per cent of the guarantors' money. This Festival, sponsored by Mrs. Eckstein and a capable group of young business men, is on the way to restore to Ravinia its vanished prestige.

* * *

In Chautauqua, New York, the Juilliard Foundation's students and an enlarged orchestra, with Georges Barrere and Mischa Mischakoff among the principals, fill the days until August 21 with six concerts a week. *Garrick,* the opera of Albert Stoessel and Robert A. Simon, which had its first performance in New York last winter, will be presented July 30 and August 2. *Rigoletto, Martha,* and *La Bohème* are also on the agenda.

Fortune Gallo continues his series of standard operettas at the Jones Beach Stadium with a new production every week. *Roberta, Rio-Rita, Maytime, The Three Musketeers,* and other romantic dithyrambs, are being sung. When the tide will let them, Long Island lifeguards, Venetian gondolas and Danubian barges appear on the water in front of the stage as *entr' acte divertissement.* Last summer's fiasco, not to be repeated, was the failure of the swans who were to float in ahead of the Indian princess, Rose-Marie, to take to salt water.

* * *

Cincinnati plans to have its customary "Zoo" opera. Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago have summer symphony concerts—the Chicago series on the Lake Front, sponsored by the Musicians' Union, being free, brings upwards of fifteen thousand nightly. In New York City, Edwin Franko Goldman has his band on Central

Continued at top of page 144

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 88-143

Park Mall three nights a week and, in addition to cornet variations and the customary operatic medleys, has transcribed additional portions of the symphonic repertoire.

The nation's Capitol, it seems, lost its Water Gate symphony series, but Government bands are surely playing . . . behind that clump of bushes on the plains surrounding the Washington Monument.

* * *

Our three great eastern symphonies are occupied: The Philadelphia in Robin Hood Dell, the New York Philharmonic-Symphony at Lewissohn Stadium, the Boston at its new summer home in the Berkshires.

The Dell's eight-week season continues until August 17 with concerts six days out of seven. José Iturbi conducts half of them and the rest are divided between Vladimir Golschmann, David Mendoza, Charles O'Connell, Alexander Hilsberg, Saul Caston, Benny Goodman or Rubinoff, and Alexander Smallens. Mr. Smallens also conducts *Madame Butterfly* on August 2, *Carmen* on August 3, and several ballet performances. Soloists are Iturbi's sister, Ampera, Efrem Zimbalist, George Copeland, Rudolph Ganz, Jascha Heifetz, and Lily Pons. Announcement is made that "the amplification system has been improved, thereby increasing the hearing radius of the music so that persons seated in the rear will have no difficulty in enjoying the program."

New York's Stadium Concerts offer for the first time in their history (and, so far as I know, in the history of the country) a concert version during the summer of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* followed by Broadway's best-seller, *Tristan*. The dates are July 12, 14, 20, 22, and 27. The conductor, Fritz Reiner, and half a dozen of the singers have sung major Wagnerian rôles at the Metropolitan. The instrumental virtuosi will be those of the country's oldest orchestra who absolutely "will let us hear these extensive excerpts from five of Wagner's cardinal scores in the fullness of their tonal and architectural splendor." It will be an occasion worth treasuring.

Lady Macbeth, if she can be found, will visit the Stadium on August 4 and 5. It seems that there are only two Shostakovich scores extant, and both are the property of the Soviet Government. One is for home productions, though where they are given I can't imagine. The other, lent for foreign use, may be anywhere at the moment. Whether it will be available for Stadium use is not yet known. Symphony conductors this summer include, aside from Mr. Reiner, Vladimir Golschmann, George Raudenbusch, and Willem van Hoogstraten.

* * *

Since Boston gave up its bean feasts and invited yodelers to its "pop" concerts, labeling the occasion *Tyrolean Nights*, anything might happen. Perhaps Serge Koussevitzky will continue the practice and keep listeners screaming when he returns from Europe for the six concerts of the Berkshire Festival on August 5, 7, 8, 12, 14, and 15.

More than likely, he won't. And the new pavilion that Eliel Saarinen has designed will undoubtedly house concerts every bit as stiff as those in Symphony Hall, Boston. There will be boxes and reserved seats. The programs will include symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Franck, Sibelius, and there will be an all-Wagner and an all-Brahms concert. The sides of the pavilion will be open and when you come out, the view will be unique . . . looking down in Stockbridge Bowl and up at Bald Head Mountain.

It was in this spot that Nathaniel Hawthorne lived when he wrote and first told *Tanglewood Tales*.

That six "straight" symphony concerts given miles from railroads and other public conveyances and in a place distant from any sizable city should bring out thirty thousand listeners is indicative of something. If you think back over the list, you'll see that all our major orchestras are busy this summer.

With such interest, music will shortly be on the same footing as baseball. #

Always a Jukes

Continued from page 63

obvious, had made the suggestion.

But Wesley realized that any subsequent investigation would be much like touring Germany as Herr Hitler's guest. So in the morning, several commercial gentlemen in the smoking room were astonished to find themselves shaving in company with a shy, slender young man who appeared to be a hybrid between a minor poet and a well-washed janitor. For the young man's astute spectacles gave the lie to unpressed trousers, and his battered shoes were not in keeping with that near-Oxonian accent which so many mid-western scholars somehow manage to acquire.

But Wesley fancied that the disguise was perfect. As he surveyed his 128-pound proportions in the lavatory mirror he fancied that he saw a burly, scant-browed brute who would be accepted fraternally by any Jukes. His accoutrements seemed authentic enough, since they were toil-stained by his own efforts while working his way through college; and in donning them he had recaptured that same earnest, persevering spirit. Whatever sacrifice it meant, he was determined to become one with the Jukeses until he gained a thorough understanding of their problems.

At the station it was unnecessary to inquire directions. He had only to walk up Railway Avenue, suitcase in hand; for that thoroughfare was so shabby that nobody could have suspected a Grosvenor of dwelling there. Goats, dogs, children and tin cans were in noisy backyard communion even at this early hour of the summer morning, and the atmosphere was compelling with various unscrubbed odors. Wesley shifted his heavy suitcase and turned in toward a sagging porch upon which several baskets of wet wash reposed. The door flew open before he had time to knock and a blowsy, apron-clad matron regarded him with hostility.

"We don't want no more social workers," she said with feeling, "and you can go back to the Grosvenors and tell 'em so! The last one like to poisoned the baby with all them vitamins—"

Wesley hastened to assure her that he was neither a social worker nor a Grosvenor. On the contrary, he assured her, he merely wished to find board and room with one of the Jukeses, preferably a patriarchal Jukes who would be likely to know a great deal about the clan history.

"Oh," she murmured, and her animosity was transformed into a miracle of eagerness. "Then you're a writer? I kind of thought you looked like one!"

It was a happy inspiration and he decided to pose as a seeker after local color, although he was chagrined at not being taken for the dockwalloper he imagined himself to resemble.

"I always wondered," said the lady wistfully, "where you writers got your ideas! You know, mister, I often thought *my* life would make a book if somebody would just write it up right—so won't you come in?"

Wesley was only a literary novice and it still seemed remarkable to him that a stranger would recite his personal history on the slightest provocation. But he soon found himself seated opposite half a dozen children at the breakfast table while Miss Mamie Jukes proceeded to offer him material for a novel.

It appeared that she leaned toward the romantic school, as befitted an ample lady of some thirty-five summers. Her story was interminable with digressions but Wesley gathered that next month she was to be reunited to her fiancé—a second cousin, Henry Jukes—after waiting for him fourteen years.

"Only twelve, Ma," put in one of the youngsters. "Judge Grosvenor give him a stretch of fourteen, but he gets time off for good behavior."

Miss Jukes awarded her son a back-handed clout for interrupting. Then, misty-eyed, she seized the cue and enlarged upon the injustice of the trial. The two eldest children, now leaving with their dinner pails for the day's work at the Grosvenor Cotton Mills, had been born just prior to that melancholy event. But the remaining offspring hinted at the fact that Miss Jukes had been rather frequently betrayed during her long years as a Penelope. She went on, despite Wesley's embarrassment, to describe these betrayals; and he was not surprised to learn that two of her brood were of unacknowledged Grosvenor parentage. From the outset he had remarked their loftier foreheads and a certain tilt of superiority about their unwiped noses.

Two hours passed before he was able to tear himself away, for Miss Jukes had apparently concluded that he was one of the modern authors of thousand-page novels. After having listened to her reminiscences he leaned forward in the taxicab and intently studied the background which had framed them. Wesley was too devout an embryologist to put much stock in environment, but he could not escape the treasonable suspicion that Jukes surroundings might corrupt even Grosvenor heredity.

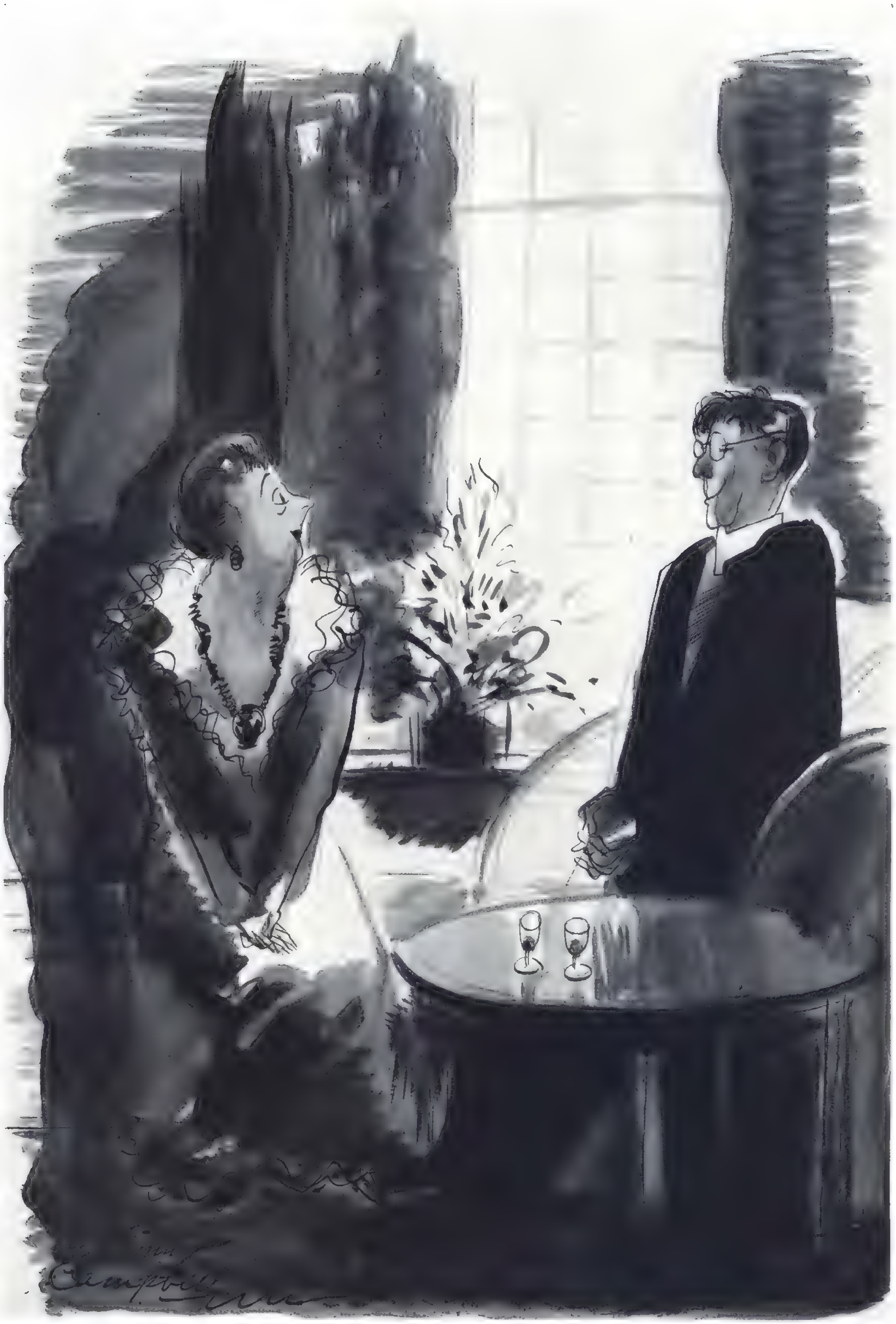
Main Street was the dividing line between the tribes: the usual incoherent thoroughfare trying to express itself in plate-glass hyperbole and Neon exclamation points.

On one side the Jukes shacks were raw daubs done in primitive and unmixed colors. Then you crossed over into the pastel regions of the Grosvenors—pampered lawns, neat driveways and a shiny coupé at the curb in front of a near-Colonial home. On the outskirts a few straggling faubourgs tried to compromise with Nature, and then the country took up the slack with unabashed fields and barns.

The meter had ticked off an impressive figure before Wesley's cab stopped at a tumble-down cottage on the edge of a lake. Various signboards announced tourist rooms, lunches, bait for sale and boats to rent. On the rickety porch sat an ancient and gnarled couple, both of them puffing at cob pipes. Wesley precariously picked his way up a wooden sidewalk and made inquiries.

His last doubts vanished after inspecting his room and partaking of the noonday meal which the Jukeses, with good reason, called dinner. Mom Jukes was one of those ferocious housekeepers with a hunting instinct for dust, and

Continued on page 146



"I think it's wonderful you're so democratic and everything, Reverend!"

Always a Jukes

Continued from pages 63-144

her incessant mop left every corner bleak with cleanliness. Her cooking tended to encourage the more robust calories, such as frequent fried chicken or deep-dish apple pie; and after the repast Wesley felt like joining the old man in a siesta.

Before the week was out, he found that he had been plunged into an unexpected Nirvana, as relaxing as a tepid bath after exercise. Thought was not here, and striving seemed a sacrilege resulting only in eye-strain or an upset stomach. The old lady was apparently deaf and dumb, for all of her goblin alertness; and it was soothing to listen to Uncle Ab's garrulity as he added long chapters to Jukes history. Every day Wesley went fishing with him, trolling for pike or lakers, and the measured creak of the oars became as somnolent as a lullaby.

Never did history repeat itself more passionately than when reduced to its lowest denominator, a Jukes! In peace or in war the Jukeses seemed only so many ninepins; for at least once a generation there was the inevitable crash and spill as a well-directed ball thundered down the alley. Yet it occurred to Wesley with something of a start that the ninepins had their own side of the story. In their wooden way they resented being set up and knocked down so persistently. Uncle Ab insisted, for instance, that the infamous Jukes who was hanged as a deserter during the Revolution had not been paid for three years. Moreover, he had been fed Neanderthalic salt pork which was the foundation of one of the first Grosvenor fortunes—that renowned Grosvenor who later became such a famous ambassador. And even as recently as 1918 one Private Lester Jukes had done time in Leavenworth Prison for insubordination. His two brothers had been gloriously killed when General Grosvenor's National Guard brigade gained half a kilometre in the Argonne at a cost of only four thousand casualties.

After each war—and each generation had known its war—there had followed a period of what Uncle Ab called "hard times." The monotony of these cycles puzzled the old man, for more of his family had become casualties of peace than of battle. A "new crime wave" always resulted in the incarceration of several dozen additional Jukeses in prisons or asylums, thus adding to the tribe's black tradition. Of course the Grosvenors suffered likewise, or at any rate they grumbled a great deal about taxes; but as Uncle Ab pointed out, they somehow had the knack of emerging wealthier and more distinguished after a panic or depression.

Wesley rapidly found himself developing a most unscientific indignation. At dusk one evening, seated with the old couple on the front porch, he declared, "It's all wrong! . . . Something," he declared, "ought to be done about it."

To his astonishment Mom Jukes proved not to be deaf and dumb after all. She deliberately removed the pipe from her mouth, and her eyes glittered with such witch-like malice that Wesley could imagine her riding all night on the broom she plied all day.

"Them that has," she said, "*gets.*"

Every evening for a week Wesley took the bus to the city in quest of Jukesean case histories. He had become the crusader rather than the scientist; for he was no longer able to retain the detached attitude of a scholar squinting through his microscope to observe the habits of troublesome parasites. Indeed, he had become obsessed with the unholy suspicion that the Grosvenors were perhaps more parasitic than the Jukeses! At least that lordly clan had owed since 1775 a great and unacknowledged debt to the modern serfs kenneled in worn-out farms or industrial slums.

It was all very clear to Wesley now. Come what might, and he had no doubt but that it meant the loss of his job, he was determined to go straight to the heads of the Grosvenors without mincing words. So on Saturday morning, with a well-filled notebook as ammunition, he telephoned for an appointment with the hetman of the tribe—old J. C. Grosvenor himself, owner of the cotton mills and president or chairman of nearly everything of importance in the city. Wesley had expected suave evasion but he could not doubt the cordiality of the voice on the wire:

"Of course, Doctor Fink! We've been expecting you for two weeks—ever since we read Governor Edwards' announcement. A splendid idea!" Mr. Grosvenor explained that fortunately the monthly meeting of the Civic Progress Club was to be held that noon and insisted that Wesley attend. "Could I send my car for you?" he inquired with solicitude.

Wesley declined the capitalistic bribe; but being an introspective young man, he wondered if he wasn't a bit ashamed of his boarding place. And when he arrived at the club that noon, newly barbered and pressed, he realized to his further chagrin that his sympathy with the Jukeses had been more intellectual than of the heart. The Grosvenors were his own kind of people, after all! Perhaps the kinship was superficial, merely a matter of haircuts and adverbs and shoe trees, but it was none the less real. All this past week he had been disheartened, even appalled by some Jukeses he had seen—slack-jawed loafers who eyed him with dull hostility, or packs of midnight hoodlums who slithered past with rat-like furtiveness.

But the Grosvenors spoke his language—*phobia* and *marvelous* and *intriguing.* The Grosvenors breathed through their noses. The Grosvenors enunciated.

Wesley's entire plan of campaign, nervously rehearsed on his way to the club, was given impetus to combat a bland but firm callousness. Thus he felt becalmed under full sail when a dozen Grosvenors bore down upon him in the lounge room of the club and began eagerly bombarding him with their ideas for the improvement of the Jukeses.

The Rev. Mr. Cyril Grosvenor, whose career had united pleading and forcefulness to such an extent that he resembled a wistful lion, maintained that nothing could be accomplished without a great spiritual awakening. At that moment a dear, white-haired old lady interrupted. She had already produced her checkbook before Wesley could explain that he was not campaigning for public playgrounds or milk funds. It seemed that she believed so trustfully in pasteurization or teeter-boards as a cure for the Jukeses that she had already contributed $300,000 to those causes.

Next three sprightly matrons gained his ear. They had worked themselves up into a benign lather about a new charity ball when he was snatched away from them by a frowning young woman who represented the Left Wing. Her little group had made no converts among the Jukeses as yet, she confessed, but she hinted darkly of a day when the Revolution would change everything.

In rapid succession Wesley was under fire from earnest advocates of disarmament, removal of adenoids, Esperanto, spinach, sterilization of defectives, model housing projects, arch supporters, subsistence farms, baby clinics, old age pensions, free dental floss, New Thought and censored movies.

It could never be said that the Jukeses had been neglected! On the contrary, Wesley could not help feeling a perverse admiration for people who had managed to uphold their family traditions against the assaults of such determined philanthropy.

It was a mercy when at last he was rescued by J. C. Grosvenor himself and escorted to a seat of honor at the long luncheon table.

No doubt the old capitalist's ideals were of the most depraved and predatory character, but at least he did not utter them. He merely beamed and continued to look as pinkly benevolent as a brithday cake.

The customary chicken patties with peas became so much dust in Wesley's throat as the time of his ordeal approached. For a hundred pairs of eyes were upon him, awaiting his message. A hundred public-spirited Grosvenors (not counting old J. C., who went on contentedly eating his patties) were confident that Science, the religion of the age, would have some bigger and better plan for outwitting the Jukes spermatozoön. But Wesley had no plan. He had not so much as a funny story in mind when the ghastly moment arrived and he stood moistening his lips during J. C.'s introduction. With the first word he knew that he was going to fizzle like a damp firecracker (instead of exploding under the seats of the mighty) and he was not disillusioned. A hundred manicured pairs of hands applauded with well-bred compassion when he finally slumped back into his chair, but there was reproach in the eyes which had been fixed on him so hopefully. A hundred higher natures had yearned in vain for something new and exciting to try on the Jukeses, since it is often such a bore to be a Grosvenor.

After taking the bus home, Wesley stayed in his room all the rest of the day, pleading indisposition even when Mom summoned him to supper. His temples pounded dully as he lay sprawled out on the bed, and there was neither rest nor escape nor sanctuary for his thoughts. Each way they turned a Jukes and a Grosvenor was blocking the tortuous path! Science, art, history, government, philosophy or religion—at the end of every blind alley the same Cain and Abel stood silhouetted against the darkness!

He decided that tomorrow morning, when he felt better, he would send in his resignation to Governor Edwards; and it was a comfort to realize that next September he would be back again in the laboratories of the State University, teaching the facts of life to freshmen. At least freshmen and guinea pigs were more dependable in their reactions than Jukeses or Grosvenors.

After hours of headache and travail he gave up the enigma and stumbled out on the porch for a breath of fresh air. The two old people were seated placidly in their rockers enjoying a last pipe as he humbly took a chair in the background. It was Saturday night and the nearby dance pavilion lighted up the night sky like a blast furnace pouring out its soul in molten jazz. Couples strolled past on the cement road outside the cottage—pert, saucy-hipped Jukes girls walking arm-in-arm with sleek-haired Grosvenor youths on their way to parked cars. There was moonlight and biology in the air, and Mom Jukes made a little clacking sound to indicate that she was about to speak again.

She gave the strolling couples a last lingering glance, and then she turned to Wesley with silent and witch-like mirth. "I reckon that after so many years," she remarked consolingly, "the Jukeses and Grosvenors is all one big family anyhow!" ⁂

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Tooting Wanderlust

Continued from page 60

on the head and pulled my ear, not hard. I started to go.

"Where you going?" said Mr. Green.

"To Tooting," I said.

"Without the vests," he asked.

So I looked very ashamed and he gave me a parcel which was wrapped in black cloth and told me to be very careful and not lose it. As I was going out one of the girls said, "It's a shame," but I walked out very quickly and I didn't see what happened next.

I got on the bus to the Bank of England which was very easy because all the buses go to the Bank of England from High Street, and in any case I knew where it was because Joe and Harry and some of the other boys who are my friends used to go there with me on Saturday afternoons, so I couldn't get lost. We used to have very long walks there and I liked it because it didn't take long from there to go to London Bridge and the Monument and even the tower of London. Also we saw the ships in the river which I enjoyed most of all.

When I got off the bus at the Bank there were more people than I'd ever seen, all going down the tube station. On Saturday afternoons there were hardly any. And there was also a lot of traffic, and I had to run very quickly across the road.

I had to stand in a long line of people to get my ticket, but when I went down the moving stairs I felt very happy because I was going down with so many people at the same time, and I could see they were used to it, and I think I looked as if I were used to it, too.

When the train came I asked the porter if that train went to Tooting, but he said it was up the stairs on the other side. So I had to go all the way back up the moving stairs, and through a long tunnel. At the end of the tunnel there were a lot of people waiting and suddenly a door opened and all the people walked through the door. I asked the porter how to go to Tooting and he told me to get in with the other people, who were all in a room with many advertisements on the wall.

Suddenly the door closed and the room gave a funny jerk and I began to feel that all my inside was coming up, but I wasn't very frightened because the other people were all standing very close together in there with me. Then the room jerked again and the walls stopped moving and the door opened. I thought we were at Tooting, but it was only another station, and this was also called the Bank.

I asked a man which was the way to Tooting, and he told me to wait with him and he would put me on the train. I was very glad.

The black tunnel at the end of the station looked very small for a big train but I was too shy to ask anyone. I wished I had been in trains more because then I would know lots of things that I didn't know. My mother and father never took me anywhere except when we went for a little ride in the bus to Aunt Bertha's, but I could easily walk that distance so it wasn't much fun and anyway, I knew the streets along there by heart.

Once Father said he would take us to Brighton for the day, but that week he had no work so there was no money to go to Brighton. It was bad luck because I wanted very much to ride in the train and go to the sea where we could look at the big ships. I always wish I could ride in trains and ships. Maybe I wouldn't mind riding in buses too, except that you can see exactly where you're going. Sometimes I sit under the table in the kitchen and think I'm in a ship going to America, because my Uncle Simon went there when I was a kid, and he went in a train first, and then in a ship. I know because they took me to the station to say Goodbye and he kissed me and the train was making a terrible hissing noise and I could see the red hot fire in the engine because it was at night and it made my Uncle's face look very red. But I know I wasn't frightened even though I was just a kid. Whenever we sit in front of the fire in the dark, I always think of my Uncle Simon, and trains, and ships, and America. All American boys say Gee! when they're excited. I also say it sometimes.

Before the train came there was a noise just like thunder in the tunnel and it got louder and louder, and the man held my hand though I really didn't ask him to do so. Then the train came so fast, I never thought it would stop. But it did and it wasn't the same color as when I went to Hammersmith with my friend Harry. I looked at the map when I sat down in the train, and I counted twelve stations to Tooting and it was just marvelous to sit there all alone and have bets with myself about the name of the next station, and I always won except once when I made a mistake. But that was because the woman sitting next to me asked me where I wanted to go, as I kept looking out of the window and I suppose she thought I couldn't read very well, which made me want to smile.

I got very hungry just after we passed Oval station because it made me think of an egg which is also oval, but I didn't mind very much as I was very pleased to be sitting in the train which roared through the tunnel. The wavy wires outside the window made me feel a bit giddy, but it wasn't too bad.

I guessed very hard that the next station would be Tooting after we left Trinity Road Station, and also I said a secret prayer just to make sure it would be Tooting. When the train stopped again, I saw that the station was called Tooting Broadway, so I got out and went up the moving stairs, and gave the ticket collector half my ticket. When I walked out in the street, it was just like High Street near home except that the shops looked a bit brighter and cleaner than ours did.

I saw the tailor's shop straight away, with the name Nephew Brothers printed in big gold letters over the window, and there were many men's suits and overcoats on dummies in there. I went to the door and looked in but there was only a very big carpet and lots of looking glasses, so I tapped on the side of the door, but I expect they didn't hear me. So I plucked up courage and walked in with my parcel over my arm.

As I walked over the mat a bell rang and a man who looked like a schoolmaster and wore a very white collar which was quite wide, came out from behind a looking glass. He was smiling very kindly, but when he saw me, he just looked at the parcel, and I never thought a man could look angry so quickly. He looked at me and said:

"What you got there?"

"From Mr. Green," I said. "Vests."

"What!" said the man. "Another new boy!"

He just snatched the parcel from me and said, "All right."

So I said, "Thank you, sir," and walked out quickly. I felt a bit sad because he didn't ask me anything about the train, but perhaps he thought it was easy.

There was a lovely fruit shop in the station with all fancy fruits which I had never seen. But I only had two pennies and the railway ticket, and I needed the two pennies for bus fare from the Bank station. So I decided not to buy an orange, but then I saw bananas one penny each, so if I bought one, I could walk half way home. I bought a banana, and the man gave me a walnut as well, which I put in my pocket as I could only crack walnuts in doors.

I felt much better when I had eaten the banana, and I thought I would sit in the station and watch a couple of trains go past before I got in one, as I wanted to have a good look at the drivers.

But I didn't see much of the drivers. They all looked the same. So I got on the next train which was going to the Bank and counted the stations on the map and it was twelve again. Then I knew that I must have been wrong in counting when I went to Hammersmith with my friend Harry, because the map must have been made after the man who made it had been through the stations once or twice to get to know them properly.

It was very wonderful the way they had electric lights burning in the train, very up-to-date. We still have gas light at home although most of my friends' houses have electric light. But Mother says they want a lot of money for fixing it and she hasn't got any.

There were only two or three people in the train with me, and I felt very pleased because I had done something that my friend Joe had dared me to do, and now I knew exactly how to get to Tooting by myself.

I wondered if it was too late to have tea when I got home, because when I was at Tooting it was getting quite dark and the shops were all lighted up. I never stayed out after it was dark, because Mother wouldn't let me, and I hoped I wouldn't get into a row. I was sorry then that I had spent a penny on the banana as I would have to walk quite a long way.

It seemed to take a very long time to get to the Bank station again, and I was getting a bit worried about being out so late. Still I knew Mr. Green would give me a shilling, and when I showed it to Mother everything would be all right.

At last the train stopped at the Bank station and I went in the room which jerked and I was all alone with the porter and I asked him why the wall was moving, because this time it was going down, and he told me we were in a lift and I knew what he meant then, because I'd seen it on the movies. In the American movies they call them elevators which is a much harder word to learn.

When I got on the bus it was quite dark and I was afraid that if I had to get off and walk part of the way, it might take too long. I told the conductor I only had a penny and he said "All right kid—sit tight." He was a very nice conductor, so I asked him if he wanted a walnut and he just took it in his hand and cracked it with his fist, and gave me half and ate half himself. I think it wouldn't be a bad idea to be a conductor when I grow up.

When I got off the bus, I skipped along towards the street where Mr. Green lives and I sang a song. Because really I was very happy, but somehow I hoped Mother wouldn't tell my father that I had come home late.

I went to Mr. Green's workshop and the door was closed, but I could hear all the machines going and lots of voices singing. They were singing a very sad song. I knocked on the door but no one came. So I kicked at it, and then Mr. Green came to the door and said "Who is it?" He didn't look very pleased to see me.

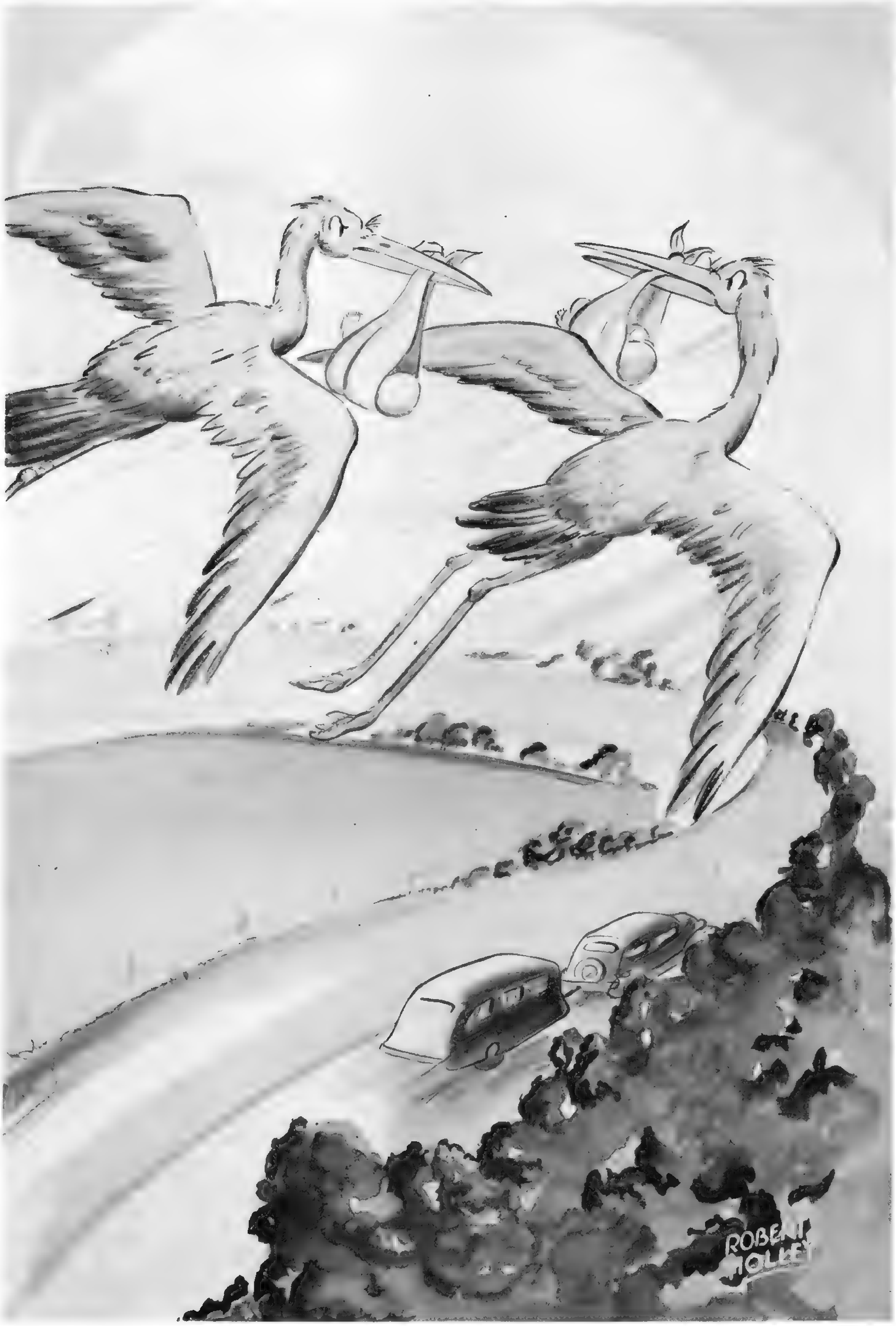
"It's me," I said.

"Who are you?" Mr. Green said.

I didn't think he had forgotten me so quickly, but perhaps it was because of the dark.

"You remember," I said. "I

Continued at top of page 150


ROBERT JOLLEY

"We've got to do something about this trailer problem—we can't be chasing people all over the country"

Tooting Wanderlust

Continued from pages 60-148

took the vests to Tooting."

"Oh," he said. "All right, boy—come Sunday."

Then he closed the door in my face. I didn't know what to do, because I was really looking forward to the shilling to show my mother in case she was cross with me.

Before I went home, I went to Joe's house, and Joe's mother told me I couldn't see him because he was in bed. But Joe came running to the door, and he said:

"Your mother's going to kill you."

"What for?" I asked.

"Because you went to Tooting."

"Go inside," Joe's mother said to him.

"Mr. Green didn't pay me the shilling," I said to Joe before his mother could close the door.

"He owes me a shilling too," Joe said. "I went last week, but he wouldn't pay me."

Then Joe's mother closed the door, so I had to go home. I didn't feel very happy about going in, because if I didn't have the shilling, my mother might say I'd spent it. But when I got near home, my sister came running up to me and said:

"Where've you been, you little devil? Wait until you get inside."

I began to feel a bit afraid, but I laughed at her and asked her if she knew what she was talking about, and anyway, I hadn't done any real harm so they couldn't say much. My father was at home when I got in, and also my Aunt Bertha, and my mother, and then there was my sister and my Uncle Jack.

"He's here," my sister said.

I tried to look like when I come home from school, but they were all looking at me with their heads a bit on a side. It seemed so funny, and it made me shiver a bit down the back, so it can't always be excitement or pleasure when you shiver like that, can it?

"You went to Tooting for that swine Green, did you?" my father said, and he started to come over to me.

"Leave him alone," my mother said. Then she stood in front of me.

"To think that a son of mine should be a messenger for Green, the louse," said my father.

"How did you know the way to Tooting?" my mother said to me. Her voice sounded as if she was crying. "You've never been anywhere."

"I once went with Harry to Hammersmith," I said in a low voice, not because I was afraid but because I felt ashamed of myself for making trouble at home. Then my Uncle Jack laughed, and said:

"Good for you, kid." So I felt a bit better.

"Silence!" my father said to Uncle Jack. "Do you want to encourage him?"

"You might have been killed," my mother said.

"Not me," I said, and then I laughed, because I knew Uncle Jack was on my side.

"What a terrible boy you are," Aunt Bertha said to me, and wiggled her finger at me.

"Go to bed without your tea," mother said. "Tomorrow I shall whip the life out of you for what you've made me suffer. Go on."

I went upstairs to bed without saying anything, and I could hear them all talking in very loud voices downstairs as if they were having a proper fight.

But I didn't care. Even if Mother did lick me tomorrow, it didn't matter because I knew the way to Tooting by myself, and when I grow up I'm going to other places as well. It's very easy to find out how to get there, and it does make you feel very happy to be riding about. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 94

grily, and when they are full
They belch us!'"

It is possible that Bacon might turn in his grave could he read the passage, but hardly Shakespeare, for he himself wrote it, as Charley, if he takes the trouble, may find out by referring to Act III, Scene IV of *Othello.*

Leaving the nutritious critical performance of Mr. Towne, we engage no less a critic than Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times*, my respected brother in the New York Drama Critics' Circle, observing: "Since she (Juliet) appears to be married all through the second act it is a little astonishing in the first scene of the third act to find that apparently she has to be married all over again." It would truly be a little astonishing, as Brooks says, if she has to be, but there is no slightest suggestion that she has to be. What she has to be, after having left her lord and master, is to be *wooed* all over again. Brooks should buy himself a dictionary. Therein he will find that, while *woo* may in certain instances imply a soliciting or seeking in marriage, it just as often means simply to court, to ask with importunity, to seek to influence or persuade, to invite, to endeavor to prevail upon to do or to grant something, to try to obtain or bring about, and to make love. But as the good Brooks is personally slightly puritanical, his interpretation of the Shakespearean word may be understandable.

Clifton Fadiman, of *The New Yorker*, whose criticisms I always read with pleasure, never gave me more robustious pleasure (in a theatrical if not critical sense) when, in the midst of a very favorable review of the Shakespearean paraphrase he pulled this: "He tells us what we have always wanted to know: to wit, what would have happened *if the star-crossed lovers had married.*"

Dr. William John Tucker, professor of English at the University of Arizona and guest critic to that luscious journal of the desert, the Tucson, Arizona, *Citizen*, worked himself up into a frightful stew over the audacity of any mere dramatic critic and one confessedly not a dramatist meddling with Shakespeare. Hark to his enraged howl: "It isn't true. It isn't decent. It is literary blasphemy. There may be some people who will regard it as demonstration of the author's wit, but there are also some Philistines who will not hesitate to declare that it proves him to be a barbarian or a blatherskite. The people, as the people, will, I hope, be healthy-minded enough to indicate their disgust in the most effective way. We shall see! At whatever cost of pain to individuals literature must be purified from this taint."

It is evident that the indignant professor's acquaintance with the drama is rather less than negligible. If it were even infinitesimally more considerable he would have to list among the tainters, barbarians and blatherskites—all of them guilty of paraphrasing the classics—various such low fellows of the past as Plautus and Terence, who similarly paraphrased the Greeks, and Voltaire and Racine, who were guilty of the same crime, along with such modern knaves as Gerhart Hauptmann, who has audaciously fashioned a new version of *Hamlet*, and Sir James M. Barrie, who has re-edited *The Taming of the Shrew* by way of proving that it was Katherine who tamed Petruchio and not Petruchio who tamed Katherine. Then, too, of course, the good Prof., if he were sufficiently educated in the drama, would have to list Shakespeare himself among the aforesaid blatherskites, for if ever a low dog brazenly took hold of ancient dramatic treasures and re-stated them in his own terms it was old Will himself, thank God.

Prof. Tucker, incidentally, had better stay away from the present-day Russian theatre. If he were to see what it has done to *Hamlet*, the poor boy would swoon.

As a concluding portrait of critical awareness, I give you the performance by Mr. Peter Monro Jack, in the New York *Times*. (Everybody on that paper but the sports writer, it seems, tossed pennies at me, and the sports writer is yet to be heard from.) Thus, seriatim, Mons. Jack:

1. "Paris, who speaks exactly four lines in the first act and does not seem to know anyone in the cast but Capulet . . ."

The Shakespearean line clearly and explicitly states that not only Capulet but Lady Capulet and Juliet's nurse (*vide* their eulogies of him) know and are known to Paris. Furthermore, it is obviously Paris who is dancing with Juliet at the opening of the first act's fourth scene.

2. "Without Othello's Moorishness, it is hard to believe Iago-Tybalt's lines that Juliet (Desdemona) will, soon after the marriage, 'begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor this Romeo' etc. Why, no, not at all; this is much too strong language to use against the admirable Romeo of the first act."

It is properly hard for Mons. Jack or anyone else to believe the lines unless he knows his Shakespeare well enough to recall that Iago was and is here still ever a hypocrite, a self-server and a deliberate liar. Even so, however, it isn't a case of "soon after the marriage," as Mons. Jack conveniently misquotes, but "some years later"—maybe so many as eight or even ten.

3. "As the scene progresses, a gleam of comprehension pervades his (Romeo's) features—why, with the evidence before us, it is impossible to tell."

If a man suspects his wife of infidelity and then hears from an unimpeachable source that his suspicion was falsely and basely aroused by a scoundrel, why is it impossible to tell why a gleam of comprehension should pervade his features?

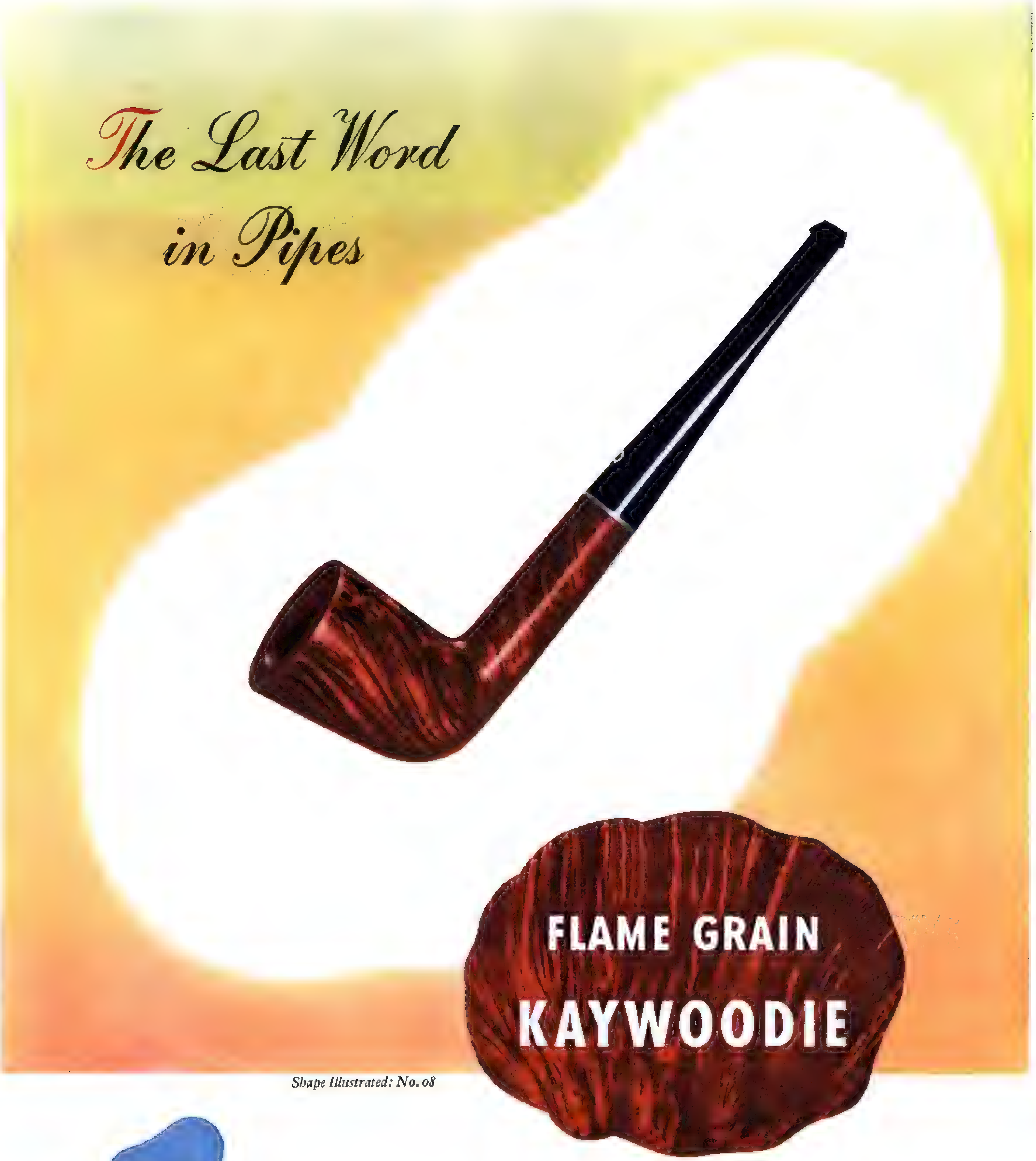
4. "A completely new character, nowhere to be found in the Othello act, though possibly intimated in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, appears before us, one who can understand Juliet's nurse and Desdemona's Emilia."

Who this "new" character that our critic has in mind is, I can't, even after having my colored valet (an Oxford graduate and a quondam Shakespearean actor of parts) reread the paraphrase aloud to me fourteen times, quite decipher. But grant that there is such a "new" character. What of it? Doesn't Shakespeare himself periodically in his plays introduce "new" characters in just the manner and for just the means our doverwilson laments.

5. "Together with a stage direction that we are still puzzling over, in which Juliet speaks *acidulously*."

What is puzzling about it, my boy? Go over into your paper's dramatic department and borrow that dictionary that Brooks Atkinson has probably by this time bought. In it you will find *acidulously* very simply and quite obviously defined as "slightly sour; figuratively, sour in feeling or expression; sharp; caustic; harsh."

It becomes apparent that what some of our Shakespearean critics need and need badly are copies of Shakespeare and Webster. #



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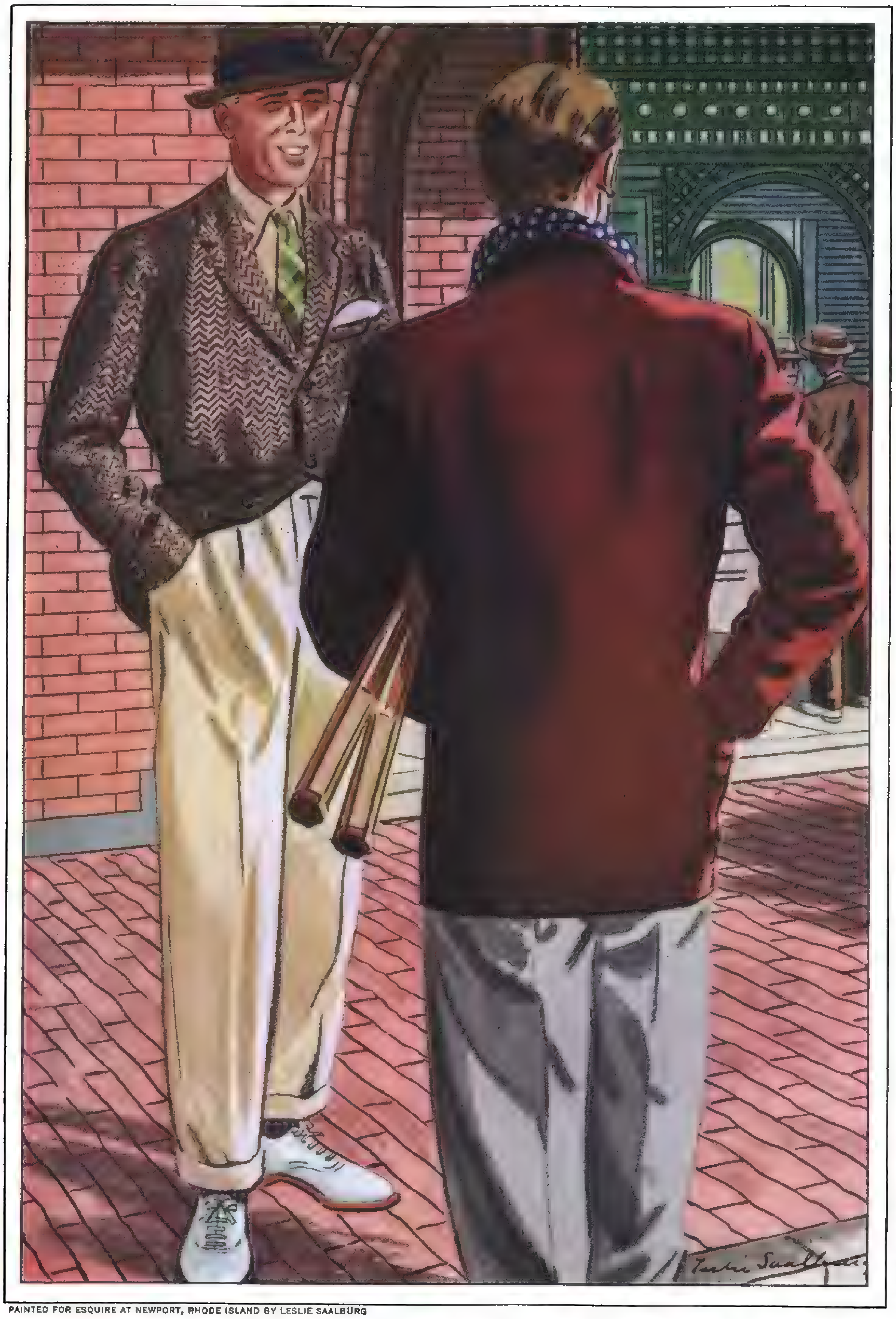

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND BY LESLIE SAALBURG

The famous Newport Casino on Bellevue Avenue, Newport, has been the Mecca of American society since the Gay Nineties. Each year the resort's social season is at its height during the invitation tennis tournament.

PROVING THERE'S NOTHING NEW AT NEWPORT

Very very Newport is the single-breasted Shetland jacket on the left. In fact it has been for about twenty years, never altering a jot in either model or fabric. It is a very natural fitting coat with no exaggeration or emphasis at shoulders or waist. The trousers, too, are typical of the traditional Newport manner, being worn rather short and narrow, with natural turn-up at the bottom. The shirt is a button-down collar attached tan Oxford, in a model which hasn't changed appreciably since the war. By contrast, the India madras four-in-hand tie and the coconut straw hat seem almost daring innovations. The shoes, however, stand solidly on tradition, being the unlined white buckskin with red rubber soles to which the previous King George was addicted throughout his long reign. The other is a typical English tennis outfit, of maroon homespun blazer worn with the new pale grey flannel slacks.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Bonanza Strike

Continued from page 65

take whatever was offered. Then he bought his powder, and threw in an extra box of blasting caps for good measure. And tossing aside all caution, he invested in a pair of new overalls, copper riveted, plus an electric flashlight. He had always wanted to own a flashlight. The ads said they were so convenient.

He left the store, laden with his purchases. He was anxious to get back to his mine. Wanted to be sure it was still there. And it was sixty-four miles to the gravelly, cactus-studded gulch high up in the St. Andrews that held its mineral wealth firmly locked in its rocky slopes. Only one decent water-hole across the thirty miles of desert floor, too.

Elmer was glad to get back to camp after three days of travel. He reached the gulch at night. Green moonlight played weird tricks with the shifting shadows it threw across out-jutting rocks, and behind tall clumps of ghostly Spanish Bayonet.

Nights are chilly anywhere seven thousand feet above sea level. Elmer built himself a fire with greasewood roots. He set his charred and chipped blue-enameled coffee pot in the center of the red embers and sat down on his blanket roll to rest.

He guessed he would call the gulch Three Palms because of the triumvirate of curving palms that huddled close to the grass bordered spring in the hollow of the gully. The spring sent a tiny trickle of water down to join the almost dry creek that trailed along the bottom of the gulch.

Elmer stared down at the palms, saw a huge mill set along the higher slopes, heard the clank and roar and crash and bang of mine machinery going full blast. His mill, his machinery, his mine!

Then he turned away and faced the east, out towards the lower end of Three Palms Gulch. The slash in the mountains ended on top of a long spur that buttressed out high above the desert below. For a long time he watched the flashing white beacon light that stabbed into the star-flecked sky from the airport north of Tuberosa.

Wouldn't be much of a job, he figured, to build a good road out from Tuberosa across the desert. It could swing around the nose of the spur, and then climb it on a steep grade with a single switchback to the mouth of Three Palms Gulch. From there it would be a simple matter to build it into the mine. With a good road and a fast car, a fellow could go to town pretty often if he felt like it.

Elmer wondered which was the better buy for the money. A Rolls Royce, or a Lincoln.

Swiftly he turned towards the palms again. He heard movement in the grass by the spring. Stealthy movement.

"Doggone it," he mumbled, "a feller don't hardly get a chance to enjoy his money 'fore some thievin' skunk is out to rob him."

He would have drawn his gun, if he ever carried such a thing. Instead he felt around the ground until he found the bundle of new drill steel. He gripped a twenty-two inch length and moved warily down towards the spring.

"Who's there?" he called. His own voice echoed back from the stillness of the mountains. There was no other response.

"Come out, or b'gad I'll shoot," threatened Elmer, forgetting he had only drill steel in his hands.

He reached the canyon bottom, crossed the thin silver smear of creek dry shod on some flat stones, and stood for a breathless moment on the other side.

At that instant the intruder stepped into the full moonlight, and emitted a long, ear-torturing bray. Head back, teeth gleaming, long ears pinned against its neck, the burro gave repeated vent to its own astonishment.

Elmer sighed gratefully. He lowered his upraised arm. But when he attempted to catch the beast, he found that four legs were better than two. After a long and futile chase, Elmer was winded. He started back for camp. The burro followed him.

In the long hard days that followed the pair grew very friendly. The burro (Elmer called her Phyllis after an aunt who cooked in a mining camp at Cripple Creek) was a docile beast. And sturdy.

Each had his work to do. Elmer started a tunnel into the slope a hundred feet below the outcrop of his vein, planning on cutting straight through the country rock and intercepting his ore where the big vein pitched on downward into the bowels of the earth at some ten degrees off the vertical.

It wouldn't take much tunneling. Elmer figured he would run smack-dab into his bonanza pay shoot. With a hundred foot of proved ore above him ready to be stoped out and milled.

He made his tunnel a sound working width, four feet. And high enough to give himself and Phyllis plenty of head room. He graded it carefully to make tramming out the muck in his old second-hand mine car easy for Phyllis. He sloped the tunnel towards the entrance so that Phyllis hauled the full car of muck out to the dump on a downgrade, and had only a slight edge of gravity to overcome on the empty return trip.

Elmer had to make a few trips to town while he was drilling and blasting and digging his way to his fortune. He took Phyllis with him. At least the burro followed him whenever he started to leave camp, and after a few useless attempts at telling the animal to go home, and shying rocks at it, he let the beast come along.

People stood in doorways when Elmer and Phyllis marched down Main Street now. Everybody waved to Elmer cheerily, and asked how things were coming along at the mine.

"Just so-so." That is all Elmer ever said. But it was always followed by one of those broad winks. Elmer had too much on his mind to talk.

But he didn't fool anybody. People knew what that deprecatory "so-so" meant. They could read it in the little prospector's flame-bright eyes. And they envied him. Wished they were going to be rich. Hell, all a fellow had to do was go out into the mountains, stick his pick in the right spot and he was a millionaire. It was mostly luck.

Ike Busby voiced the common knowledge to Doc Snyder who ran the Elite Drugstore next his hardware shop one day when Elmer was in town and both were watching the prospector and his burro, as the pair headed towards Judge Blakely's law office.

"They say," declared Busby, not bothering to explain just who said it, "Bates has sunk right on the Mother Lode. Be the richest strike in New Mexico when it comes in."

"I'll be damned!" declared Doc Snyder.

Elmer halted in front of Judge Blakely's office. But he changed his mind and didn't go in. He had intended asking for a little legal advice in filling out income tax returns, and maybe getting a couple of spare blanks to practice on.

Still there would be time enough for that later. Darn nuisance, the Government horning in on a man's hard-earned money that way. Anyhow he wasn't quite sure what his income would be yet. He'd need one of the blanks that dealt with the higher brackets too, and most likely the Judge wouldn't have one.

Two days before Elmer's birthday the formation began to change. Elmer's hands turned so shaky, he could hardly hold the drill steel steady enough to hit it with the single-jack. Time and again the light, three and a half pound hammer missed the face of the drill bit. It battered up his fingers pretty badly.

Elmer worked harder than ever those last two days. He was so tired he could hardly stand up. Nausea that reminded him painfully of the *soroche* or mountain sickness that made every meal a repeat performance in the high altitudes of the Andes seemed to have seized him. But at night when he lay down and closed his eyes, he was too excited to sleep.

The electric flashlight came in handy then. He used it to look at his nickel-plated watch and see what time it was.

By man-killing effort he managed to put in his last round of twelve holes on the eve of his birthday. He decided to shoot them off first thing in the morning.

He was up early. Breakfastless he hurried towards the tunnel. The burro crowded in after him, asking no questions, unaware of the momentous occasion it was, and ready to put in another day's grind at the mine.

Elmer had enough powder with him to blow the top off St. Andrews peak. He loaded the holes to the brim. Then he lit the fuse, and started without delay for the tunnel entrance.

He forgot about Phyllis, until he collided with the beast's sternsheets half-way to the portal.

Phyllis, nose buried in a pocket gouged out of the tunnel wall which Elmer always kept filled with grass for her noonday meal, was doing a little chiseling, placidly snatching herself an early morning snack. But the non-feeding end blocked egress from the tunnel. And Elmer wanted to get out of that hole in a hurry.

He tugged, and pushed and pulled. Sweat ran down his cheeks. Finally he crawled under the animal's well-filled belly, and escaped.

Once on the far side, he tried to coax, cuss and drag Phyllis out with him. But Phyllis' mind, and she evidently had one, was made up. Food was food.

Elmer was fond of Phyllis. He liked to think of them both as sort of partners. Elmer was also fond of life. Perhaps no more than reasonably so. But he didn't want to die. At least not until he had seen his bonanza mine in all its glory. So he quit tugging at Phyllis' tail, and took it on the lam for the tunnel extrance.

He barely reached it when the explosion came. Deafening. A terrific blast that set the whole mountain trembling. The vibration died away quickly. But the great wave of powder smoke curling outward hadn't reached the portal as Phyllis came dashing out of that sudden inferno at a pace that would have shamed bolt lightning. She cleared the dump in one wild leap. After that she hit the ground about once in every thirty feet until she reached the canyon floor.

Then she started to run. And she headed up Three Palms Gulch towards the higher ridges above, whence she had originally come.

Elmer shook his head sadly. "I bet she don't trust me no more," he said. She didn't. She never came back.

With a start Elmer remembered his mine. He hurried into the tunnel, choking on the foul and gas-filled air. The shot had been a big success. Barring, of course, the loss of Phyllis. And there was Elmer's vein. Opened up as neat as a split oyster. Clean quartz, spotted, polka-dotted, and pockmarked all over with beautiful, shiny, metal crystals.

"Native silver!" exclaimed Elmer, blinking at the sight and gulping twice before he could gather sense enough to pick up some of the fragments and carry them to the tunnel entrance. They looked just as pretty in the full daylight.

Elmer found his canteen, raised

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The Bonanza Strike

Continued from page 65-153

it to his lips and took a long drink of tepid water. It tasted like champagne to Elmer just then.

After he got control of his shaking body once more, he went back into the mine and took some proper samples. He tried his best to be fair about it, and not reach deliberately for the richest looking pieces.

Elmer sent the samples to an honest assayer in Phoenix. It was nearly two weeks before the assay returns came back. The postman in Tuberosa spotted the envelope when it came in, and he sent Gus Pebbles right out to the mine with it in a buckboard.

"This is for Mr. Bates," he instructed Gus solemnly. "See that he gets it personal. Don't give it to nobody else now."

Gus nodded just as solemnly. He figured he could deliver the envelope all right because there wasn't anybody at Three Palms Gulch but Elmer anyhow.

Gus let the reins hang loose over the dashboard, and his pair of tired roans munch some of the grass that was growing up again around the spring while he rolled a cigarette and watched Elmer open his envelope from the assayer in Phoenix.

Elmer read the contents slowly. "Gold-none. Silver-trace. Some lead showing. No commercial possibilities apparent even under favorable producing and marketing conditions. The ore seems to consist of scattered galena particles in a compact quartz matrix. The lead sulphide mineral. . . ."

Elmer didn't read any further. He crumpled up the report and thrust it into his pocket.

"She's another bust," he said to Gus.

Gus looked at Elmer, wide-eyed. He thought the prospector must be crazy. Elmer wasn't tearing his hair, or cursing, or trying to beat his brains out against a rock, or anything. He just sat down hard on the dump, and sighed.

It sounded to Gus like a sigh of relief.

"Phew!" declared Elmer, when he found his tongue again. "Bonanza discoverin' sure takes a lot out of a feller."

Then he phewed a couple of times more. And Gus walked down the gulch slope to his buckboard in disgust.

Elmer left the mine just as it was. Didn't even board up the tunnel entrance. When he had been prospecting the St. Andrews in the beginning he had come across a small deposit of fairly coarse placer gold in a sandy gully about a mile south of Three Palms. With a homemade dry washer, and some hard work, he could get enough yellow metal out of it to pay the bills he owed in Tuberosa.

Then there was a place in Nevada. Gold right at the grass roots, he had heard. No trouble at all for a fellow to make better than wages. And maybe strike a pocket. . . .

For a moment Elmer paused to survey the emptiness around him.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "I sure miss Phyllis." ⧺

The Beach Vendetta

Continued from page 67

husky Captain of Infantry, stationed at Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, who when not engaged in rhapsodizing on the lovable and amiable qualities of the machine gun as an adjunct to civilized warfare, likes nothing better than fishing. When you add to that phobia, a willingness to leave the beaten paths of custom and try anything new in a fishing way, you have a picture of the real fishing companion he really is, and it did not take me over three minutes of rapid explanation to enlist him in the experiment.

Captain Mit was so enthusiastic over the idea that he suggested giving it a trial the next afternoon, if he could secure leave. Unfortunately I was not going to be able to join him, so he decided to go alone, promising a full report the following night.

Just before dark the next evening Mit came rushing into my house. Out of his excited explanation I finally grasped the story. Briefly, he had taken his new von Hofe 9-0 reel and gone shark fishing. He found the sharks or at least they found him. He was waving the reel around as a witness to his recital. The reel was all that was left of a fairly complete complement of fishing tackle. That is, all that was left except about twenty-five feet of new line, still clinging pathetically to the reel.

The reel itself had finally succumbed after taking a beating like no reel had ever taken, before or since. Stripped gears rattled like an Old Model T on a corduroy road and the drag was still screwed down so tight that it required all my strength to pull the line an inch.

All told, Mit had received ten strikes; ten hand-to-hand battles with jumping sharks. After each battle he had grinned, shortened line where it had worn and attached new rigging. No shark had stayed with him more than a few minutes. Finally when his big rod broke on the tenth strike he screwed the drag down to a point where no gears ever manufactured could withstand the strain. As soon as the gears jammed the line parted, leaving only a short length as a sad but forceful witness.

The next day was Saturday; clear and hot. Mit and I were perched on the extreme end of the Isle of Palms, facing a deep inlet, when the tide began to ebb in the early afternoon. He had borrowed a von Hofe reel from his colonel; I was using my deep-sea tackle—a prized von Hofe Swordfish Rod, No. 203, the gift of a friend, and a Pfleuger Atlapac. Mit had forgotten to bring one of his beloved machine guns. We could have used it and maybe several more later on.

We drew nothing but blanks for the entire ebb tide. At six o'clock I looked at my watch and suggested that we move down a few hundred yards to another deep slough. Mit started to reel in, then stopped. The tip of his rod took on a huge bend. Undoubtedly he was onto a big one.

At seven o'clock we caught our first glimpse of the shark. He had not jumped, or even broken water for an hour. When he came up and we saw a part of his body I understood the reason. That shark was too big to have jumped. He was hanging in the tide, about fifty feet offshore when he first came up. We could only see his dorsal fin and tail. We took three separate measurements by drawing marks on shore, opposite the protruding dorsal and tail. Each time the length between the shore marks was twelve feet. Since the dorsal fin is located well to the rear of center of a large shark's body it is not difficult to hazard a guess as to his entire length.

Meanwhile a large crowd had collected. The Isle of Palms beach is popular with Charleston motorists and on this Saturday afternoon, each car that drove up stopped to watch the battle. At eight o'clock the crowd had dwindled but the shark evidently had not heard about it. He was still putting on a grand show, with long rushes and occasional flurries upon the surface. The colonel's reel was doing a magnificent job too, with Mit and I alternating after some particularly powerful rush. Once we worked the shark within fifteen feet of the shore. He went aground there, or else stuck his nose in the sand. I was holding a three-foot gaff in my hand when the dorsal loomed up before me. I made a hasty comparison between dorsal and gaff. There did not seem to be any difference in length. It was getting dark when the shark probably remembered a dinner date or something. Without any further demur he started for the sea and when he reached the end of our six-hundred-yard line, he was just throwing into high gear, running free and easy, as if there were no such things in existence as a pressure drag and two fairly husky fishermen trying to stop him.

I guess we were glad to see him go, in a way, although if Mit had brought a machine gun, or if the understanding spectator who had given us a drink out of his flask had stayed around, we might have landed the big fellow in spite of his weight and speed.

The next morning I went to the end of The Isle of Palms with another friend. This time I was far more cheerful about the prospect. In place of the piano-wire leader I substituted a five-foot length of flexible wire rope, of the type used as stays on small sailing craft, splicing a heavy galvanized cast-net swivel on one end and a No. 12 Pfleuger Sobey on the other. Ten feet of soft hand trolling cord with a woven outer casing, yet small enough to run smoothly through the rod guides, connected line with swivel and added much strength to the most vulnerable part of the outfit. Halfway between hook and swivel I wired on a six-ounce sinker, which took care of the casting problem as well as allowing some space for the bait to float a few feet off bottom.

The first strike was a disappointment. The fish was sluggish, running obliquely to the shore, instead of indulging in the mad headlong rush for deep water as the other strikes had done.

Of course the rod functioned perfectly and I felt a thrill of pride as the finely fashioned tip bent in a powerful arc to meet the lunges of the fish. The weaving, tortuous runs were taking the fish offshore gradually. After a half-hour I began to recover some line and then, with diminishing rushes, I worked the fish into shallow water. It was a ray, weighing about 150 pounds. While the ray does not possess any of the offensive weapons of a shark, the encounter had been a fairly good test for the new rigging, which showed no signs of wear or strain.

Another hour found the tide almost high. I backed up on the beach and stood beside a vegetable crate that had washed ashore. The drag on the reel was set fairly tight when I rested the rod on top of the crate and began fumbling for a cigarette. Some instinct of caution prompted against relinquishing hold of the rod, since a fairly strong breeze was blowing it was necessary for me to cup both hands in the cigarette lighting process, so I carefully turned my back to the crate and gripped the reel firmly between both knees. Just then the strike came!

I hit the beach on both shoulders, somewhat tangled up in the vegetable crate, then rolled over in a desperate attempt to grab the rod, but the rod was traveling seaward through the shallow surf, carrying a bow wave like the *Queen Mary*.

Rod and reel passed out of sight before I saw a long, grey form emerge from the water in a tremendous leap, spinning and twisting, fifty yards offshore. I caught a flash of the wire rope leader and

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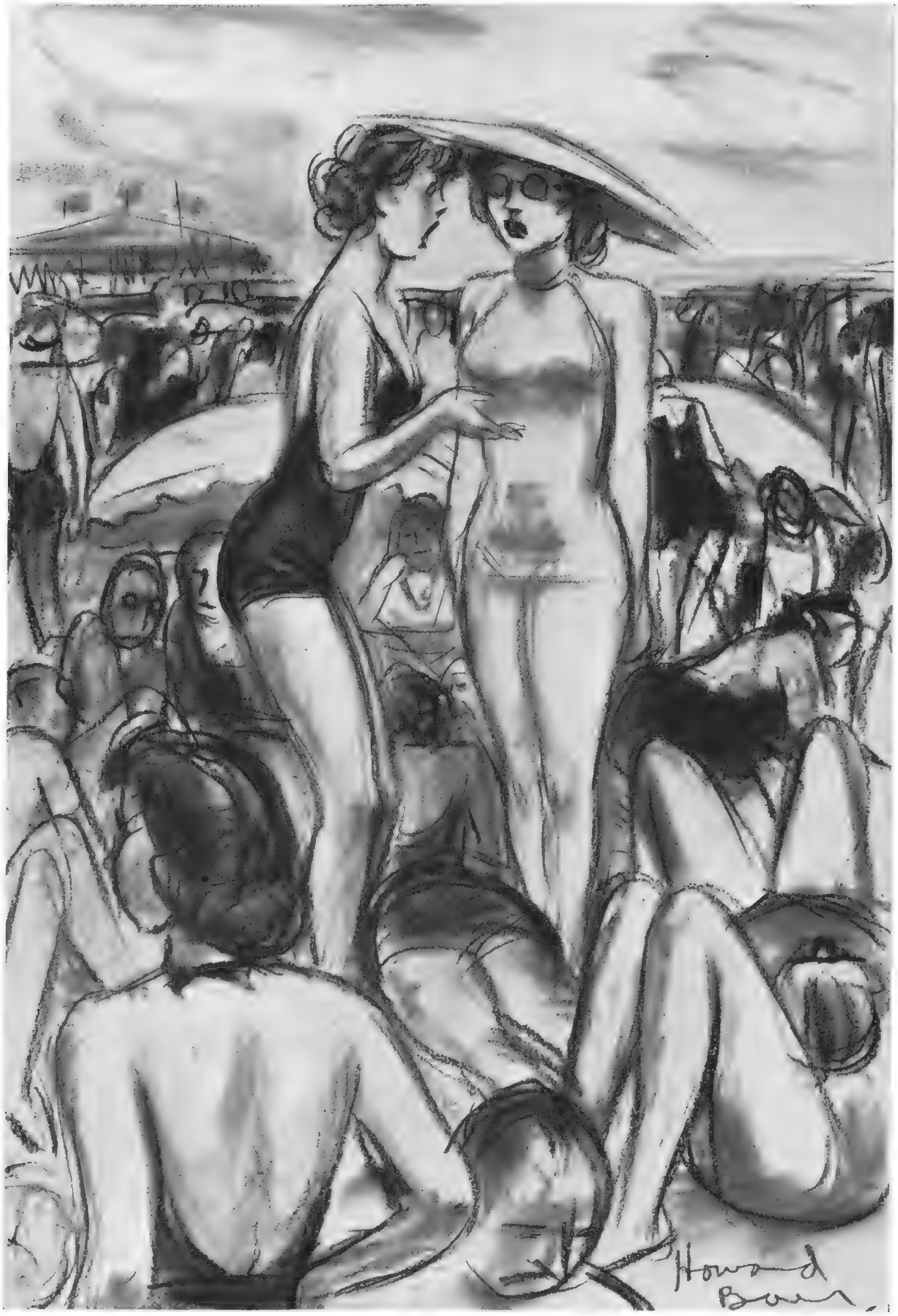

Howard Baer

"We may have to stand a little while before we get a seat"

The Beach Vendetta

Continued from pages 67-154

a part of the trolling cord. Another leap, further out, followed by two more, made me realize that the drag was still holding and that my cherished von Hofe rod and the equally valued Pfleuger Atlapac reel were bound for Davy Jones' locker on a non-stop flight.

When I reached the captain's quarters at Fort Moultrie and finished unfolding my tale of woe I expected to hear a chuckle, forgetting that he had an axe or two to grind himself. He only extended a hand solemnly and right there and then we swore a grim vendetta upon those grey-bodied tackle destroyers.

And vendetta it was. Two days later, after much long distance telephoning and some help from the air mail, I was ready to try again. Only this time things were different—much different. Two old friends were resting somewhere on the bottom of the Atlantic. So this trip was not to be a sporting excursion. It was to be a bloody reprisal, if possible.

Mit was tied up in a lot of military maneuvering and could not go with me, so armed with a new Pfleuger Templar 9-0 reel, carrying all the thirty-three thread line it would hold, and with a short, heavy rod, especially prepared for the battle, I persuaded my two young daughters to join me on the late afternoon trip to the Isle of Palms.

Before baiting the hook, which was attached to an exact duplicate of the wire rope rigging already described, I attached a shoulder harness to the reel and even played with the idea of a rope around my waist and a small anchor ashore. But time prevented this latter plan, although there were moments within the next few hours when an anchor firmly imbedded in the hard beach sand would have been a welcome support.

The strike came at five-thirty. It was one of those things which must be experienced to be completely believed. I used every device acquired in years of surf fishing, and many more, invented on the spot under spur of necessity, to halt the early rushes of the big shark.

At eight o'clock I was still fighting. Struggling afoot, sometimes waist deep in water, sometimes high on the shore. Up and down the beach, never motionless; now surging back to keep a taut line when the shark jumped, now moving forward with drag released to remove some of the terrific strain from the tackle.

I have caught large fish from the swivel-chaired stern of cabin cruisers in the Gulf Stream, but for plain, downright fighting that surf battle stands alone in my memory. No skilled boatman was present to maneuver me into favorable positions; no speedy motorboat to assist in recovering line. It was a straight-away fish-to-man struggle; each in his own element; each dependent upon his own staying power.

Just before dark the shark's dorsal came up and remained momentarily, fairly close to the beach, before beginning another long, deep run. I could feel the decrease of power in his rush and when that run was stopped I had to pump him back, wondering how much dead weight the new rod would bear. Several times the tip had bent until it was below the reel, as the shark sounded in deep water, but in each instance the rod had withstood the pressure. The reel was functioning beautifully and I felt fairly confident of the tackle holding out, but from the feel of legs and back I was commencing to have a few doubts about myself.

The next time the shark came up he stayed on the surface for several minutes, perceptibly tired. I worked him in gradually until he reached shoal water. This started him off again and as soon as he reached deep water he sounded and remained there, immovable, in spite of all the power I could bring to bear.

It looked like a drawn battle, until I remembered an old trick we used on sting rays when they sounded and gripped bottom with outspread wings. Holding the line as tightly drawn as possible I reached in front of the rod tip and twanged the cord sharply between thumb and forefinger. The vibration thus created must be terrific and in this case it served to start the shark on another dash, much slower than before.

Stopping that dash and bringing him back did not take much time. Finally he was aground in the surf, his great tail threshing to and fro, beating the water into foam. Reeling until the swivel was against the rod tip, I walked down and looked him over. He was the largest fish I had ever seen taken on rod and reel by a surf fisherman.

I passed the rod and reel to one of the youngsters and grasped the wire leader in an effort to bring him ashore. I could not even lift his head. Just then a child's voice, trembling with excitement, offered the aid of a jumping rope, so I worked down behind the threshing tail and managed to make one end of the rope fast to it. I made a quick run for the car, leaving one youngster holding the rod while the other held the rope. Within a few moments I had backed the car to the water's edge, tied the rope to the rear bumper and dragged the shark above high water mark. I went to look for additional help.

Hours later the captain and I returned with a truck. Four of us managed to lift the shark into the truck before beginning a triumphant ride homeward. We postponed weighing and measuring until next morning. The shark was exactly nine feet long and weighed four hundred thirty pounds. His extended jaws measured twenty-one inches across and fourteen inches from top to bottom.

Before cutting out the jaws for mounting I examined the interior of the shark's mouth. There was an unmistakable cut in the lower jaw, fresh and jagged. In the upper jaw, on the opposite side of his mouth was the round hole left by the hook I had landed him with. I like to feel that he was the shark which took my rod and reel.

The captain and I caught nine of the big jumping fellows before cold weather drove them southward. We fed them lots of riggings but no more rods or reels. And we will be ready and waiting for them when the first warm days of spring reveal the familiar triangular shaped fins ominously cruising back and forth across some favorite slough.

The jaws of that first big shark I caught have just come back from the taxidermist. They hang on the walls of my den with this formal receipt beneath them:

To . . . One von Hofe Swordfish Rod No. 203
One Pfleuger Atlapac 9-0 Reel
One Deflated Ego . . .
Paid in full.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

Continued from page 69

too warm, you can always take one off. Besides an extra shirt in the bag is a dry shirt if you need it.

The bag? Yes, by all means carry a bag—a back-pack, not a valise!—if you start on any hike that promises to be longer than five blocks. Don't fall for one of those single-strap side bags because they look light: they hold next to nothing and they drive you nuts in three miles. If you don't need much capacity, you can do with a small rucksack or knapsack; but in any case get the type which has two broad shoulder straps and carries on the back with the load weight suspended from the *center of the top.*

In packs, of course, you'll find as much variety as there is in footwear, each with its loyal adherents. The Adirondack guide swears by the pack basket, while the northern Canadian prefers the tumpline or head-strap pack: the Nessmuk pack is quite different from the Swiss rucksack, and so it goes. When all is said and done, a Boy Scout haversack at around $2.00 suffices for most of us unless there are prospects of doing a great deal of hiking with fair loads. In which case nothing, in my opinion, compares with the expensive Norwegian or "Bergans Meis" packs with their perfect balance through a one-point top hanging and their even distribution of weight by means of a light, tubular steel frame and back bow which rests just above the hips. Apart from spreading the weight, this frame also keeps the pack away from your back by the width of a hand, allowing needed ventilation to cool you. And a belly-band which fastens in front also keeps the load from swinging around under your chin every time you bend over.

The principal trouble with many ordinary packs on the market (aside from the fact that they aren't hung so they can ride on your back instead of rolling all over) is the fact that the straps are so narrow or tight that they cut into the shoulders. Other things being equal, take the broadest web strap you can get.

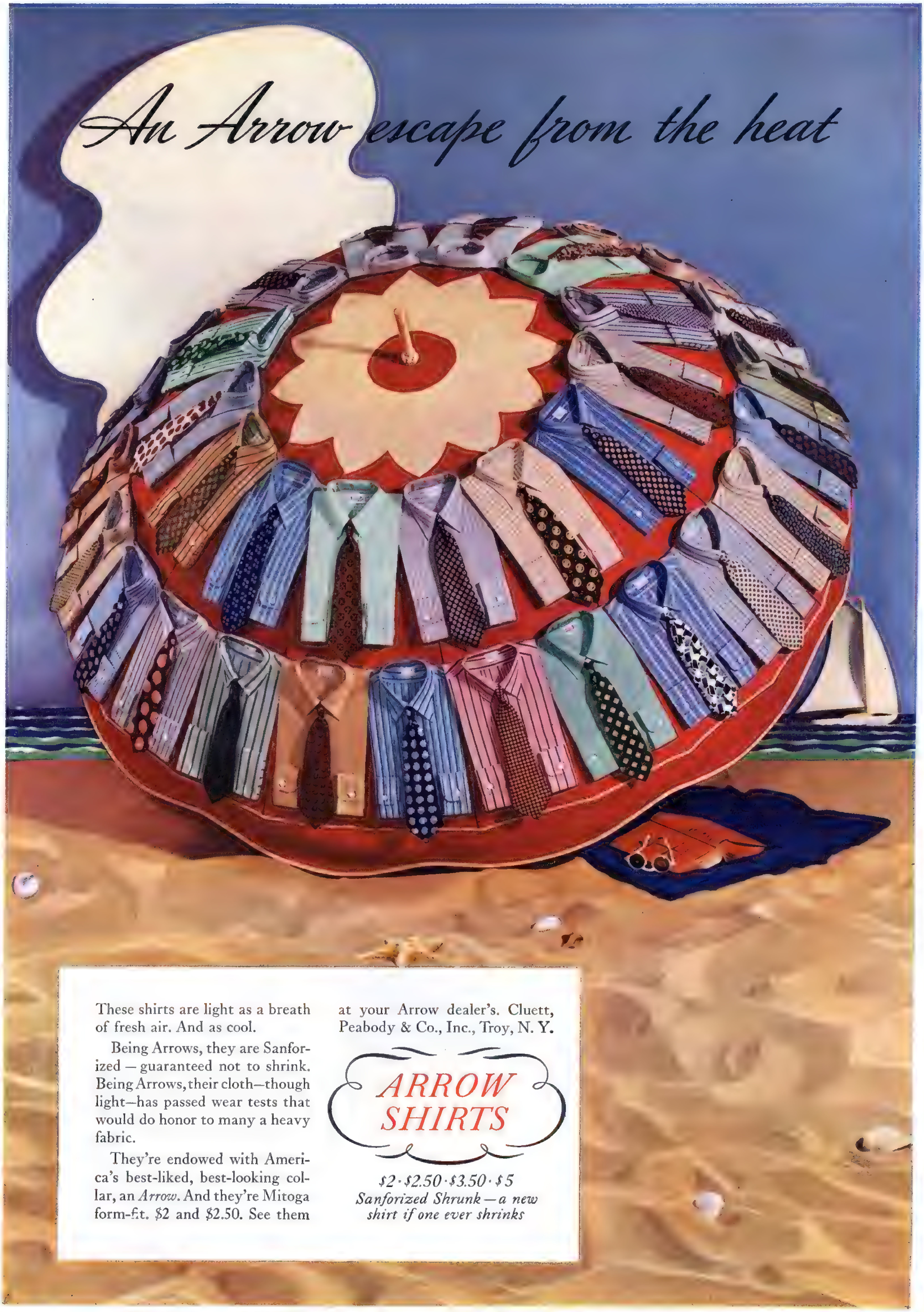
Whatever kind of bag you pick, however, you will cram too much duffle into it at first and then gradually taper off to a sensible load as time goes on. It is perfectly possible today to pack a single tent, sleeping bag, cooking utensils, toilet articles and necessary extra apparel in less than 20 pounds, so when you start collecting stuff for an afternoon's jaunt, bear that in mind! Twelve pounds is enough for anybody to carry who isn't in the army.

The mention of back-packs, incidentally, brings up the point that the poncho is a much more satisfactory bad-weather garment than the raincoat. Among other things, you can wear it on top of a pack if that should be necessary.

As for the contents of a pack, it is silly for one man to try to tell another what to put in, yet a few sundry items merit mention because most novices overlook them. Most beginners, for instance, can well afford to carry a small can of "baby talc," especially if they're wearing new clothing or shoes which may cause trouble. A sheet or strip of chiropodist's moleskin may also prove a life saver when shoes *begin to rub.* But don't ever put anything like that on top of a blister. The best blister treatment is to puncture it with a clean needle, cover it with saturated gauze, and fasten that to the healthy skin with adhesive. A little bicarbonate of soda in water makes a good antiseptic solution for the gauze—and when a party of any size goes on the trail, one of them should carry a small, ten-cent box of bicarb. Not only is it the best tooth powder made, but it also serves as a mouthwash, indigestion remedy, burn poultice, antiseptic wash for cuts, scratches, insect bites, or what have you?

Other items commonly forgotten are: a can opener if you're

Continued on page 159


An Arrow escape from the heat

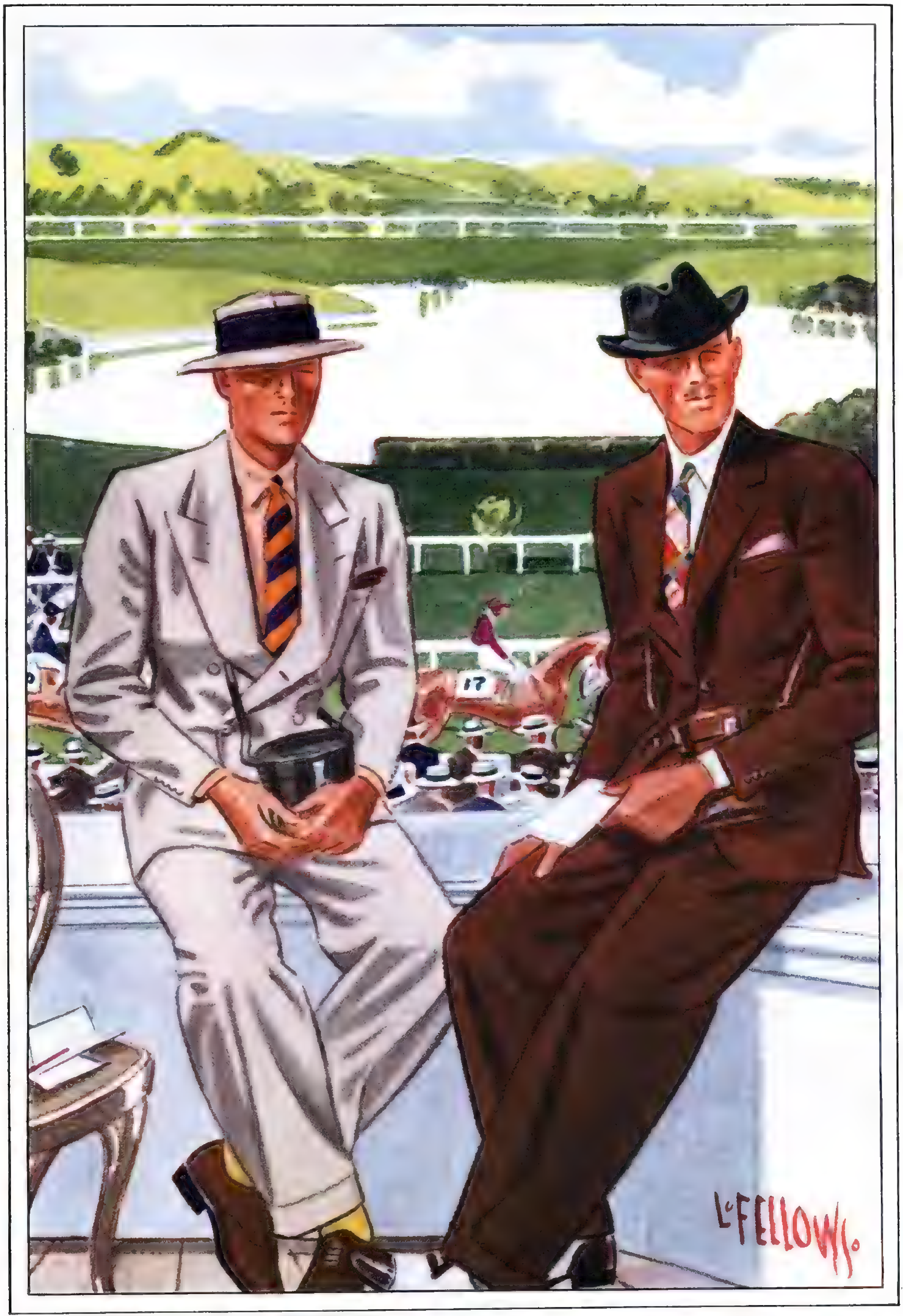
These shirts are light as a breath of fresh air. And as cool.

Being Arrows, they are Sanforized — guaranteed not to shrink. Being Arrows, their cloth—though light—has passed wear tests that would do honor to many a heavy fabric.

They're endowed with America's best-liked, best-looking collar, an *Arrow*. And they're Mitoga form-fit. $2 and $2.50. See them at your Arrow dealer's. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW SHIRTS

$2 · $2.50 · $3.50 · $5
Sanforized Shrunk — a new shirt if one ever shrinks



Saratoga during midsummer is the Mecca of the horseracing fraternity. The Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses sponsors racing at this fashionable summer resort which attracts the well heeled from all over the country. Incidentally they may stay on to recuperate in its world famous health baths.

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT SARATOGA, NEW YORK, BY LAWRENCE FELLOWS

TWO IMPROVING THE BREED AT SARATOGA

On the left, a double-breasted natural color light weight suit which can be made of linen, silk, Palm Beach cloth or other light weight tropical fabric, in a double breasted four-button front model that may be worn with either the upper or the lower button fastened. It has a plain back and is usually worn without a waistcoat. This type of suit was popular in Nassau last winter. It is worn here with a tan mesh collar-attached shirt with gold safety pin beneath the knot of the striped rep tie in racing colors, pale yellow light weight wool hose, reverse calf shoes without toecap, coconut straw hat with puggaree band and dark solid color silk handkerchief. The outfit at right is typical of that worn by the best dressed men at the Goodwood races in England. The suit is rhum colored flannel, worn with an ivory silk shirt, India madras tie, brown and white straight tip shoes and green felt Cavalier hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

Continued from pages 69-156

carrying canned stuff (which is dumb, since canned goods are 90 per cent water and therefore needlessly heavy); extra matches in a waterproof container; a change of socks; a flashlight; some toilet paper, even for a half-day hike. As one of the four-eyed tribe, I would also specify an extra pair of eyeglasses if you normally wear them because they're broken mighty easily in the woods.

Naturally, we're talking about one-day tramps, now; not overnight trips or long tours. When you get into the realm of the latter, there's nothing like the good old Colorado system of pack trains which leaves all your unencumbered energies for panting!

Under the general heading, "Miscellaneous," sundry recommendations come to mind, to wit:

Several girls have told me that they do better buying boys' hiking boots rather than girls' because even in equivalent sizes, the former are wider. Also that jodphurs make fine hiking breeches for girls when the snug knees are let out enough to avoid binding.

A compass is a good thing to have with you. But if you ever get lost and have to use it, for God's sake follow its directions. Too often novices disagree with the needle and decide it's wrong.

Trick eating tools, such as the combination knife-fork-spoon, are invariably a pain in the neck.

In drying wet shoes, stuff them with balls of newspaper. Or heat a couple of handfuls of small pebbles and roll them around inside.

When climbing it is good policy to rest 2 minutes in every 20. On level ground many hikers stop five minutes every hour.

In the woods never step on any obstruction you can step over. And don't walk so close together that the fellow in front slaps your face with every tree branch. It's your business to stay back, not his business to hold each twig for you.

In a party keep an eye on the weakest because tired novices are often too proud to acknowledge fatigue. When a hiker starts "tripping over shadows," he's tired no matter what he says.

In mountain hiking it pays to dress for both July and January —which brings us back to wool again!

It is customary to figure on a 1° drop in temperature for every 300 feet of elevation and, besides that, you've got unbroken wind on the summit. Indeed, it should be a rule for beginners never to go above the timber line unless they're with somebody who's had experience. Every once in a while, you know, some hiker dies on Mt. Washington in the confusion of an August snow storm, so it pays not to be too rash.

The most efficient way to walk is pigeon-toed. On level walks a free arm movement helps your speed. Likewise, locking the knee firmly as the rear foot comes off the ground gives so much spring that it is difficult to walk slowly in this fashion.

This, of course, applies to walking rather than hiking over rough ground, but if you're one of the millions who seldom do much else but the former, try this system of locking the knee (with a smooth action, not wooden-legged) and see how much more efficient it is. You'll be stiff at first on the day following a mile of it, but that very fact indicates that you're getting something out of walking that you never got before.

When you begin to get tired, whistle march tunes. It's an amazing help.

And remember, finally, that the second or third mile are the toughest—and that after the fifth, there's nothing to it!

As for where to walk and when, you can get plenty of information from your local newspaper, from Chambers of Commerce, from State Conservation Departments nearly everywhere. Some of these publish maps especially for hikers, but if you aren't familiar with the Federal geological survey maps, don't fail to write to Washington for them. These maps come on sheets about 16 by 20 inches representing about 215 square miles in area. The usual scale is about 1 mile to the inch and these topographic maps show every detail which is of importance to hikers: marsh land, springs, sand, falls or rapids, cliffs, depressions, etc. By means of brown contour lines—each line indicating an elevation of 20 feet unless otherwise indicated—the hiker can tell exactly what kind of terrain is ahead of him; how far he is from habitation or water; how high the trail climbs and how steep the grade is at any point.

A state is divided into quadrangles (there are 294 separate maps for New York State, for instance), so the thing to do is to write the U. S. Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., for the index map covering your particular state and, from that guide, order the specific quadrangles you may need at 10 cents each.

Do this, in fact, whether you plan to do much walking or not. For the odds are ten to one that when you begin poring over this fascinating diagram, so different from the motoring maps we've grown accustomed to, the lure of those contour lines will get into your blood.

The first symptom is the good old itching foot followed by a long vacant stare out of the window which carries your eye far beyond that drab house across the street and into the distant rolling hills where flinty pavements become moss-padded paths—and the turmoil of a pell-mell civilization subsides into the whispering of the trees—and the sweet, fresh breeze from God's heaven blows the cobwebs from your brain and the unpaid bills from your conscience! #

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!
HALF AND HALF
LUCKY STRIKE

Half & Half doesn't bite, even when the fish do. Cool as the sign: "No Fishing Allowed." Smooth as a permit that gives you the right. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Co.

No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Broiling Sun and a soaking shower leave your hair lifeless

Protect yours with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

However good for your muscles and morale, five sets of tennis, hard-fought in the summer sun, give your hair a pretty tough mauling, baking it and robbing it of oil.

And then, drenching it, as you do, in the shower or the pool, you complete the process yourself—and your hair at the end of tennis and a shower is limp and lifeless.

But that's where Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" step in to aid and help you. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the fine tingle as Vitalis gets in its good work and its pure vegetable oils come to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. Scalp circulation is roused—your sun-parched scalp "comes to life"—your hair takes on a rich, lustrous look. 50 seconds to rub—10 seconds to comb and brush—that's the "60-Second Workout."

Now see how smoothly it sits, every hair proudly in place—a real asset to your appearance—without a trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look.

So, go out and play your tennis in the broiling sun, get in your 36 holes of golf. Cool off in pool or swim in the ocean, but protect and enhance the good looks of your hair with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Your hair has a lustre—but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Use VITALIS

AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 101

miration became audible.

It was the scene in which the aged couple, having a last few hours together before the husband goes to live with a daughter in California, and wife goes to an old folks' home, are strolling down a New York street. They pause to look into the shop-windows. They come to a bank window, with a picture, as I remember, of a couple sitting before a fire, and the slogan "Save for your old age."

The old man remarks, "This is a fine time to tell us."

At that, loud approval rose from the audience.

When the film was over, one of the men got up to address the others. "This is a great picture," he said, "but it has a special meaning for us. Boys, we can go to town with this picture."

They were all insurance salesmen.

The moral, somewhere along there, is that when your insurance man offers to take you and the wife to a certain movie, button up that checkbook.

COMMERCIALS

In a recent article on short films, I touched upon the matter of advertising films being introduced as entertainment in motion picture programs. Some of the films, it was pointed out, were quite cleverly made, some were actually attempts at art-cinema, and most were rather subtle in their introduction of the advertising motif. It looks like the whole question of advertising in films is going to be battled out again.

The very cleverness of those films that have been successfully slipped into theatre programs will open the field. Since a few entertaining shorts, with concealed advertising messages, got by, the exhibitors will be approached with the argument: You showed that Mammoth Motors picture, why can't you show this? And the films will become more and more obvious in their approach, as resistance to advertising is overcome; the end will be straight plugging, as in radio.

Consequently, the only logical attitude to take seems to be one of absolute division. Even the entertaining ads must be prohibited.

It is pointed out that certain standard products, like radios, canned foods, automobiles, get advertising when they are shown being used, in feature films. A shot of Joan Crawford turning on the radio may be anonymous, or may focus half-accidentally on the name of the radio. Automobiles, especially, are subject to recognition in films; and I even noticed myself falling for this kind of promotion last week, when a great discussion of the possibility of getting a new car was going on in the Levin family. We had been looking at all the beautiful catalogues, with a special yen for the convertible models. There was one five-passenger convertible which was in favor with one member of the family, and not so popular with another. We adjourned to a movie; and behold, there is Fred Astaire driving what seems to be the same type of car. And does it look snozzy on the screen. "See!" the family purchasing agent announces triumphantly, and the argument would have been won, if we had had the money to buy a new car. Unfortunately for this whole argument, we decided to put fifty bucks into fixing the old bus and let it go at that.

Now, it appears to me that in the vast majority of cases the use of standard products as props is quite justifiable, and that so long as no effort is made to underline the brand, so long as the camera does not rest with undue length upon a recognizable auto-radiator, or on the shape of a whisky bottle there should be no resentment. These mass products are part of our scene, part of our daily life, and the use of familiar objects is as essential to the dressing of a picture as a shot of Broadway may be to a picture pointedly located in New York.

Everyone has noticed innumerable instances where film producers have gone to some length to disguise brand-names, either by obliterating labels, or by using slightly fictionized substitutes. I think it is really of little advertising importance whether Robert Montgomery, in his country shack, is shown opening a can of Heinz Beans or a can labeled Trask's Sixty-One Varieties. As long as the recognition factor is employed to give the audience that added lick of reality.

This becomes a matter of shading of emphasis, a rather delicate and debatable issue; but I think that so long as advertising in films is confined to this possible occasional use of standard brands, in feature pictures, there is nothing much to worry about.

But in short subjects and in news-reels, the case develops. Take, for instance, the March of Time's report on Old Gold's puzzle-contest. Was it advertising, or was it legitimate news? In this instance, I felt that the report was justifiable. The puzzle had engaged the attention of millions, had become a universal subject of conjecture and conversation; it was a topic of intense national interest; the fact that it happened to be launched as an advertisement was beside the point. An instance of this sort must necessarily be rare, for very few campaigns are so successful in capturing the public mind. But who is to draw the line on these exceptions? Who is to decide when an advertisement is news? In the long run, I think the public itself will decide; it certainly will not accept much of this type of thing.

In this same connection, there was a significant report in a recent issue of *Variety*. The paper re-

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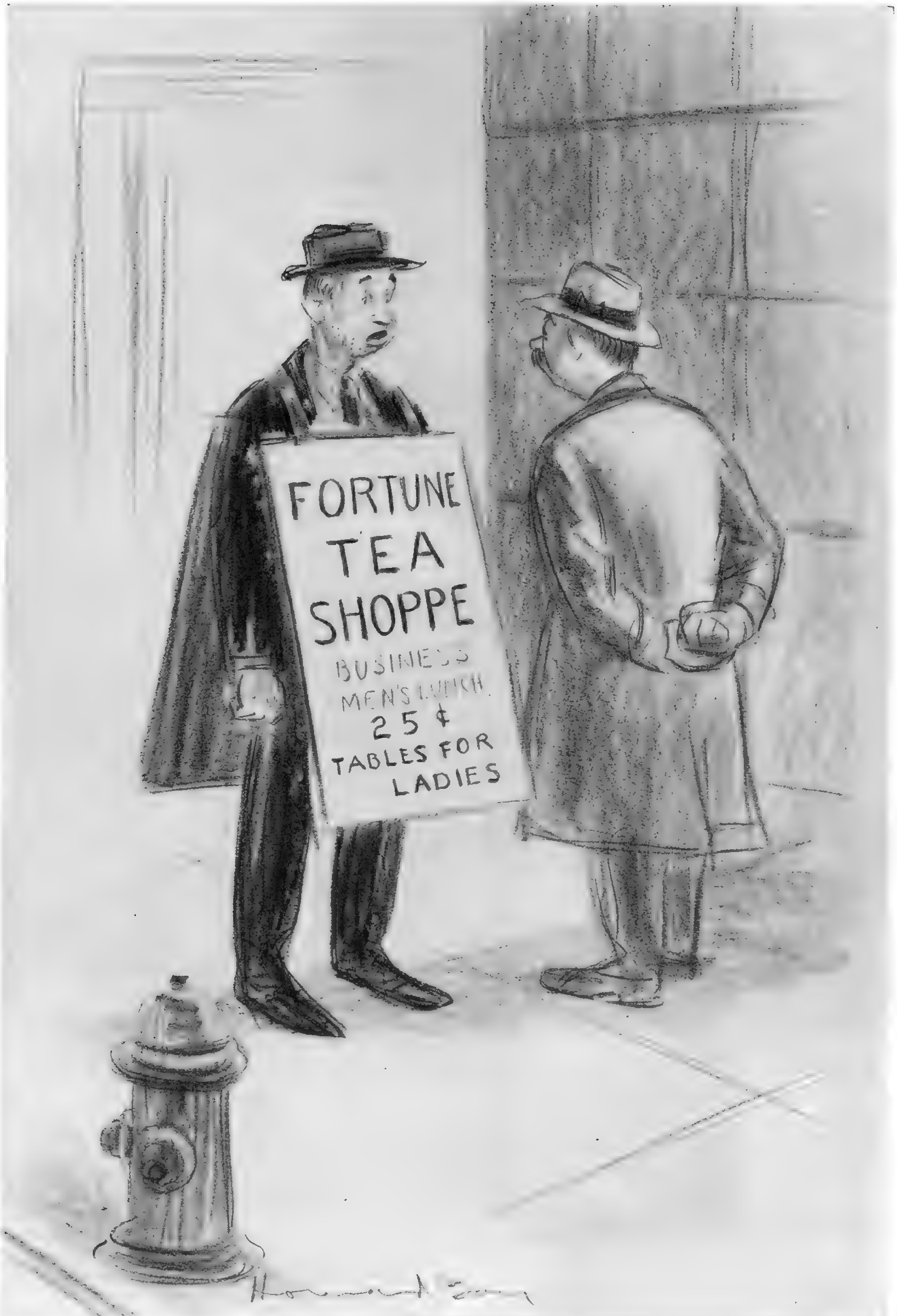

FORTUNE
TEA
SHOPPE
BUSINESS
MEN'S LUNCH
25¢
TABLES FOR
LADIES

"I've been in the advertising business now since nineteen-twenty-nine"

"PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, HOMER. What you need are shorts with Grippers. They're the new laundry-proof fastener that can't break or rip off."

WHAT A RELIEF! These Grippers never fail a man. They're quicker, neater, handier. Developed especially for men's clothes—guaranteed to give friendly service for the life of a pair of shorts!

NOT EVEN LIZZIE, the Laundress, can damage Grippers. Grippers save sewing on buttons—mending torn button holes. Rustproof. Approved by the American Institute of Laundering.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

Grippers are featured on **WILSON Nobelt Super Shorts**

These shorts are more comfortable, more practical than ordinary shorts in *three* ways . . .

No cutting crotch seam . . . stretchable Faultless waistband . . . and Grippers to end all button troubles.

Buy today at leading men's wear stores and departments. Plain and novelty patterns, 65c to $1.00.

WILSON BROTHERS
Chicago • New York • San Francisco

Be sure you get genuine Grippers
No other fastener is so troubleproof, so indestructible. The Gripper stud is almost solid metal. The spring catch has a heavy metal guard that protects the flexible inner catch. The Gripper name is stamped on each fastener.

COPYRIGHT 1937. SCOVILL

Grippers SCOVILL

end all button troubles on your shorts

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Button and Fastener Division, Waterbury, Connecticut

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 101-160

ported a convention of the Allied Motion Picture Exhibitors, at Milwaukee, in which the theatre men were propositioned on the subject of advertisments in movies. It was suggested that a certain type of entertaining advertisement might be acceptable to them, and that an exhibitor would get five dollars for including such a film on his program. According to *Variety*, the exhibitors declared that they would rather pay five dollars to be released from the obligation of showing commercials. The proposition was voted down. Good.

But here is another angle, and the reverse angle, on advertising in films. Setting aside the question of ballyhooing products: what would happen to exposure of manufacturing frauds, in films? On this point, I have the report of a provocative experience, from Julian Roffman, a New York filmmaker. He writes: "You know about the Consumers Union, don't you? Then you know about the good work they do in exposing frauds in food, clothes, and other commodities. Well, a few months ago some film technicians, cameramen, editors, and script writers, who work in the industry in New York got together, and because they were interested in the Consumers Union, all of them being members of the Consumers Union, they decided to make a short film on the Union. The idea was not to stress the ideas or aims of the organization, but purely to do in film what the Union does in its magazine—that is show how tests are made—offer advice—show how to guard against fraud and misrepresentations. The film dealt with milk, proving that this hooey about Grade A being better than Grade B milk is a lot of hot air, and just another ad scheme by the milk companies to make three cents per quart. Shoes were ripped apart and tested, the soles, the heels, the uppers, and the inner soles, each part tested for actual strength and therefore value—then frauds were shown up in the heel, in the inner sole, and in the welt construction. Advice was given on what to look for when buying. Lead toys were dealt with, mothers were shown how to test toys for lead poisoning, and what toys to buy instead were suggested. The job was as nearly perfect as could be, technically and thematically, I swear it on my honour. That may not mean much to you, but the fact that I and the editors of the March of Time and *Life* saw it and really thought it was honest and intelligent does mean something; they were enthused about it. Theatre powers thought it was swell. But when it came to have this shown around—to make known this fraud of the manufacturers to the people—to educate people with honest, intelligent films—to let them at least gain something from the film they went to see, our film magnates began to balk. As one soft spoken owner said, and he the owner of an art cinema, 'it ain't entertainment' so what does he do but book free General Electric advertising films into his theatre, and this is his idea of 'entertainment.'

"Knowing the situation as clearly as I do, both from the makers' side and from the theatre owners' side, since it was I who went around trying to get it booked, I can use no words strong enough to condemn this censorship of truth and honesty. If you think we have a gagged press, or distortion of the news, then you ought to take a deeper look into the film business, which makes G-Man film, Secret Agent X-9, makes stupid feature films and gives you a bingo night or a sweepstake night to lure you into the theatre so's you can breathe the mummifying air of their product. . . That's what makes me mad, and altho you may pooh-pooh and say take it easy kiddo, you won't get anywhere by raving. I say the people have a right to see honest films, they have a right to learn and derive both pleasure and culture, for no one knows better than we what a tremendous power the film is. And we aren't going to keep quiet about it.

"If you think I am raving—then take a chance and ask to have this film sent out to you."

I took a chance, and can report that the film is just what Mr. Roffman claimed. It is an objective, well-made exposition of certain manufacturing frauds. It names no products, but simply educates the public as to what qualities to look for, in buying. Furthermore, I found the reel really worth attention; I think the subject was as well handled as the average episode in the March of Time, and that the subject was as worthy of attention as, let us say, the cigarette puzzle campaign.

"Entertainment" is a broad term. Are news-reels predominantly entertaining, or informational? So long as educational and informational material is presented with skill, so as to maintain a high degree of audience-interest, I believe it has as much place on the film program as the entertainment feature, or the art-feature. But when a film is to deal with an industry, a process, an exposition of a commercial use, the strictest vigilance must be maintained, to insure an objective treatment of the subject. A film about steel, for instance, should not be financed or sponsored by the Steel Institute. Nor should a film on automobile manufacture demonstrate features confined to one make of car.

Where are we to draw the line? It cannot be denied that *Make Way for Tomorrow* is a boon to the insurance man, yet I don't believe that even Mr. Roffman would take the stand that the film should not be shown because

Continued at top of page 165

"Looks like a stampede to Ethyl this summer!"

The Ethyl "brand" on gasoline pumps is becoming more and more popular with car owners for four good reasons:

1 You get more anti-knock fluid (containing lead tetraethyl) than you get in the best regular-grade gasoline. That means a *cooler* running engine.

2 You save on oil as well as gas by preventing knock and overheating.

3 You get all-round quality that is *double-tested*—by the oil company and by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

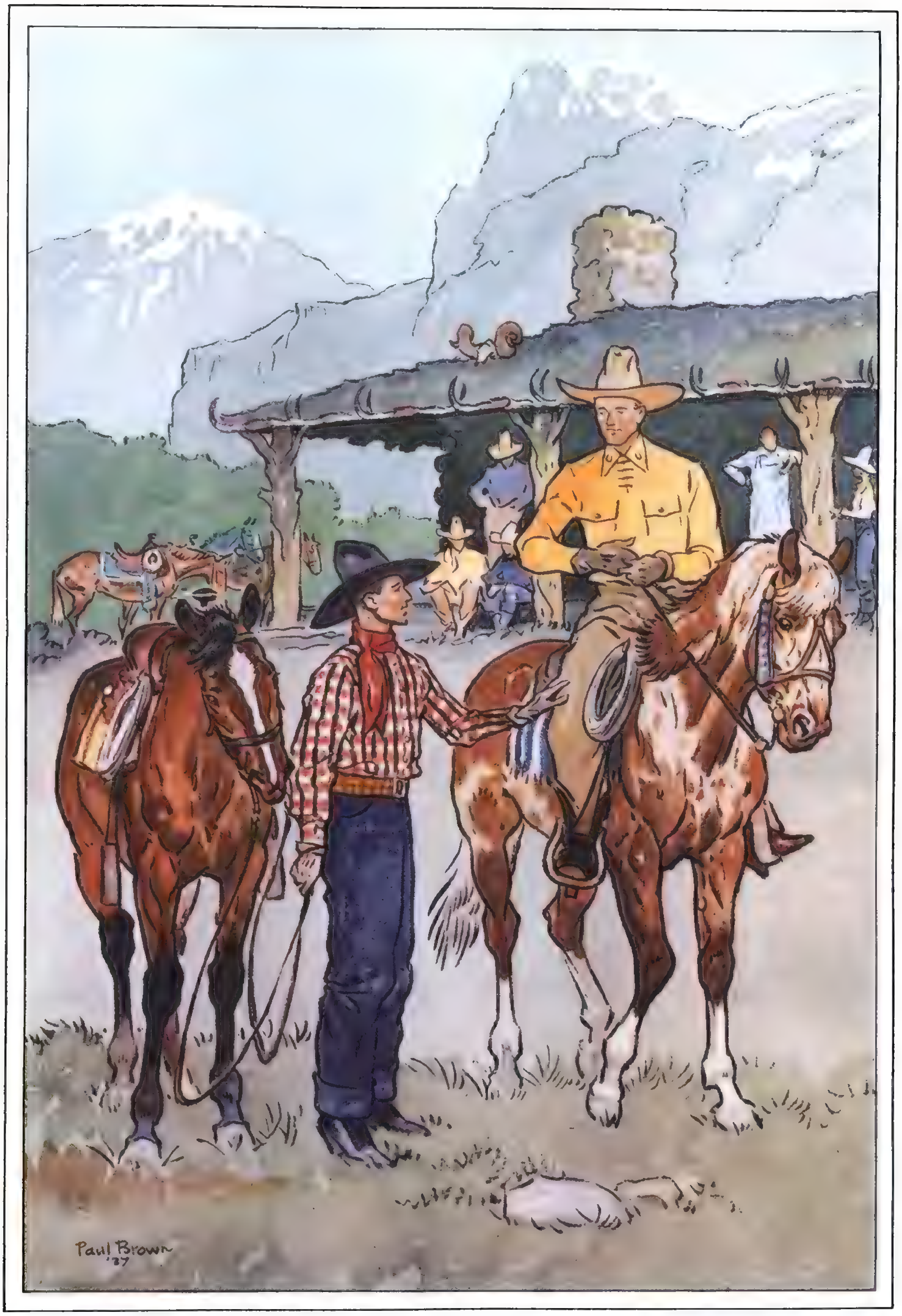
4 You get 100% performance from your high compression engine.

ETHYL

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

Look for this emblem on the base or globe of every Ethyl pump. It means best-*grade gasoline.*

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY



THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE TENDERFOOT

In these clothes even the veteran of the range might well mistake you for one of his own for verily these duds are direct from the bunkhouse. This is the kind of dress that is worn at dude ranches, typifying the workmanlike accoutrements that are essential to enjoyment of this type of vacation. The man on the left wears a colorful checked cotton shirt with a silk neckerchief, the famous Levis of blue denim and black calf boots twelve inches high with underslung heels and plain round toes. The man on the pinto wears a tan ten-gallon hat and a satin shirt with horseshoes on the collar and laced front opening. His trousers are of tan cotton gabardine, worn inside a low brown calfskin boot. This boot also carries the underslung heel and is slit front and back to make a sort of v-shaped top. Both men wear sturdy gloves. The belt worn by the man in the Levis is of heavy leather, set with brass studs.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 101-160-162

it plugs insurance. Surely, it was not inspired by any insurance company. It points, rather, to a basic maladjustment in our civilization, and could be used as an argument for any program of social security, and even, by the deeper-seeing, as an argument for a better economic system. If the insurance boys can use this film as a subtle advertisement for their business, it is only because advertising, itself, is an integral part of our social system.

For that very reason, it is impossible to remove, from films, every trace of commercial promotion. It is true that the film producers, actuated by the necessity of being impartial toward competing products, really may wish to be pure of commercial taint. In the broader sense, however, in the sense of advertising certain ideas, or promoting the taste for further luxuries, for further mechanical conveniences, they cannot exclude advertisement. There is a nice little contradiction here, brought about by the peculiarity of our competitive ethics. To really be pure of advertising would mean to shut off an integral part of the American consciousness, and of the American scene.

I should not like to have to take the attitude that all matters pertaining to industry and commerce must be excluded from films, just because somebody might get some free (or paid-for) advertising; these things are too much a part of our life to be shut out from our widest informational medium. But the public must be quick to protest, the moment it becomes apparent that this material has passed the stage of incidental use, the moment products are plugged. That moment seems to be close upon us. ⁂

Glamour Girl You Bore Me

Continued from page 31

reflect on this for while the burble-gurgle is going on you are quite alone.

The man casts a few surreptitious glances at you but otherwise you're entirely by yourself. Finally she remembers and introduces you. And she gets your name right. And it is Ruth and Gordon. They ask if you were at the party. You admit you weren't. By this time you have a vague feeling that you're spending quite a lot of words admitting. "No, I don't. No, I wasn't."

You ask Ruth and Gordon what they'll have. Gordon has Scotch. Ruth doesn't hear. She and La Winford are talking about a man that was at the party who just couldn't have been more charming. Ruth finally breaks away long enough to decide she'll have Scotch. So you all have one and then you have another. And for some odd reason the conversation never does become general. Gordon listens skillfully and drinks appreciatively. He makes no attempt to talk either to you or them. They make no attempt to talk either to him or you. But that divine guy that was at the party gets the business. Once or twice you attempt to switch the dialogue to conversation. They look at you, laugh kindly and return to the laboratory.

In the middle of her second drink, Ruth suddenly asks Gordon what time it is and when he says eight, she screams and plunks down her glass. "My God," she says, "we were due at the Pratt's an hour ago. Will we see you later, Cynthia? You're going over to hear Leila open tonight, aren't you?"

Cynthia says, "I don't know." Turning to you, she says, "Would you like to? It might be fun."

You're so startled at this direct address that you say, "Yes, I'd love to," without the vaguest idea who Leila is or what she's opening.

Ruth says, "Oh, I'm so glad. See you there, darling." She turns to you, "It's so nice to have seen you. We'll see you later," and away they go on the wings of eight o'clock and three Scotch and sodas you've bought them.

You're confused but, of course, you're only a beginner. You don't realize that whenever more than two of you are present the girls do the talking. They work full stage, front and center. You are not the supporting cast, you are the audience. And you're not supposed to talk while the show is on. At the end you applaud and your applause is graciously and thoughtfully received. Ruth's good-night was cordial and friendly. Sufficiently so to make you feel the charm of personality, of glamour. Of course, you don't understand all that—then. You are a bit bewildered as to why she should have been so cordial, so friendly. As far as you can see you haven't contributed enough to the conversation to entitle you to more than a parting nod. You've stood there like a dope with nothing to say. Sure you have. And if you can manage to keep it up indefinitely you'll be divine too.

You go upstairs to dinner. These thoughts in a dim, rather confused way, jingle up and down your brain. But they don't jingle too loudly. After all you've got Cynthia to yourself now. You're sure of a good dinner. And you've had enough drinks to want it and to feel very contented with the immediate prospect. It's a good thing you're not clairvoyant.

As the captain leads you to your table, you are pleasantly aware that all eyes follow Cynthia. And well they may, she's worth following with your eyes and all of you.

The waiter comes up. You suggest clams. She says that'll be fine and may I please have a telephone. You start. You were sink-

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ITS "SOFT-STILLED" FLAVOR

DEFIES MELTING ICE

The "last inch" of your Collins still tastes rich with Seagram's "Soft-Stilled" Gin

This "Soft-Stilled" gin holds its rich, full flavor right down to the "last inch" of long gin drinks. Even a big batch of Martinis keeps rich despite melting ice.

"Soft-Stilled" means made in special stills which are exact reproductions of the famous 100-year-old still which we imported from England. Because it is "Soft-Stilled," the aromatic herbs and berries are deeply *infused* into the gin.

STILL RICH . . . WHEN DILUTED 16 TO 1

Pour a teaspoonful of Seagram's "Soft-Stilled" Gin into a pint of water. Stir it. Smell it. Taste it! You still get a full, rich-bodied aroma and flavor.

Seagram's KING ARTHUR Gin

IT'S "SOFT-STILLED"

Soft-Stilled
Seagram's
King Arthur
Distilled London Dry Gin

TRY THIS LONG, COOL COLLINS

2 oz. Seagram King Arthur Gin, juice of 1 lemon, 2 teaspoons sugar. Shake well and strain into 12 oz. glass. Add ice cubes and soda to fill glass. A half lime gives added flavor. Decorate with slice of orange and cherry if desired. • *Seagram-Distillers Corp., Offices, N. Y.*

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN MADE FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 90 PROOF

Kreml users write an advertisement
KREML
TRADE MARK—REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE
HAIR TONIC
REMOVES DANDRUFF
AIDS NORMAL SCALP FUNCTION by helping to regulate natural secretions—thereby preventing excessive oiliness or dryness.
EXCELLENT HAIR DRESSING, keeps hair in place, giving a well groomed but not greasy appearance.
Directions
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING. Apply a liberal quantity to scalp and massage thoroughly with tips of fingers. Use daily to obtain best results.
Sole Distributor
R. SEMLER, INC., NEW YORK

Is your scalp itchy? Are you troubled with dandruff? Is your hair dull and brittle? Is your hair getting thin; does it come out in the comb? Is your hair stiff and unruly?

If your answer to any of these questions is in the affirmative we believe Kreml will help you. And we back up this belief by reproducing these excerpts from a few of the thousands of unsolicited letters we have received from grateful users.

I HAVE BEEN USING your hair tonic and shampoo for several months, and think they are wonderful. I would not be without these products at any cost. For many years, I could not get rid of my dandruff, but now I have it no more—thanks to Kreml! A. C. V., Detroit, Michigan.

I AM GRATEFUL to your product for having given me the first relief from a terrible itching scalp in months, and am not hesitating to recommend it openly. Dr. D. H., Wenatchee, Washington.

MY HUSBAND'S HAIR was coming out by handfuls. He tried Kreml and it checked the falling hair in a surprisingly short time. He is a great booster for this wonderful product. Mrs. E. O., Frankfort, Kentucky.

Glamour Girl You Bore Me

Continued from page 31-165

ing so deeply into the graciousness of your own mood that you'd forgotten all about those telephones they put at your table at "21" to save you the salutary trouble of climbing up and down stairs. Well, you won't forget them again. You and that telephone are to become blood brothers before you emerge into the night again.

The telephone and the clams are duly brought. Cynthia picks up the phone and says, "I'm sorry, do you mind?" You are about to say, "Of course not." It's wasted. She's calling the number. She gets it. You try not to listen, but it's impossible. She says, "Hello darling, I'm terribly sorry about tonight. I just haven't had a chance to call you. And I've had to go out to dinner with some people from out of town."

You start visibly. She puts her hand on yours and smiles at you. A very pleased feeling trickles down your marrow. She's stood some guy up for you. That has never made anybody mad but the guy who got stood up. It doesn't make you mad and when she hangs up and tells you it's someone she's known for years but who is just too dull you feel very bright and compelling. You're about to be manly and say how sorry you are for him and how glad for yourself. But you're premature. That phone is up again.

The rest of your dinner is carried on between phone calls. Some she makes. Some she gets. And yet oddly enough between them she manages to sparkle enough, to be gay enough, to attract you enough so that you feel that after you get to be closer to her she won't be doing that, she won't want to. In the meantime you can put up with it for a night.

It's well you can. There are other trials to come. Not the least of them is the departing guests. Every second one knows Cynthia. Those that don't stop of their accord she hails. The guest brandy at your table runs to six ponies. Finally your own dinner comes to an end. She even asks for the telephone to be removed. And with a fine display of spirit gives the waiter a good going over because he set a tray down before springing over to remove it.

You settle back. At last you're going to have her to yourself for a minute and you'll be able to do a little exploring—to find out as well as you ever can, at a first meeting, whether a second is indicated or whether you'd better just hang up.

That's what you think you're going to do.

But just as the first exploratory syllable comes up in your throat she says, "What would you like to do now?"

At least that's easy to answer. You say, "I'd like to just sit and talk to you. I've a feeling there's a lot I'd like to talk about."

She smiles and pats your hand. Your heart lifts a beat. And gets right back to normal again, as she says, "All right, but let's get out of here. I hate it between dinner and after-theatre." That's the time when you like it best, when it's least crowded, when it's quietest, when the charm of the place has a chance against the customers. But you forebear. A quiet resignation is taking possession of you. You say, "All right, let's go over to Tony's for a couple."

She says, "Mmmm, I'm kinda sick of that. How about the Madison?" You go to the Madison with the growing realization that you're not taking her out. She's taking you and letting you pay for the privilege.

At the Madison you gird your loins and prepare to turn once more to the attack. And once more the target disappears behind a smoke screen. Ruth and Gordon reappear, the telephones reappear, everything reappears except your enthusiasm.

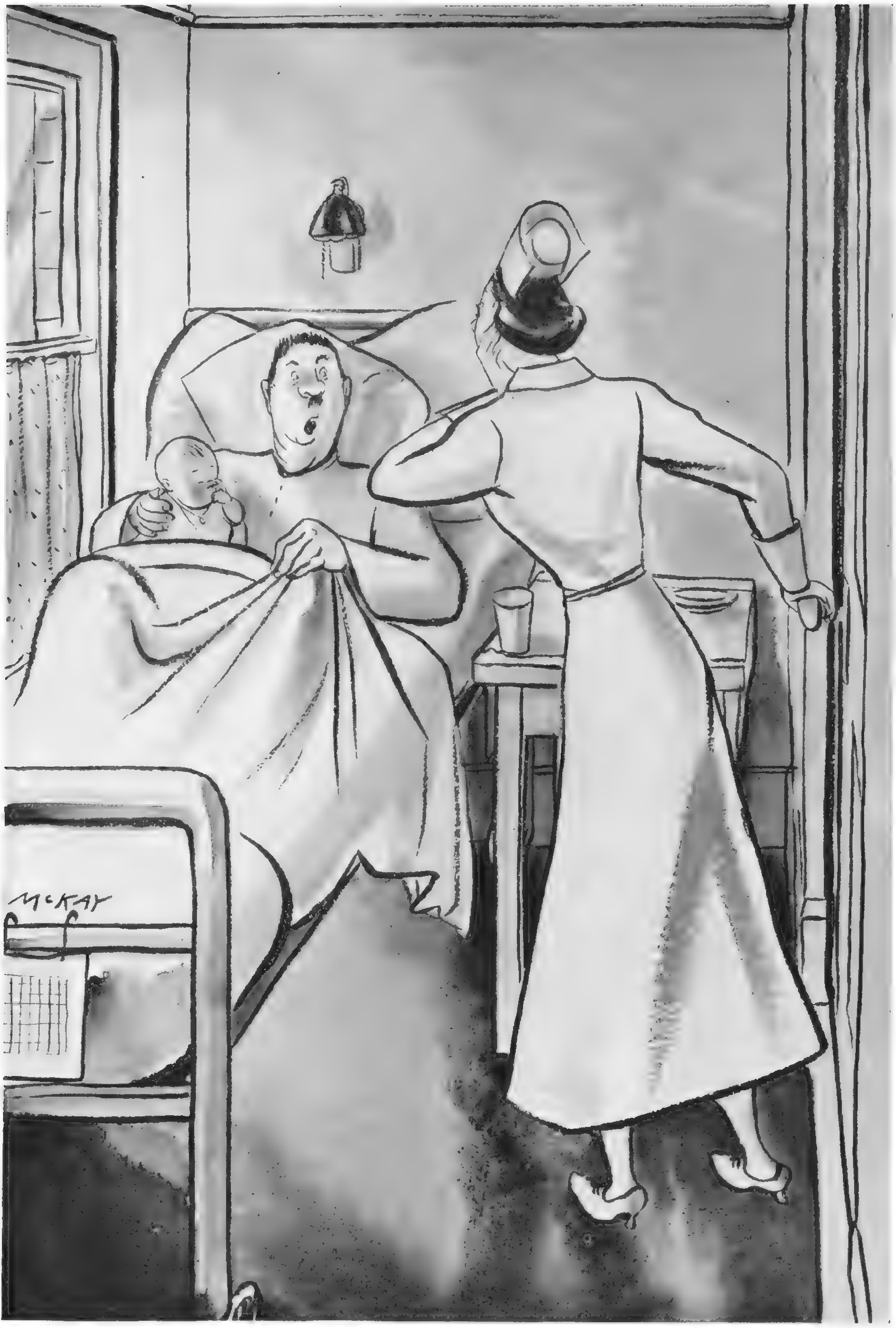
You see Leila open. You see Leila close. You see El Morocco close. You get photographed. Not ostentatiously, of course. She really tries to avoid it. But somehow when Brother Zerbe pops up with his camera you just happen to find that you and she are smack in front of it. Smack in front of it three times. Three out of three is a good batting average in any league. And you even hear Gordon speak. He says, "I get awful damn sick of these places." He says it to you very low but, the fervency of his tone loses nothing by its lack of volume.

Finally at five you deposit her at the apartment house where you called for her—and didn't find her. She says it's been wonderful and do call her again. You say, weakly, "It couldn't have been more fun. You—I mean it—was divine."

You clamber into a cab. It's a regular little heaven. There are no telephones, no guys with red carnations, no parade passing your seat, and no silent men.

You add up the evening.

You've spent nine hours with the telephone company, people you don't know and didn't get a chance to know, women who were beautiful and eloquent, men who were beautiful and silent. You've drunk eleven Scotch and sodas and five glasses of champagne. You didn't get tight. You were never in one place long enough to build up a real glow. You started out with a girl you were ready to go mad about. You spent the nine hours watching your eagerness vanish and hearing her repeat the same phrases intelligently to people who were using the same phrases intelligently about the same people. You took a Cook's Tour of the hot spots and the gay spots in which you were as deftly managed and as abruptly bundled from one place to another as the most driven tourist. And at the end of it you were cordially invited to do it all over again whenever you liked. ##



"My wife couldn't stay—she's the only one in the family that's got a job!"

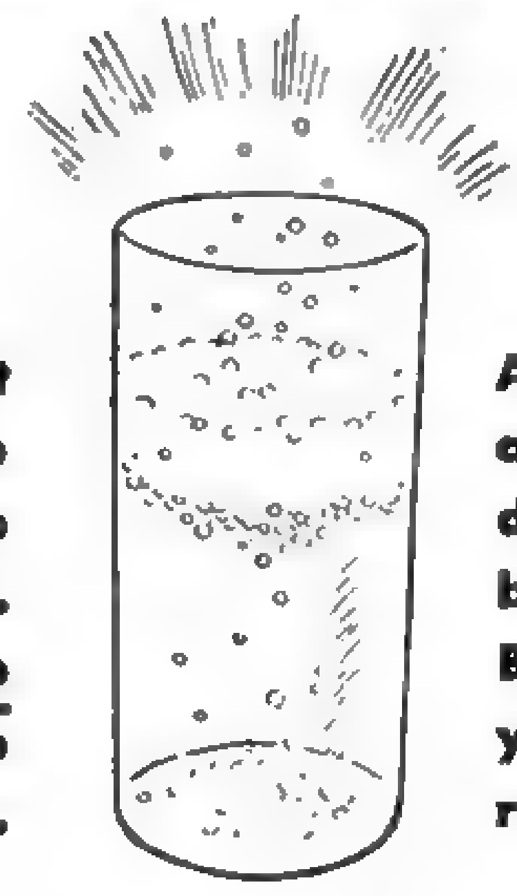
STOP
MORNING-AFTER
before it STARTS

BEFORE YOU GO TO BED

Recent tests show that morning-after may be avoided. Before you go to bed, take Bromo-Seltzer. This works while you sleep to help counteract the causes of morning-after.

AFTER YOU WAKE UP

After waking—to counteract the effects of fatigue due to an extra-late bedtime—take another Bromo-Seltzer. It will leave you more alert, more ready to snap into the job!



● Most men know that Bromo-Seltzer *stops* morning-after *faster*. But do you know that generally you can prevent this miserable feeling? Take Bromo-Seltzer before you go to bed!

Alkalizes

While you sleep, it soothes your overexcited nerves. Besides this it increases the alkaline reserve of your blood—protects against the extra acidity caused by overindulgence.

How wonderful to wake up next morning *without* that miserable "hungover" feeling. Then, to relieve effects of fatigue, another Bromo-Seltzer! It leaves you more vigorous, more alert!

Bromo-Seltzer is more than a pain reliever. That's why it helps you *prevent* as well as *stop* morning-after headaches.

Next time be smart—say, "Bromo-Seltzer." At drugstores, soda fountains everywhere. Keep it at home, too!

BROMO-SELTZER

MAKES YOU FEEL FIT *FASTER*

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

The Ordeal of Abe Spiegel

Continued from page 81

their hillsides leaving only the gaunt backbone of the sub-soil to bake in the summer heat.

Into this blond world a few years ago came Mee Hop, a Chinese grocer. School children, fascinated by the appearance of a man with yellow skin and slant eyes, crowded the doorway of his store, half-frightened and half-enchanted, to stare at him. Mee Hop smiled benevolently on them and thrust pieces of candy into their hands. Suddenly one of the bigger boys shouted, "Chinks eat rats! Chinks eat rats!" and ran out of the store with the whole crowd of bewildered children at his heels.

Six months later Mee Hop was found dead in his store with a great gash in his skull. The sheriff's office unfortunately could not devote much time to an investigation because Mee Hop died on the day before the opening of the duck-hunting season. "I reckon some nigger done it," Bill McClendon, the deputy sheriff, said. He notified the Chinaman at McGee of his countryman's death, and he arrived that afternoon with a truck and removed the body and stock of groceries.

Pure Gold has remained immaculately Anglo-Saxon ever since, save for the presence of Abe Spiegel who is not at all disturbingly exotic. It is a fine example of a town that has kept itself clean of alien influences.

In summer its streets are deserted except on Saturdays when farmers come in from the country. The town depends for its living on cotton. No one has any money until the crop is picked in the fall. Then it is spent and there is no more money until the next fall. The sun blazes all day on the rusty tin roofs of the buildings on the main street. Weeds grow thick and rank, dust-covered, in the dry ditches. At midday even the flea-bitten curs seek the shade of the watering trough in front of Hunter's grocery store and lie there until nightfall, with out-stretched tongues, panting for breath.

There is one infallible way of telling how hot it is in Pure Gold. You have only to stand across the street from Baird's, the Live Druggist, and note the angle of his awning in relation to an advertisement painted on his show window. If the day is pleasant, the awning hangs high and the legend stands full and clear: TAKE PINAREEN FOR CONSTIPATION. YOU WON'T BE SORRY. It if is not, you see . . . YOU WON'T BE SORRY. And if it is a day of unbearable stinging heat, the awning descends full length and one word stands lone and forlorn in the glittering light until nightfall: SORRY.

At one time or another during a summer's day almost everybody comes at least once to Baird's. The strong breezes of a powerful electric fan mounted on a high tripod assail you with refreshing coolness when you enter the door. The sight of ice cream and the sound of tinkling ice help to drive away the madness of unremitting heat and the grittiness of dust in your throat. You are certain to find some of your friends at Baird's. There they sit all day long drinking soda water, reading sports news in the Little Rock newspapers, or listening to baseball games on the radio.

Abe Spiegel always came in three or four times a day in the summer. There was little business in his store, and Miss Lutie, his clerk, could handle his customers as well as he. In the heat of Pure Gold even Abe's Jewish tenacity and fierceness of purpose had melted. He loafed as much as his neighbors, went to Little Rock on pleasure trips with them, and quickly fell into the easy going ways that characterize living in a small Southern town.

Abe was lonely. Pure Gold does not hold out much for a bachelor. The people of the town were kind to him and liked him. But their way of life was not his. Their sports were beyond his fragile strength. They gazed outward at the visible world: he looked inward. He was no more intellectually curious than his neighbors. Abe rarely read a book and was content with cheap magazines. He dimly felt, however, that there moved worlds and there fell stars which were beyond his vision. He retained an oriental respect for scholars and for scholarship. His tastes and perceptions at bottom were sensuous. He liked spiced, highly seasoned, steaming foods; warm colors; comfortable furniture; deep beds; and much talk. His friends gulped life but never savored it. They were born but yesterday. Abe had been fathered by time.

Despite his loneliness he found the weekdays endurable. People came into the store to talk, traveling salesmen told him funny stories, and on the Thursday half holiday he often motored with friends to see a baseball game in Little Rock. The Sundays, however, were bleak and lonely stretches of boredom. Then the Protestant Sabbath settled heavily down upon the town and men moved wearily about in its murky gloom. Abe began to go to church. On one Sunday he attended the Baptist services. On the next Sunday he sat in the Methodist church. The ministers of both sects and congregations were his friends. And as the only Jew in Pure Gold he could not afford to take sides in religion.

Soon after coming to town Abe joined the Chamber of Commerce and the American Legion. His fellow Legionnaires spread the news of his war record. He became a local hero and was admired and petted. Mrs. Christine Willis, a wealthy old lady who lives in the finest house in Pure Gold, astounded everybody in taking Abe into her home as a boarder. This immediately gave him social prestige. He soon became one of the

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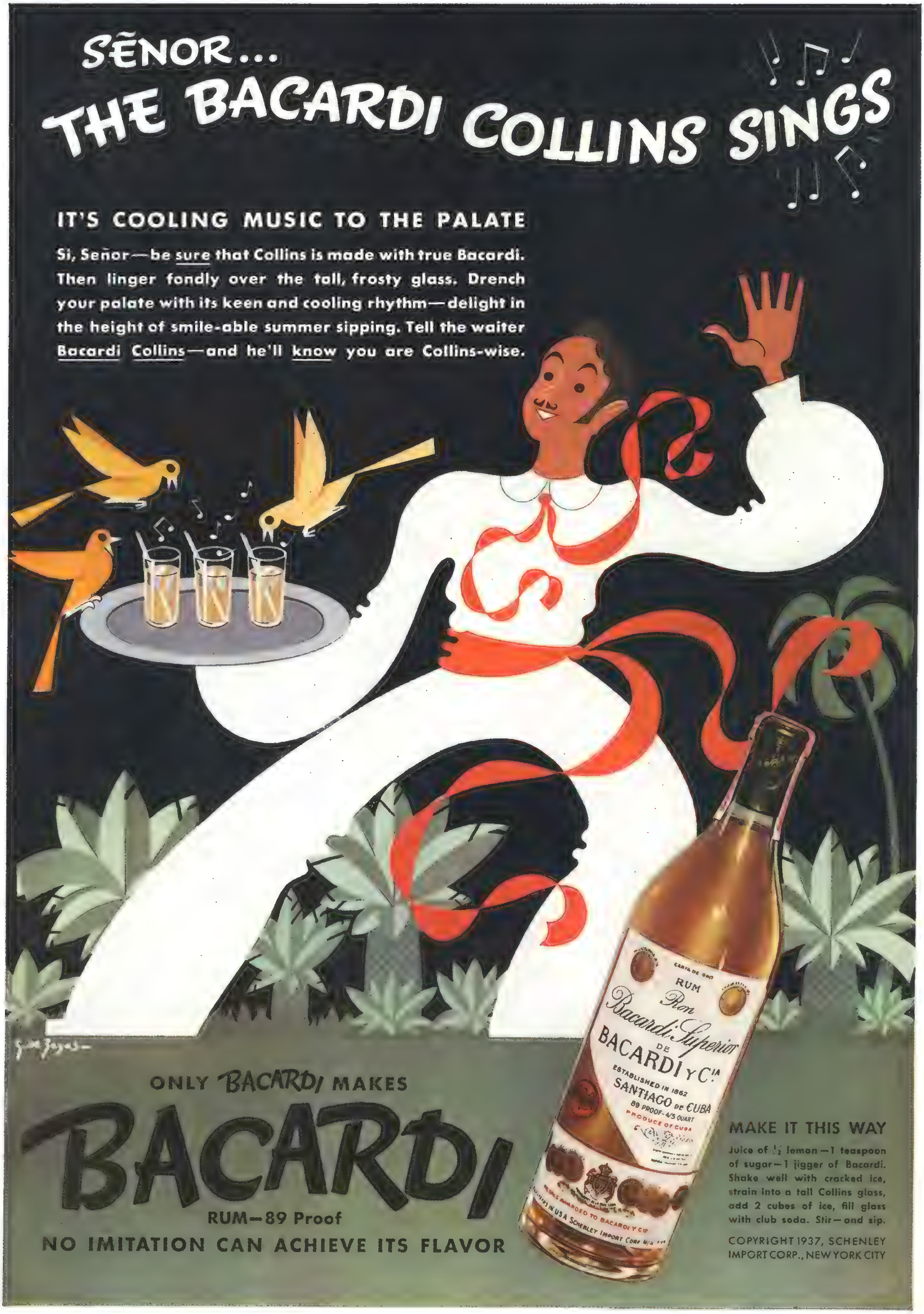
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89 PROOF-4/5 QUART
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MEDALS AWARDED TO BACARDI Y CIA
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SEÑOR...
THE BACARDI COLLINS SINGS

IT'S COOLING MUSIC TO THE PALATE

Si, Señor—be sure that Collins is made with true Bacardi. Then linger fondly over the tall, frosty glass. Drench your palate with its keen and cooling rhythm—delight in the height of smile-able summer sipping. Tell the waiter Bacardi Collins—and he'll know you are Collins-wise.

ONLY BACARDI MAKES

BACARDI

RUM—89 Proof

NO IMITATION CAN ACHIEVE ITS FLAVOR

MAKE IT THIS WAY

Juice of ½ lemon—1 teaspoon of sugar—1 jigger of Bacardi. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into a tall Collins glass, add 2 cubes of ice, fill glass with club soda. Stir—and sip.

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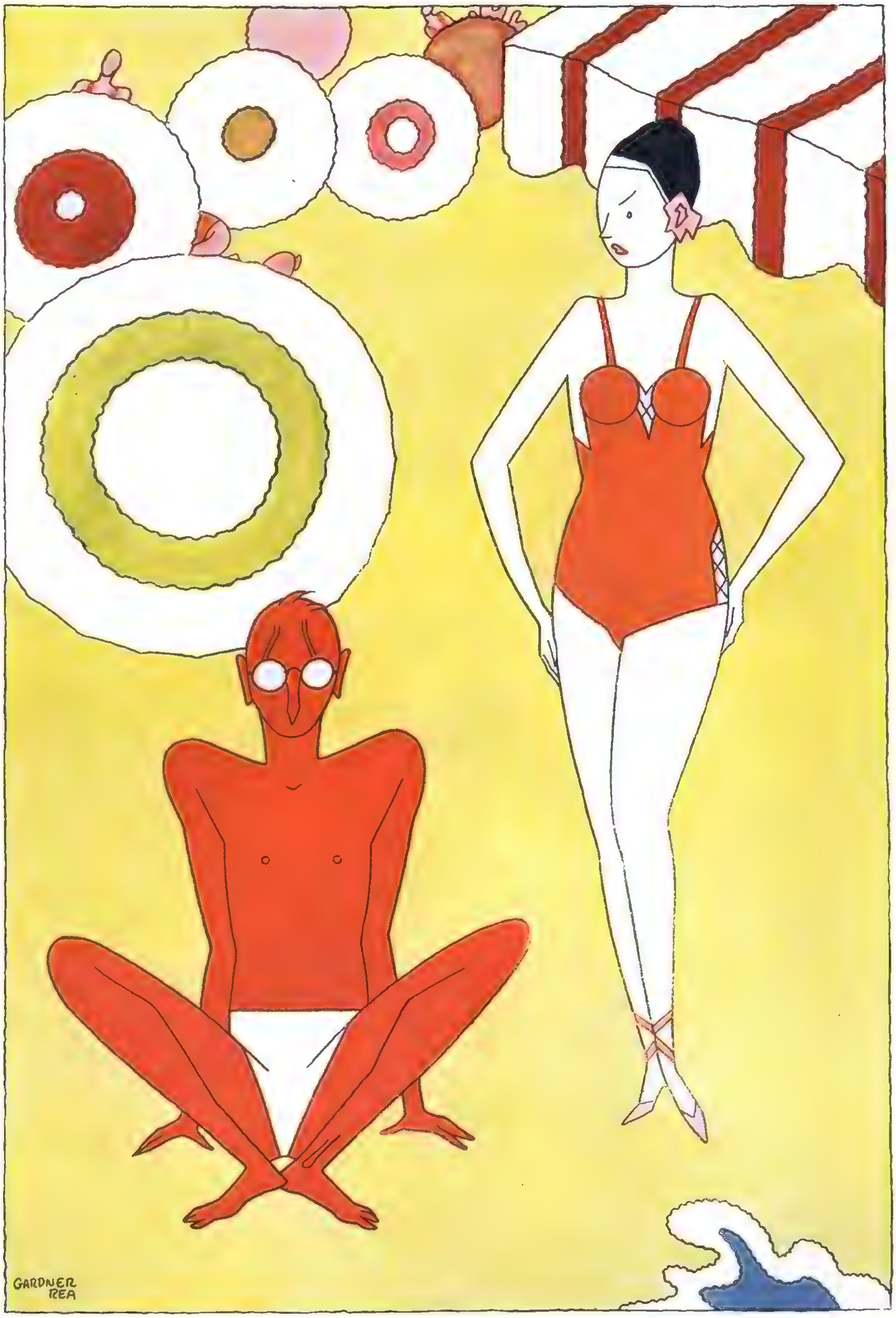
GARDNER REA

"You might at least have waited till the second day of our honeymoon to get sun burned"

The Ordeal of Abe Spiegel

Continued from pages 81-168

town's leading citizens. A Jew in its midst was strange. A Jewish war hero was even stranger. All over the world the legend persists that the Jews will not fight. Yet here was a Jew who had fought and fiercely as his medals testified. There is indeed no war that is waged anywhere in which Jews do not fight on one side or the other or on both sides. But they fight wearily, resignedly, wonderingly. Having long ago reached spiritual manhood they never cease to be amazed at the boyish gusto for fighting which their non-Jewish friends so often exhibit.

In Pure Gold the citizens have never ceased to wonder at the strangeness of Abe Spiegel, and of the people from whom he came. He once proposed that a rabbi be invited to address the local Legion post. His proposal was enthusiastically adopted. After the meeting, Cal Harmon, a mechanic, spoke to Abe.

"Say, boy," he inquired, "what kind of language does a Jew rabbi talk? I don't understand no Jew talk. I have heard tell that they speak that or either Spanish. And I don't know no Spanish either. How we gonna understand him?"

It took Abe a long time to convince Cal that the rabbi spoke the same kind of English that was used by everybody in Pure Gold.

The rabbi came and was cordially received. Pure Gold is a religious community. Here was a man who, whatever his faith, communicated with God. And the people dimly felt that that was of the line and of the blood from which Christ their Savior had stemmed.

One day a few summers ago Abe entered Baird's. From the depths of the cool darkness a voice hailed him as he came in blinking out of the fierce sunlight. "Hey, Abe," said the voice, "come on over and have a drink with us."

At a table were seated four of Pure Gold's most prominent men. Professor Robert McGee, the school principal; Jack Tims, who owns the gravel pit at the north of town; Reverend John Haley; and Dave Stone, who runs the brickyard.

"Well, Abe, what do you know?" asked Jack Tims.

"Not much," replied Abe. "Been working on the Legion bathing beauty contest. We're gonna hold it next Monday night on Moon Lake."

"Better be there, Reverend," said Dave Stone to Reverend Haley, grinning broadly. "You'll see some things you don't see in Sunday school." The men laughed.

"Say, Abe," asked Professor McGee, "do you think there's any chance of us getting mixed up in this European war that it looks like they're fixing to start?" As a European and a war veteran Abe was Pure Gold's authority on international affairs.

"Maybe yes and maybe no," said Abe.

"Well, if it is a war, you ain't going to go again, are you?" inquired Jack Tims. "We have to go. We are Americans. They can make us go if we don't want to, just like they done before. But you don't have to go. A foreigner don't have to fight for this country."

"Foreigner? What do you mean foreigner? Who's a foreigner?" Abe groaned. "I've got my first papers in the safe right now. I'm gonna go to Little Rock for my second papers next month. Didn't I fight in the American army before? Didn't I get it in the neck? Did this plate in my thick head come from a mule kick? You guys make me sick. Abe Spiegel ain't an American. Pretty soon you'll be telling me I ain't a man." Deathly pale Abe turned for sympathy and comfort to each man of the group. "What do you think about it, Professor?" he asked the school principal.

"Well, I don't exactly know, boys," replied the Professor. "A foreigner is a foreigner and an American's an American. Take you, Abe, for instance. You are a Jew. Now I ain't got nothing against Jews. I give 'em credit. You're one of my best friends. I reckon everybody in town feels that way about you. But you ain't an American. First thing is, you ain't a Christian. You look different. You act different. You got different habits. You come from a different country. Now add 'em all up. What do you get? Differences. I don't say that you ain't as good as anybody else and a heap better than most people. But I don't see how you claim to be an American. What do you think, Reverend Haley? Do you think Abe's an American?"

"No Siree, I don't," said Reverend Haley. "The Constitution of the United States says the religion of this country is the Christian religion. If you don't believe in it, you don't believe in the Constitution. And if you don't believe in the Constitution, you can't be an American. That's how I look at it. Now Abe is a good man and I reckon there are plenty of good people in this world that ain't Americans. But they ain't Americans just the same."

"Well, y'all got it all wrong," said Dave Stone. "As far as I'm concerned any guy's an American if he can kill a quart of this Bishop County corn and don't beat his wife."

Loud laughter greeted Dave's remark and relieved the tension that held the men in its grip. The whistle at the sawmill blew the hour of noon. The group dispersed for lunch.

Abe went back to his store. He could not bear to go home for lunch. Food would stick in his throat. He slunk out of sight and sought shelter behind his desk under the stairway. All the afternoon an insane jingle ran through his mind: "Abe Spiegel is no American! Abe Spiegel is no Amer-

Continued on page 172

THE COACHER*
RAINCOAT
bright spot on a vacation

GALECOAT COACHER BY ALLIGATOR $18.50
Inspired by the raincoats worn by the members of London's famous Coaching Club. Casual and comfortable, with 85" sweep, large patch and ticket pockets, fly front. In grey or oyster white water-repellent fabric. Other single and double breasted models in tan, brown or blue. 15.75 and 18.50

COACHER BY ALLIGATOR $10.50
In a semi transparent, waterproof Alligator fabric in deep sea or blue, it combines smart appearance with great practicability. An 85" sweep protection from the elements, and convertible collar. Other single and double breasted models in deep sea, navy, brown, grey, dark green or black, from 5.75 to 15.75.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.
MANUFACTURERS OF ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS AND GALECOATS

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HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

★ quality
★ bouquet
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COGNAC
HENNESSY and SODA

Hennessy-and-soda!

The very name sounds cool and inviting. And what a delightfully refreshing drink it is! Three-Star Hennessy blends so well with the sparkling gayety of the soda. What a satisfying beverage! To insure this treat, order "Hennessy-and-soda."

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France.
JAS HENNESSY & CO, Established 1765

84
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The Ordeal of Abe Spiegel

Continued from pages 81-168-171

ican! He's nothing but a Jew!" He returned sadly to his work of organizing the beauty contest and telephoning to every girl for miles around. To each he made the same little speech.

"Hello, is that you, Miss Mamie? This is Abe Spiegel talking. You don't understand? Abe Spiegel in Pure Gold. Miss Mamie, I want you should come to the bathing beauty contest Monday night at Moon Lake. Bring a boy friend. It's for the Legion. We're giving prizes for the winners. I know you'll win first prize sure, Miss Mamie. Yes, you will. The first prize will be Miss Pure Gold at the big contest in Little Rock when they're gonna pick the girls for Hollywood. We're counting on you, Miss Mamie. Don't forget your bathing suit."

The shores of Moon Lake were crowded on the night of the contest. A runway was built near the water and illuminated by the light of automobile lamps concentrated on it. The girls dressed and undressed in other cars hidden in the woods. When they simpered in scanty bathing suits and high-heel shoes down the runway, the strong crude light threw into high relief the scars that garters had made above their knees and revealed little networks of veins on their legs. Swarms of mosquitoes assailed their half-nude bodies, and the back of one beauty was stained with red where a blood-bloated mosquito had died under the slap of a friend's hand.

Abe Spiegel, coatless and wearing his soldier's cap, moved sadly about the happy throng. He had valiantly tried to ascend the hill of the Lord and he had failed. Now he was alien and lost and alone. He could almost feel the sweat popping out on the gold plate in his skull.

Billy Mahoney and three other Legionnaires came up to Abe. "Boy, you look like a dead one. Take a shot of this," said Billy, pulling a bottle of whiskey from his pocket. It was the powerful home-made whiskey of Bishop County known throughout the state for its potency. Billy knew that Abe did not drink. It was an old joke of his to offer him whiskey. To his amazement Abe took the bottle from his hand.

"Well, I believe I will," he said. "Here's mud in your eye." Abe drank. A convulsion shook his slender body. The men laughed.

"How do you like it, pal?" asked Ben Black.

"Good enough to take another shot," replied Abe. And to the astonishment of the group he took another drink. After the contest was over and the crowd moved around in uncertain confusion, Abe took a few more drinks with various friends. "I'm feeling bad tonight," he said as he took each drink. He felt that he must explain and half-apologize for his unusual conduct.

One by one the automobiles departed. Beauty clothed itself in dimity dresses and fled from the shores of the lake. Low-hanging stars were caught in the branches of tall cypress trees; the full moon became smudged gold, cloud-veiled. A cool breeze sprang up out of nowhere. Sweating men sat on the running boards of their cars and talked.

"Say," said Billy Mahoney suddenly, "what the hell became of Abe Spiegel? Any of you guys seen him lately? He came out with us and I ain't seen him go home with nobody."

No one had seen him. He was not to be found in any of the remaining little groups of men. His friends scattered in search of him.

"Here he is, boys," shouted Jack Tims. "Passed out cold. What do you think of that?"

Abe lay drunk upon the ground in a thick clump of grass. His overseas cap was plastered upon one side of his head. His shirt was wet with sweat and stained with the green of grass. He was mumbling something.

"What's he saying?" asked Professor McGee.

"I don't know," replied Jack Tims. "Must be talking Jew talk." He leaned low over Abe to listen.

"He says something about when in the course of human events. About life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It don't make no sense," said Jack straightening up.

"Yes, it does make sense," said the Professor. "It's funny what a man'll do when he gets drunk. Abe's quoting the Declaration of Independence. Must think it's the Fourth of July."

"Well, boys," broke in Billy Mahoney, "I guess y'all will stop kidding Abe now about not being no American. Any guy that can drink nearly a quart of this Bishop County corn and recite the Declaration of Independence is an American even if he was born in Russia." The men roared with laughter. They tenderly lifted Abe's limp body from the ground, placed him in an automobile and carried him home.

The next day Abe suffered with a splitting headache and an insatiable thirst. The unusual news of his debauch spread quickly around the town, and men to whom spells of drunkenness were as natural as breathing, subjected Abe all day to good-natured but strongly flavored raillery. He sneakingly enjoyed his suddenly acquired reputation for wickedness, and at the same time swore to himself that he would never touch whiskey again.

One morning shortly after the beauty contest Abe went to the postoffice early in the morning for his mail and returned to his store to read it. He opened a letter, glanced at its contents, and fell heavily upon a chair murmuring in Hebrew: *Boruch Dayan Ho-Emeth:* Praise be the righteous Judge. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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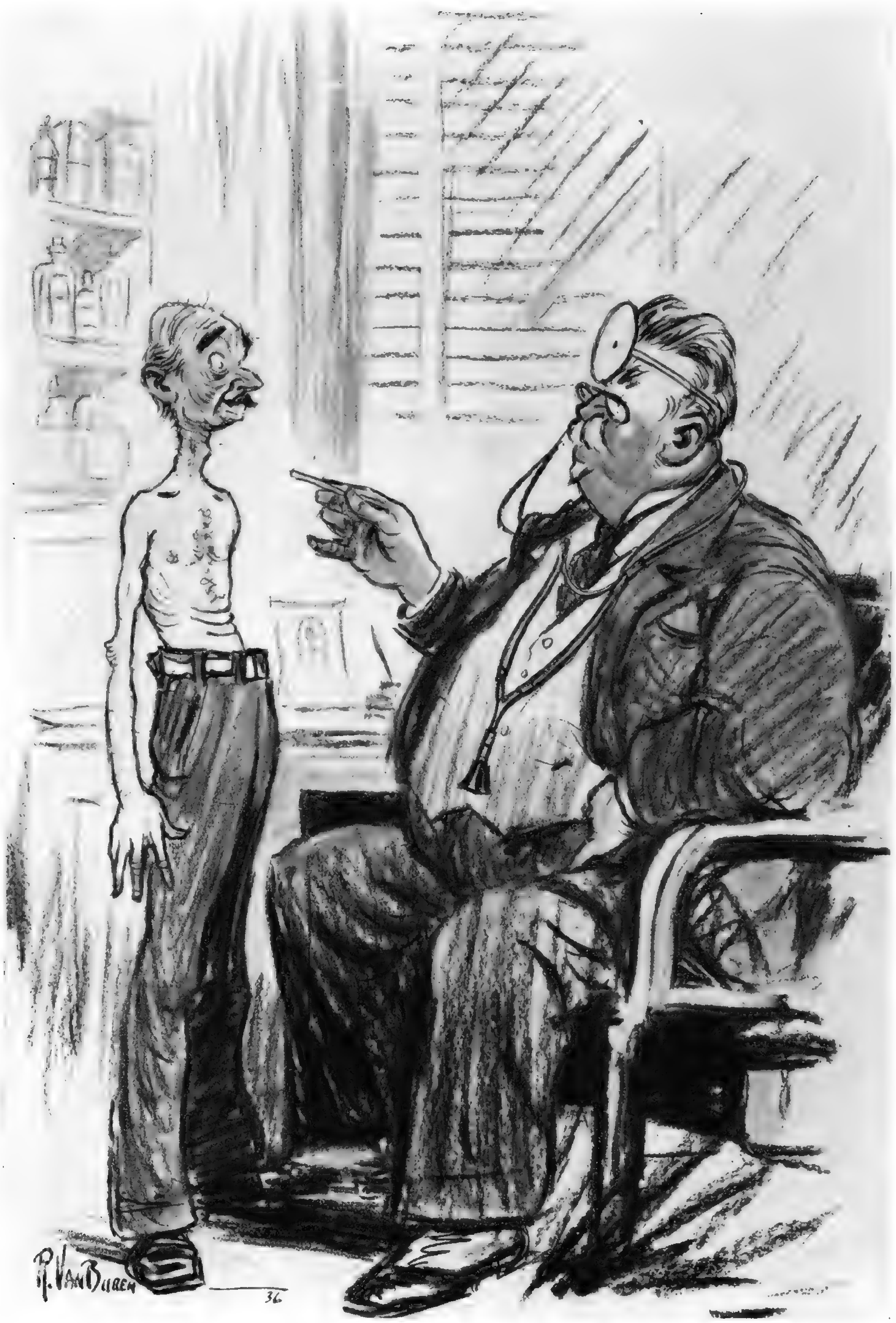
R. VAN BUREN
36

"Better lay off the health foods for awhile"

CRUISING RANGE
240,000 WORDS WITHOUT REFUELING

Models in black, green, gun metal or antique copper finish, chrome trimmed, and with or without chrome base, from $3.00 to $4.00
Plain black or green, without chrome trim $2.50

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you fill it ONCE A YEAR*

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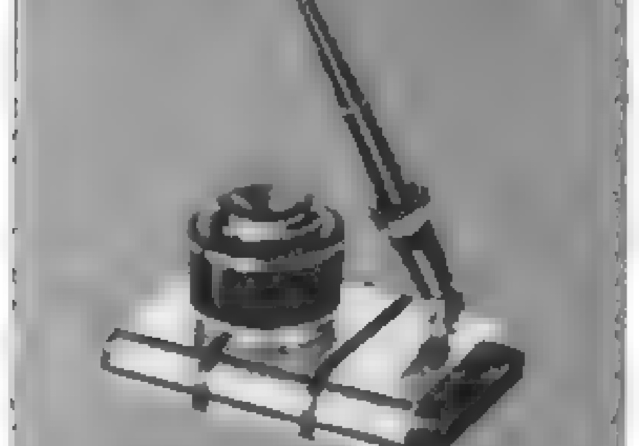
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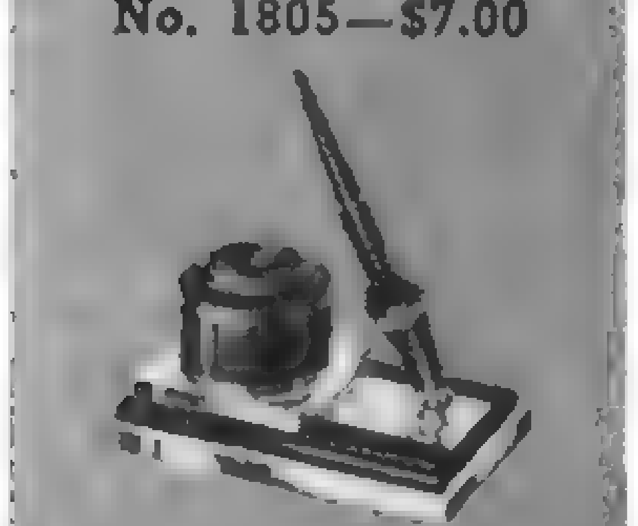
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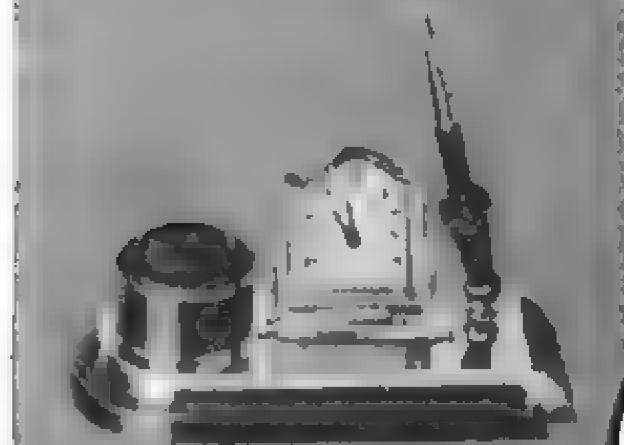
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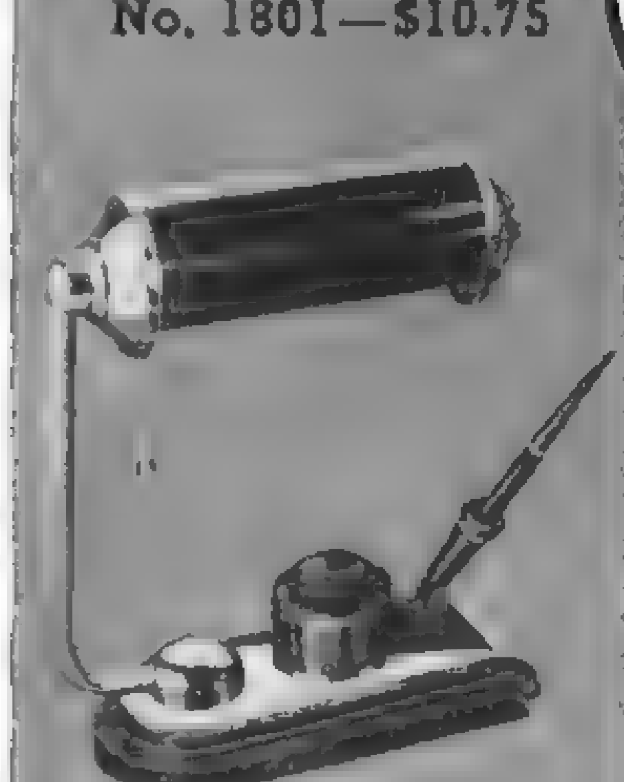

No. 1810—$13.00 (black only)

Up-and-coming students with stirring messages to uplift the world, and Dads who write the checks are alike in one respect: Nobody likes to be jarred rudely out of his mood (good or bad) because the pen has run dry.

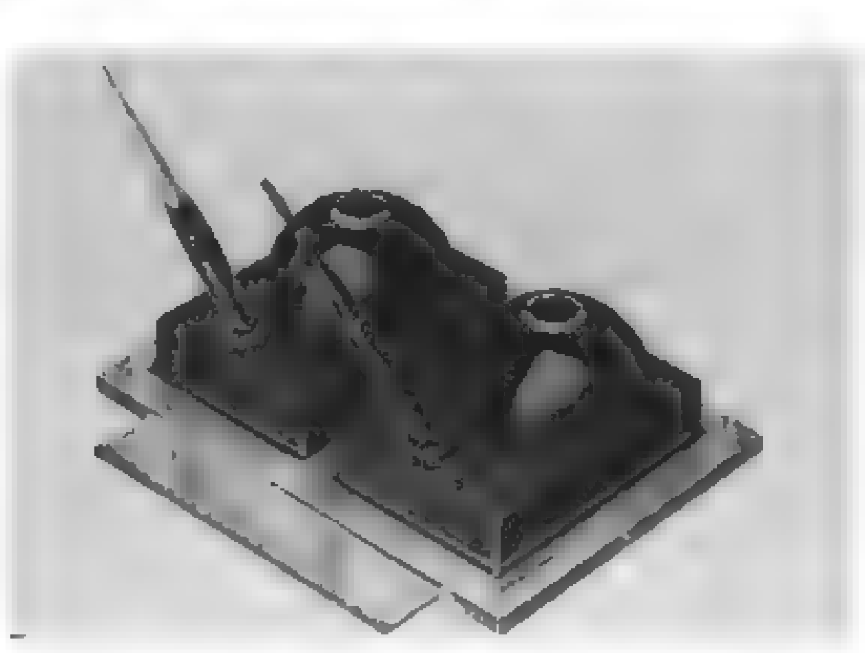
Now *that's* over. The *handi-pen* holds enough ink for a year's average writing, with the pen always resting in ink at the proper level, always ready to go. No constant dipping, clogging, or flooding.

And is it ever tough! To be brief, it's unbreakable (or are you a Sampson?). Practically no evaporation. Words veritably ooze from the iridium-tipped, gold-plated pen.

Ask your local stationer about the Sengbusch *handi-pen* and 10-day free trial offer, or write direct to the factory for complete information.

DIPADAY *writing sets*

Chrome finish (black, red or green enamel trim). Gold-plated, iridium-tipped Dipaday Pen fills itself automatically when dipped, stays moist and ready to write. With Sengbusch Self-Closing inkwell.


THE DOUBLE HANDI-PEN DESK SET

Available with chrome base in either black, green, gun metal or antique copper finish with or without chrome trim.

*Holds six ounces of ink—enough for the writing needs of the average user for a whole year. Doesn't run dry.

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The Ordeal of Abe Spiegel

Continued from pages 81-168-171-172

A little later Miss Lutie, Abe's clerk, on coming to work found the doors of the store shut. Abe sat crying bitterly and shaking with convulsive sobs of grief. She looked at him with amazement and shook him by the shoulder to gain his attention.

He turned his mute tear-stained face up to her and looked downward to his lap on which lay a photograph and a letter in a strange language that she could not read.

The photograph revealed a group of booted bearded Jewish peasants standing knee-deep in snow, clustered about a coffin in which lay the propped-up body of an old woman. It was the body of Abe's mother.

Abe closed the store and walked slowly to his room in the home of Mrs. Willis. He asked her to make tea for him. He wanted tea now—not coffee. His mother used to make tea for him when he was a child.

He thirsted for it with a bitter thirst. He wanted to burn his fingers in hot tea leaves; to thrust his face into warm tea-vapor; to crush the cup in his hand and let broken china and trickling tea pour over his clothes.

Abe sat in his room all day. One by one and in groups his friends came to call and shyly show their sympathy with him in his grief. The Reverend Haley, of the First Baptist church, on bended knees asked God through the compassionate intercession of His Son on earth, the pale Jew of Galilee, to bring peace to Abe's troubled heart. Professor McGee came with a bowl of hot chicken soup that his wife had made. Dave Stone and Billy Mahoney sat silent in the room with Abe all day, smoking, fumbling with their watches, looking unhappily out of the window.

The body of an old woman dead and buried in Russia bridged momentarily the gulf between the living in Arkansas. Night fell. Abe's friends departed. He sat alone with his childhood and his dead.

(*America, mother to the homeless and the sore-oppressed of earth, your bosom is wet with the tears and shaken with the grief of those who came to you from far countries. As children they played in the shadows of craggy Olympus, in the narrow streets of soft Syracuse, in the teeming alleys of Canton, by the lonely sea-bird haunted waters of Norway, on the sere and sunburned hills of Spain, in the flat flower-splashed fields of the Netherlands, amid the stinking slums of Glasgow, in apple-scented orchards of Normandy, on the turbulent docks of Liverpool, and in little villages lost upon the Russian plains.*

Have pity upon them, great foster-mother, America. Comfort them in their distress. Place your cool and cleansing hands upon their brows. Clasp them close to your breast. Make them one with your own children. They are the wind-blown of earth; the storm-tossed; the uprooted. In the blackness of night they fled from hatred, oppression and poverty to seek refuge in your bosom. Long ago they left the mothers who bore them, the companions of their childhood, and the homeland that was their earth. They will not close the eyes of their parents in death nor shroud their bodies for burial; their own bones will moulder to dust in alien soil.

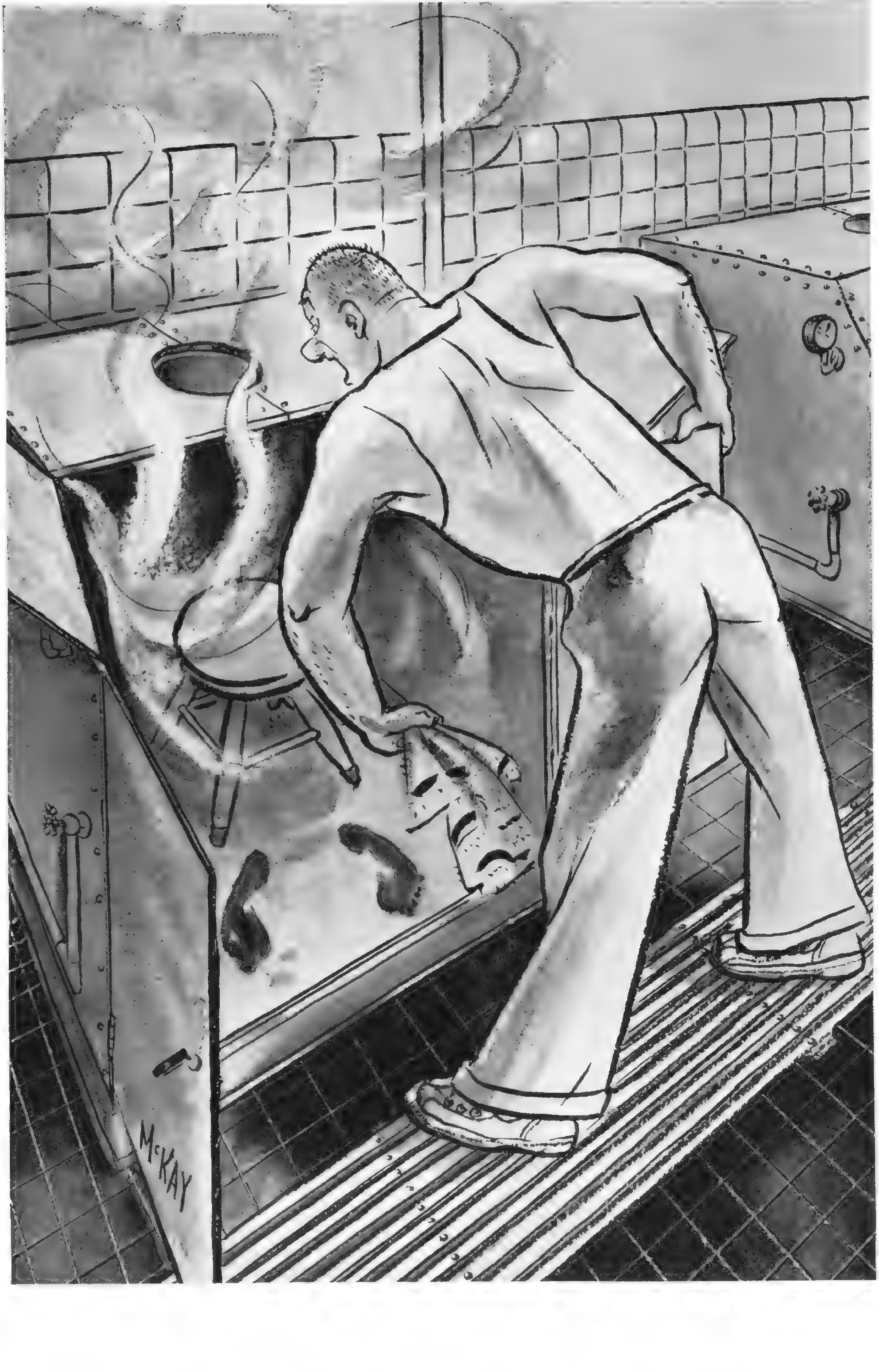
You haughty and you arrogant, you proud of earth, you long of line, you whose home has been sheltered by the selfsame oak these two hundred years, how can you know the hidden pain of those who came but yesterday to your shores? These bodies bent with toil, these eyes red-rimmed with the heat of blast furnaces, these hands twisted with pick and shovel. Once they saw and felt temple-crested Greece, cedar-engirdled Lebanon, green troll-haunted Ireland, and rose-teeming Bulgaria. You walk the wide earth with sure pride; they are lonely and a little afraid.

Over the seas they came frightened and bewildered when you and your father and your grandfather slowly moved capped and gowned through Harvard Yard in commencement processional. You wear liberty like an old coat that has lain in your closet always; to them it is a Joseph's coat of many colors which they dream of wearing before they die. All the days of your life the circling sun of America has stood unseen and unfelt above your sheltered head. How shall you share the exaltation in its sunrise glow of those who emerged from subterranean darkness?

Have pity upon them, great foster-mother, America. Comfort them in their distress. Make them one with your own children.)

The third day after Abe received the news of his mother's death he went to Little Rock. There he stood among his people in the synagogue and recited the immemorial prayers of the Jews and mourned for his dead according to the ancient Law. Then he returned to Pure Gold uplifted and refreshed.

Abe still lives there. He is a respected and beloved citizen. He continues to make speeches at Chamber of Commerce banquets and high school commencements. Almost any day in the summer you will find him standing in front of his store half-hidden among flapping overalls, or talking with the boys in Baird's. He is a full fledged citizen of the United States, and the little gold plate in his skull is visible beneath his thinning hair. He is married now and has two children. They are blond and speak with the accent of Arkansas. Nobody will ever doubt that they are American. As for Abe himself? He shrugs his shoulders when the subject is mentioned and sadness like a tiny shutter falls swiftly over his eyes veiling their brightness. #



"Mr. Kipnis! Mr. Kipnis! Where are you?"

The Astonishing Mr. Tilden

Continued from page 51

that of most players and of course he was more demanding. At the death of his brother he inherited a small fortune from his father's estate but money doesn't stay with Bill for long and the time came when his aunts were broke and he was dependent on his writing for most of his income. He had a yearly contract with the *Ledger* syndicate for $12,000 a year and at the same time I had one with another syndicate that was good for $8,000. It was by doing this writing that Bill and I were able to play tennis the year round—to be first-class tennis bums. But the United States Lawn Tennis Association suddenly decided that an amateur should not report on tournaments in which he was competing and although we argued our case before the officials time after time the rule was passed. I think that rule was the beginning of big-time professional tennis.

The Tilden exchequer was in bad shape when Bill decided to turn professional but I believe the fact that the French had beaten us in the Davis Cup and Lacoste and Cochet were on the top of the heap had a great deal to do with his decision. Bill was no longer head man and he insists on being the main attraction.

Within six months after leaving the amateur ranks Tilden had netted $100,000 by making movies and playing matches under the banner of Jack Curley. This money that is made right after an amateur turns professional is the cream and what he makes afterward comes hard in comparison. That first money is a good thing to hang on to. It's because Vines hung on to his that he is sitting pretty now instead of scrambling for dollars. But Bill didn't keep his long. Tilden Tennis Tours, Incorporated, an organization he formed to subsidize players and take them on a world-wide tour, consumed it and Bill was broke again. His friends wondered what was going to happen to Bill now.

Well, Bill went right on playing tennis, writing articles, playing bridge, racing around the country in fast cars, and living in the style to which he was accustomed. He organized a group of players small enough to handle himself and when things went sour here he took ship to Europe, recouped his fortunes, paid off his debts, and came back for another crack at American barnstorming.

When Tilden tours he is happiest. It is his troupe. He is the star and the impresario. He is the boss and he is also the temperamental leading man. Rehearsal is at ten sharp and bring two rackets.

His entourage last winter consisted of three tennis players (assorted), one secretary (who takes the part of straight-man), one ball-boy and one truck driver. One of the tennis players was on a flat salary of $200 a week and transportation; the other two took a percentage of the net. The secretary got $150 a week and transportation, the ball-boy fifty a week and expenses, and the truck driver $35 a week and expenses. Add to this $75 a week for truck expenses and another $100 for gas and garage for the two passenger cars and you have a fair idea of the fixed expenses of the tour.

Bill maintains no checking account and the percentage hands are paid off after every match in cash. The other help receives cash once a week. And Tilden always pays off. After a couple of lean takes the help is inclined to be a bit jumpy but Bill never worries and he soothes the boys with a prediction that the crowd will be good in the next town. It usually is.

Last winter, after several days of lean picking, we played in Miami to a good crowd and Bill's own profit amounted to $1,800. Sums of this magnitude present a problem to Bill when no immediate disbursements are necessary and on this occasion discussion took place between Tilden and his secretary over the handling of funds. Neither of them wanted to carry $1,800 around in his pocket; in fact it developed, when the suggestion was made that they split it, that neither wanted to carry half that much around in his pocket. Tilden, of course, supplied the solution: they would get travelers' checks. A couple of days later when there was the matter of a hotel bill in St. Petersburg, Tilden called upon his secretary to produce the travelers' checks that had been entrusted to him. The secretary reminded Mr. Tilden that Mr. Tilden had taken the checks unto his own care. Well, that had been three days ago and the hotel bill was paid out of the gate receipts from the St. Petersburg match that afternoon.

Where does the money go? Almost all of it goes for things you and I wouldn't spend important money on. All the time he is away a suite at the Algonquin Hotel in New York is under lease to Bill. In his absence it is occupied by his friends and protégés who sign checks for food for themselves and for their friends. Tilden's own hotel bills are staggering. An hour after checking in he has usually run up telephone charges of fifty to a hundred dollars, calling up people in New York, California—sometimes Europe. Almost daily he holds long confabs with his pal Frank Hunter and with his tenants at the Algonquin. He eats three-dollar breakfasts and buys them for other people. He sends telegrams and cables by the ream. He will lose seventy-five dollars at an evening's bridge. He doesn't drink; he never has. He wears the same suit of clothes for a year. He spends his money on the thousand and one things that comprise his life—a life of constant activity in avenues most of us don't consider important.

Bill's income this year should be something over $50,000 and this is the way it will come to him:

He will get $5,000 for the use of his name on tennis-rackets, $1,000 for the use of his name in connection with a tennis string, $1,500 for sponsoring a shoe, and about $3,000 for various testimonials. He will receive $7,500 for writing syndicated newspaper articles. His profit from the winter tour and from matches against Perry will be about $15,000. This spring he will make a European tour during which he will compete for and win prize money in England and France and the prizes, together with what he makes at exhibition play, will amount to $10,000. Later in the summer he intends to make another Japanese jaunt and the Japs come through with a guarantee that makes that trip good for $7,000.

Tilden has never spoken on the radio. He believes that there is a considerable radio public awaiting him and he is holding out for the right contract. When the contract that pleases him shows up he will have another source to tap and I hope it comes right along so that Bill will have something to do in his spare time.

The Eight Mistresses

Continued from page 48

That evening, for the first time since the scandal about the lieutenant-governor's Western niece, Barca entered the Black Homburg Café. The Black Homburg was the gayest, the maddest, the merriest of *les rendez-vous du haute-société*, and here, among beautiful women gowned in the most delicate whimsies of Paris, and precise black-and-white men with eyes engaged in acting as much like tailors' shears as was possible within the limits of imagination, he found what he was seeking.

It was between the third and fourth sip of his second pernod that a braid of auburn hair, surmounting sapphire eyes and alabastrine skin, caught his eye while dancing past the table. Barca was not a man to mince words or actions. He hastily terminated the fourth sip and tapped the young lady on the shoulder.

"How should you like a new sable wrap?" asked Barca.

The young lady was equally forthright. "I'd love it," she said.

Barca kissed her hand, gave her his card, and left.

It is certainly true, thought Barca, that the chief governing motive in a woman's consciousness is a social one. A woman who would not be honest from any other consideration, whose every instinct tends toward a deceitful life, still will not dare when confronted by the certainty of being caught. Women, he reflected, are more practical than men, and do not idealize their vices. Thus, the very next evening he told Edna about the marvelous box he possessed.

"This box," he said, "is a wonderful thing."

"Yes?" said Edna, yawning fetchingly.

"It laughs like a horse whenever a woman is unfaithful to me." Edna looked suspiciously at the box which seemed commonplace enough.

"So you see," Barca continued, "I shall know as soon as you betray me, and, much as it would grieve me, shall be compelled to stop giving you presents."

"Why Mr. Barca," said Edna, "you surely don't think that I—"

"Certainly not, my dear," said Barca.

The next day, at 2:15 p. m., the box laughed like a horse. When Barca reproached Edna, she chuckled gaily, like a little child.

"I just wanted to see if it really worked," she said.

Barca had certainly made a mistake with Edna, he realized. She felt no responsibility and became a man's mistress as a sort of game. She had no need to fear discovery, for there were always more men for such a ravishing beauty, and such a practical one. So for his third mistress Barca took a pretty young girl, just out of convent school and filled with ideas about duty and faithfulness.

"It is your duty," he told her, "to be true to me, your protector and provider. Always remember that duty is sacred, and do yours as you have been taught in the convent." At the end of a month she came to him one day.

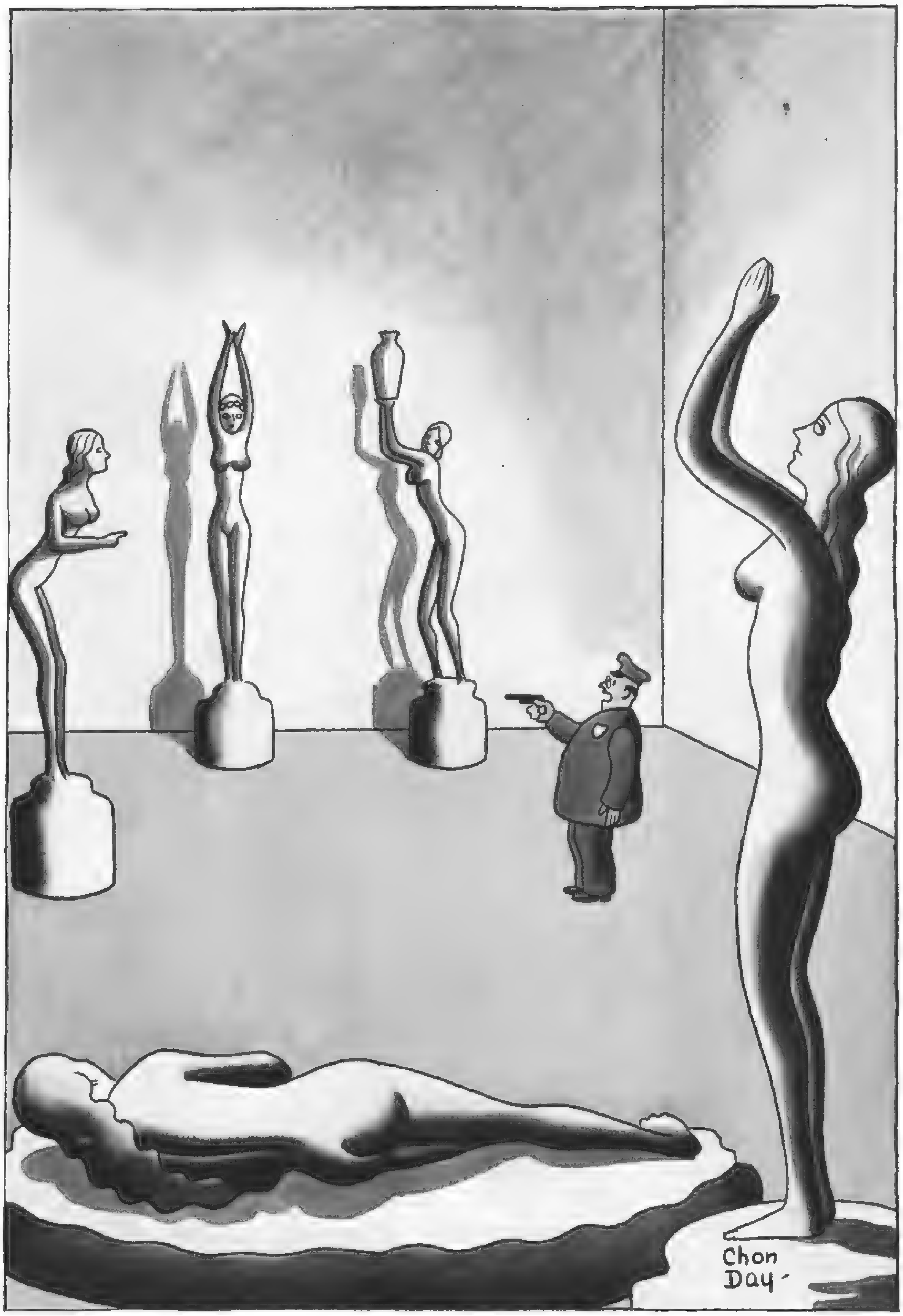
"A young man wanted me to go to his apartment," she said, "but I remembered my duty and told him no." Barca smiled happily and bought her a really magnificent gift. Three days later he was awakened from a sound sleep by the frenzied laughing of a horse.

"But," she protested, "you told me yourself always to do my duty; and when that nice young man was going to kill himself unless I went to his apartment, surely it was my duty to save his life." She stared uncomprehendingly at the enraged Barca.

"They taught us at the convent that it is always one's duty to save a life," she added hopefully.

"I did not count on that," Barca thought mournfully. "Of course it is too much for any woman to resist the experienced

Continued at top of page 178



"Hey, what's going on in here?"

The Eight Mistresses

Continued from pages 48-176

men of this city. I must find one whom no man will want to seduce." He took the ugliest woman he could find for his fourth mistress.

She was so repulsive that he shuddered every time he took her in his arms, and when he made love to her he was forced to do it in the dark. And eleven days after he met her, he heard the horse laugh.

"How is it possible," he asked, "that you have found another lover so soon? You are so ugly that you would make quite a good living by modeling for sculptors of gargoyles."

"I did it to prove to you that I am not so ugly as you think," she said, smiling triumphantly.

Barca was by now convinced of the contrariness of all women. Ask them to do one thing, he mused, and they will immediately do something else. Beg them not to do a thing, and they will bend every device at their command to accomplish that thing and no other. So he took every opportunity to ask his fifth mistress to be unfaithful. If she liked a present, he told her that money was not everything and extolled the love of a poor but honest young man.

If she disliked a present, he reproached himself for his lack of taste, and told her that she was a fool to stay with him instead of finding a better man. He urged her to flirt with his friends, and in a thousand ways let her know that he wished betrayal with all his heart. All went well for three months, and then, one day, Barca was once more given the horse laugh.

"I hope you're satisfied," she said tearfully, an hour later. "It would never have entered my head to be unfaithful, but you wanted it, and just to please you I have made myself vile. Oh, you wretch—" and she began to belabor him and call him names.

Barca now realized the futility of all attempts to employ subtlety in dealing with women. Furthermore, he now realized that there is only one inducement that will keep a woman chaste. So he collected his three remaining mistresses with amazing rapidity, and assembled them all in his apartment.

"I am going to talk plainly," he said, "without dragging in morality or discovery or any other abstract ideas. There is only one thing I want to say—I shall marry whichever one of you is faithful to me longest, and you may have it in writing if you wish."

With such an inducement, the girls became really good. They shunned temptation as if it were castor oil. And after five months, one of them dropped out of the running to marry a millionaire's son who was impressed with her chastity. A week later, while Barca was spending a pleasant evening with one of the remaining two, he was startled once more by the horse laugh.

"That certainly came at an embarrassing time," he said. "Come dear, since you are the only one remaining, let's get married at once." They were married that night by the mayor.

Five days later, as Barca was sitting in his study, reading and smoking a pipe, he heard the box laugh like a horse, and simultaneously Mr. Satin and John Plutus rose through the floor into the room.

"Your eighth mistress has been unfaithful," announced Mr. Satin, "and I have come to carry out the terms of our contract."

"I don't understand," said Barca calmly. "My eighth mistress was always faithful."

"Didn't you hear the horse laugh?"

"Oh, yes, but that was my wife, not my mistress." And he showed the marriage certificate.

Mr. Satin smiled wanly. "You are a very clever man, Mr. Barca. It is true that a wife is not a mistress. I really admire you, and look forward to meeting you again in a few years." And he and Plutus disappeared through the floor, in the same manner in which they had come.

Barca smiled, closed the Bible which he had been reading, and prepared to go out to Midnight Mass.

The Road from Santa Ines

Continued from page 45

Major Buenseda made a sound like a groan. "In the morning! He is simply presenting the country to Altamira."

"If Altamira wins—"

"If he wins! Against poor Fuentes, with his five hundred men? It isn't even a surprise attack. For two weeks now the whole country has been talking of Fuentes and his expedition. My barber had heard of it."

Franks shrugged. "I'm not a soldier, but I see the dilemma. Send too large a force and Altamira would simply withdraw from Santa Ines, without giving battle. That would be nearly as bad as a defeat, for us."

"But to send poor Captain Fuentes, nothing but a drill-sergeant! Colonel Roquelos had two thousand men, at Las Palmas, and Roquelos is a good officer. He was the man for the job."

"Listen! What was that?"

They looked at each other. A mob at the gates already? After a moment of full silence, Franks said, "Only two voices."

"It's downstairs. At first, I thought—But it must be a courier!"

The porter brought the message up to them, and Franks read it in silence. "What does it say?" Buenseda demanded impatiently.

"Yesterday's date, at seven in the morning. Captain Fuentes to General Ravol:

" 'Your Excellency,

" 'I am ten miles from Santa Ines. My scouts report nothing unusual. I shall attack at noon.' "

"In the heat of the day! After a long march!"

"In God's name, Major! Is it part of your duty to prove that Altamira has won already? Go and get some sleep."

"Sleep!"

"Drink some brandy, then." Something of the irritation dropped out of his voice. "Go on! You and I can't hold the world together. I'll have you wakened at dawn."

Left alone, Franks called Cunaviche on a private telephone. The Prefect of Police, who seemed never to sleep, answered at once. Franks had a vision of him at the other end of the line, roly-poly, dapper, urbane, as completely the master of the capital as once, General Ravol had been master of the whole country. "What happened?" Franks asked him. "Did you make any arrests?"

"A few. Nothing happened. The people were excited."

"Why? About Santa Ines?"

"Or General Ravol's illness. They expect a change."

"Has Altamira any agents in the city?"

"No. A spontaneous unrest."

That might be reassuring, or just the opposite. "About tomorrow," the secretary said. "The General intends to review the garrison, on the Plaza. Is that safe?"

He had to wait for an answer. "Reasonably safe, yes," Cunaviche decided. "But is it wise? I am assured that the General is dangerously ill. And, apart from his own health, consider the impression if he should collapse!"

"He has made up his mind." Then, cautiously, he added, "If something did happen tomorrow or, let us say, if Altamira won at Santa Ines, would you have any trouble in preserving order here?"

"I have plenty of men, well-trained. They will do as I say."

It wasn't, when Franks thought of it, the reply he had wanted. Cunaviche gave no pledge. His own course, he implied, rested on victory or defeat for Altamira. At a time like this, it would be frivolous to speak of loyalty.

Loyalty! His fortunes were those of General Ravol. If anything happened to the General, he would be lucky to get out of the country alive.

During the last thirty years, his life had been nothing but a poor reflection of General Ravol's career. It was more than possible that the General's power would end tomorrow. It might have ended already, while the General slept. But Franks would never be able to think of him as cast down from the place he had held so long. If that was loyalty, he took no credit for it.

Slumped in the big chair, behind his ornate desk, he was very near sleep. Images of blurred though pressing anxiety filled his mind. Something about General Ravol and Altamira. Then it came to him. That was just it! They were the same man, except in name and years. How could anyone tell them apart? You started from Santa Ines, at the edge of the foothills, and you ended in the palace overlooking the capital. The way Altamira was bound to retrace was the way General Ravol had already come, as inevitable as tomorrow's sun-rise. What it was worth was another question, one that only General Ravol could answer.

From some hours of this half-slumber the secretary awoke with a start. The porter stood beside him, not very wide-awake himself, full of apologies. "By courier," he was saying. "I thought it might be important."

"Wake up Major Buenseda." Franks tore the dispatch open.

From Captain Fuentes to General Ravol:

"Your Excellency,

"I am reliably informed that the rebel Altamira holds Santa Ines in some force. My plans are unchanged. As you commanded, I shall attack at noon."

His fingers, holding the dispatch, twitched a little.

Before Major Buenseda appeared, the bell on Franks' desk rang sharply. The General! He got up at once. It was all right. General Ravol was awake again. But the relief was only for a moment; it vanished at the sight of Fuentes' dispatches, which he must take with him. Off a short hallway, Franks let himself into the General's own quarters. The light had begun to filter into them. General Ravol was still in his bed, an iron cot oddly at variance with the gilt chairs and deep carpets. It was not a reminder of days in camps and barracks. General Ravol had never gone beyond an early conception that to be luxurious a bed needed only springs and to be raised a little above the floor.

Dropsy had swollen his belly and made movement painful. He turned on his side, with a groan he made no attempt to stifle, to read the dispatches. His lips moved without sound, spelling out the words. He gave the papers back. "Fuentes isn't a coward."

His cheeks were sunken, and the heavy nose and chin stood out more boldly than ever. With what he thought was inspiration, Franks suggested, "The next word we get from Santa Ines is likely to be decisive. If you were to stay

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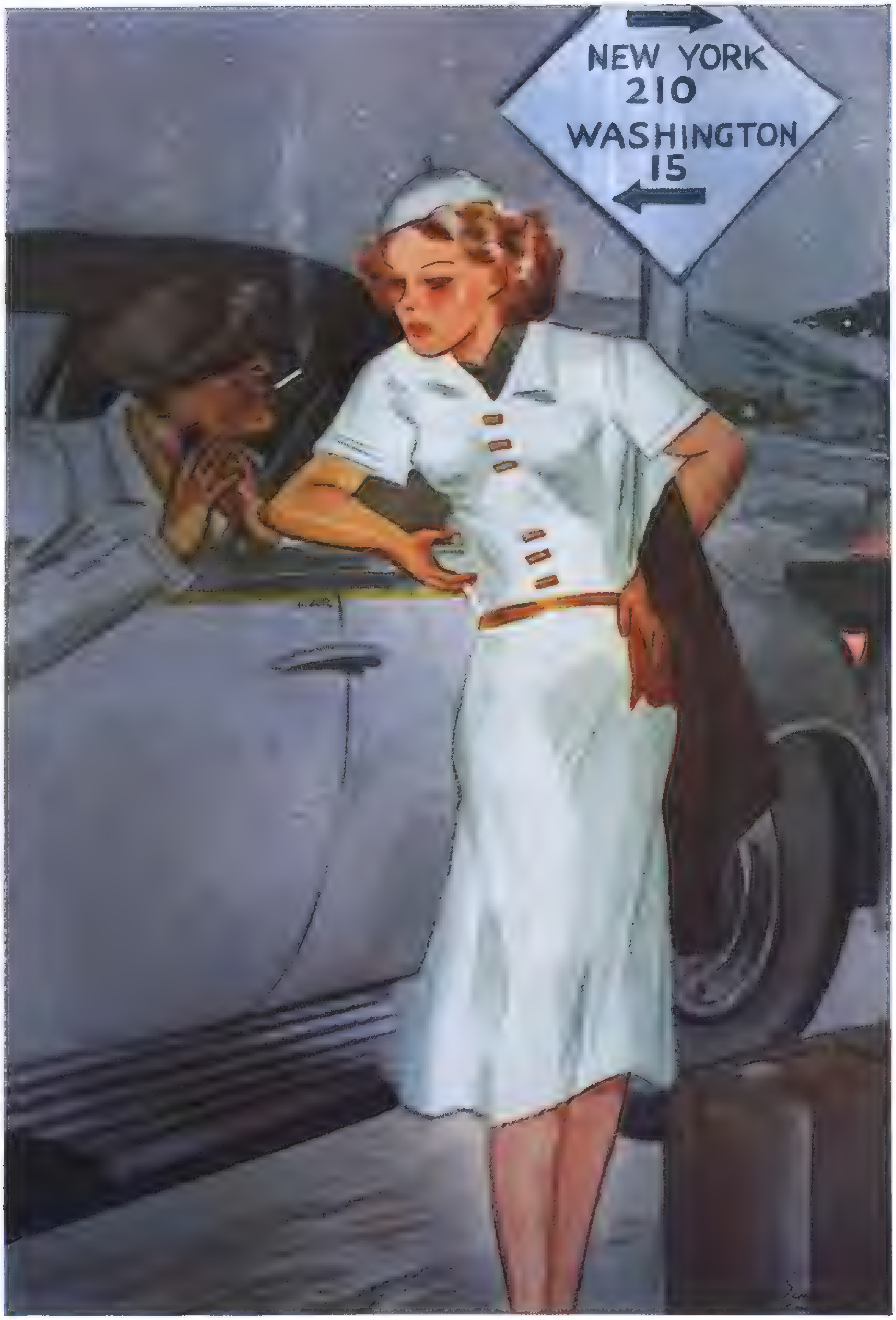

NEW YORK
210
WASHINGTON
15

"If you're only going as far as Washington—it's no bargain"

The Road from Santa Ines

Continued from pages 45-178

here until it came, General?"

The thick eyebrows drew together. "I have made all necessary arrangements for the affair at Santa Ines! There is the review on the Plaza this morning."

"But you will have breakfast brought up here? You will wait for the Doctor?"

"I'll get up. Doctors!" He threw back the covers and swung his feet awkwardly to the floor. "Tell Juan to put out my uniform."

Franks withdrew. He supposed, wearily, that it didn't matter. The fighting at Santa Ines must be over by now, anyway. It was likely that General Ravol would be dictator for only a few hours more

At eight o'clock the Doctor came, correct with frock coat and top hat, but in a fury that had utterly destroyed his professional manner. "An outrage and a scandal! I've been mobbed, you understand? Mobbed by rowdies in broad daylight, on my way here!"

From below, the stir and mutter of the city had begun again after the night's few hours of quiet. It was early, but the streets were already filling with people. "Mobbed?" Franks asked.

"They surrounded my car, forced my driver to stop. Then, all along the Avenida, they pushed the car while others marched beside it, singing and shouting. Do you know what they shouted?"

Buenseda—he had come in—was young enough to be grinning. Dr. Alvarez shook a trembling forefinger at him. "They shouted, 'Here is the man who will set us free! Liberty for us in the Doctor's black bag!' They shouted, 'The Doctor has promised that there is no hope! Our Liberator!' "

Buenseda's head went down. For a moment his shoulders shook miserably. Then he exploded, in the first laughter Franks had heard for a long time. It was funny, no doubt. But Franks went behind the personal indignity, and found nothing to laugh at. He knew what a joke was worth. Even Cunaviche's men were helpless against it.

And if the crowds were in that mood, what would happen at the review? It was nearly time to start. The mounted escort waited at the gates. General Ravol came down in full uniform. But if he had wanted to prove himself still vigorous, it was a failure. The effort was painfully apparent. He had proved that his will was still strong, if that needed proof. But Dr. Alvarez shook his head. A grave risk.

Buenseda stood by the door of the open car. When General Ravol came out on the steps of the palace, a taut silence received him. He looked about suspiciously, his eyes challenging any of them to notice that he walked unsteadily. The sight of the car aroused his prompt anger. "That thing! Take it away!"

The Doctor's eloquent brows shot up. "Your Excellency—"

"My horse, at once!"

"Your Excellency, I accept no responsibility for—"

"My horse! Am I to drive out with a rug about my knees? With a man-nurse at my side? Before my troops?"

It told upon him visibly to stand until a frightened orderly brought the horse. He waved the man away from the stirrup and hauled himself into the saddle, while they watched fearfully. It was impossible not to admire him, though his health was gone and his power only a hollow show. He rode down into the city where, in spite of Cunaviche's men, anything might happen that day. Only the high-backed, Mexican saddle preserved him from a fall that might have incalculable consequences for the whole country. The General's knees were too weak to grip his horse's sides.

He rode away at the head of his escort. Franks was left alone in the long room upstairs. The breakfast brought up to him he left untouched, except for the coffee. He drank that standing by the open window, more frightened by the silence that had fallen over the city than he had been by its former restlessness. There was not a sound except, from the Plaza, the music of a military band. A way had been cleared through the streets. From his window Franks could see the little band of horsemen a long way off, moving at a walk between the packed and silent crowds. At any moment the silence and order might dissolve. What held the city together now, citizens and soldiers alike was nothing but General Ravol's stubborn will. Franks lost sight of the General and his escort. A little later, he jumped at a sudden burst of sound. But that would be the massed bands striking up as they turned into the Plaza.

And somewhere out beyond the city, a courier must be coming with the news from Santa Ines. Franks clenched his fists. Not until the review was over, he prayed. Let it not happen down there, among all the people! Let him come back to the palace, at least! Altamira had all the future for his own. He could afford to wait for one hour now.

For one hour, in the name of what had been and of what must be! Thirty years on, Altamira would have to face the indictment of today, as today General Ravol faced the indictment of thirty years ago. There were men still alive who remembered the General's own rebellion, when he was no older than Altamira was now. The way marked out for them was the same way. And to see the end of General Ravol's rule was to be cured of fear or envy of his successor. He was left with his many victories, his years of power, and with the young Altamira to show him what they were worth. An hour's grace, then, as Altamira might hope for that himself when his time came to need it. Franks turned from the window with a jerk. The courier had come at last.

"From Captain Fuentes?" he asked mechanically, while the man fumbled with the strap of his pouch.

The courier shook his head. "From Colonel Roquelos. A message for his Excellency."

"From Colonel Roquelos? From Las Palmas?"

The man was surprised. "From Santa Ines, sir!"

From Santa Ines! If Roquelos was there—A wild and impossible hope stirred in Franks' mind. Had Fuentes sent word to Las Palmas, and sent it in time? But then it came to him with dull conviction that Roquelos had foreseen the end, and thrown in his lot with Altamira. Roquelos was no fool. The dispatch the courier handed to him would be merely formal notice of the Colonel's defection. He tore it open, knowing what to expect.

Yesterday's date, at six in the evening. Colonel Roquelos to General Ravol:

"Your Excellency,

"In accordance with your sealed orders, my troops were drawn up under thick cover at daybreak this morning on the hills commanding Santa Ines. The rebel Altamira was reported as holding the town with three thousand men. At noon Captain Fuentes led his column against the main gate and there was sharp fighting. At one o'clock I attacked taking the rebels in the rear and throwing them into confusion. Street-fighting continued until late in the afternoon, with losses of one hundred and seventy-three of my men and a much larger number of Altamira's. The town is now quiet and my men are patrolling the streets. The rebellion is at an end. His forces are hopelessly scattered and I am holding Altamira prisoner under close guard.

"I regret to report that Captain Fuentes was killed while leading the attack on the main gate, in which he had displayed conspicuous gallantry.

"I have the honor to await your Excellency's further orders as to the disposal of the man Altamira.

Pablo Roquelos y Pavon,
Colonel."

John Franks dropped into a chair. He was muttering to himself, while the courier stared in astonishment. "There's—there's no answer!" Franks stuttered. "No answer. But wait! General Ravol may want to send a message to Colonel Roquelos. Yes, wait! The porter will find quarters for you." He beamed on the courier suddenly, and wrung his dusty hand. "Tell the porter to give you whatever you want!"

The drops on the back of his own hand were tears. He dashed them out of his eyes without shame. Outside, the trampling of horses, the music of the band were close and loud before he heard them. He rushed down the wide stairs with the dispatch in his hand. He had to tell them all.

But in the courtyard he forgot about the dispatch. A little knot of officers surrounded General Ravol. Buenseda half-lifted him from the saddle. The General's face was ashen, and his lips twitched. Somehow they got him to his own rooms. Good that it had not happened during the review!

Buenseda himself, when they had time to talk, was limp and spent.

"I thought it might happen at any moment. I was ready to catch him if he should fall. Something to see, the way he held himself erect! There wasn't a sound as we passed. A man like that, Franks—we should have known he was only laying a trap for Altamira. What about Altamira, by the way? What did the General say?"

Franks had just come from the General's bedside. "He orders Colonel Roquelos to have Altamira shot."

Buenseda looked down and the secretary watched him, in curiosity. That the General, from his sick-bed, had outplayed Altamira, that he was still a master at the game he had played so long, was a fact oddly without meaning. What mattered, to Franks at least, was that in Altamira General Ravol had his own youth in his hands, his life, so to speak, to live over again. If he thought it worth the living, that was. Would that occur to Major Buenseda? "You're surprised?" Franks asked him. "The man was a rebel."

"I know."

"Any reason to spare him?"

"It isn't for me to say. No, no good reason."

"Well, then?"

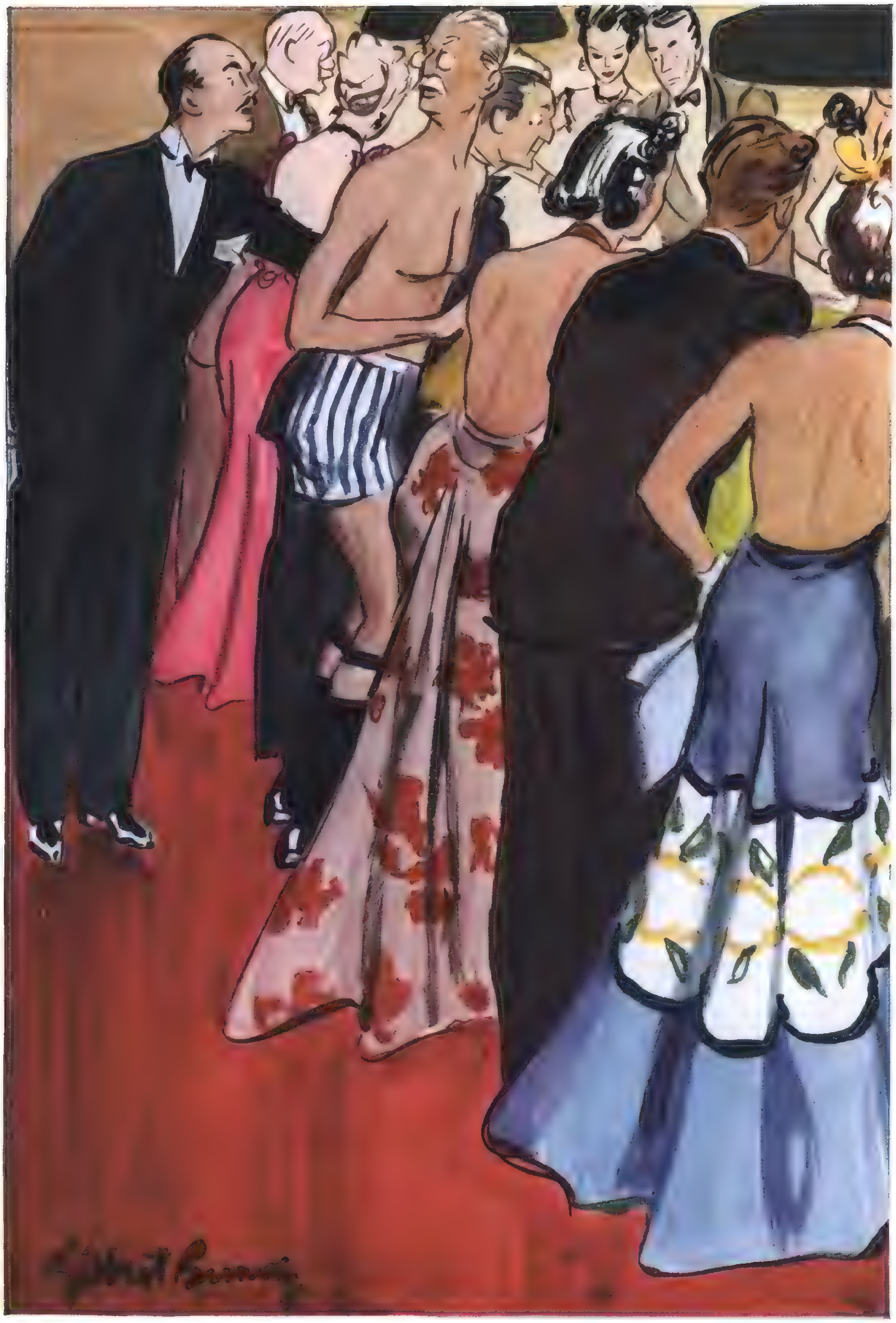
"But I can't help thinking that Altamira was only the General over again. With luck, he might have repeated General Ravol's own career. That is what interests me, not the man himself."

With luck! But Franks said nothing.

"It is General Ravol's right to have him shot." Buenseda might have been talking to himself. "But he is an old man. At the best, he is near his end. Doesn't it appear that he punishes Altamira not for his rebellion but—well, for his youth? Doesn't it look like envy rather than justice?"

A novelty to hear Buenseda express such thoughts! But Franks leaned back in his chair and he was very tired. The Major's question got no answer. No one could answer it but General Ravol, who had set out from Santa Ines thirty years ago and knew whither the way led. Envy? Or a supreme kindness? Was it strict justice, or the farthest reach of clemency?

You could take your choice. He saw that the Doctor had come into the room. #



"Doesn't monsieur think he has bet enough for this evening?"

The Sound and The Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

WHAT BROUGHT YOU BACK?

I have recently returned from abroad. I wish you would cease publication. You picture the American male as a pseudo sophisticated hick who calls for your mag with the accent on the first instead of last syllable.

And, incidentally, those armoral bearings on P. 107 of May issue are not, as you call them, "crests." They are, you greenhorn, escutcheons. You may be a pink mag, but that's no license for ignorance.

Champaign, Ill. **WM. BRUCE, Esq.**

REPORT FROM DOWN UNDER

This is a far cry from "Sunny Aussie." God knows why we call it that! I'm sure Melbourne weather is the most changeable in the world. In the middle of Summer, you leave home in the morning clad in an airy confection with no sleeves and no stockings and just a singlet and pair of scantees—and, before six o'clock, you wish to Heaven you had your Winter woollies on.

Well, I have wanted for a long time to write to ESQUIRE, but hesitated because I did not know if my letter would prove of any interest. I have now in my possession 38 copies of ESQUIRE—including the first "as ever was." Someone showed me a copy, about three years ago, and I went quite crazy about it—found out where I could buy back numbers for 2/-each, and straightway started to build up a collection. Every Friday night (pay-day), I went along and bought one—and, sometimes, if I were overtempted, two copies. I did this until I had caught up with all the back numbers, and then I took out a subscription—which is up next April. We (my hubby and I) live in a very small bungalow and God only knows what we are going to do, when we have accumulated 4 or 5 years ESQUIRES! (which we now keep in the bottom of the radio cabinet). I shall have to get my hubby, who is a very "handy man," to build another small room on to the side of the bungalow—to hold them all!

Well, I suppose your readers will think it queer that I do not interlard this screed with such expressions as "dinkum oil," "done in me block" (over ESKY), "a fair cow," "spare me days," "stone the crows," etc. But, honestly, we don't all talk like that out here. In fact, some of us have quite cultured voices—instead of the "Great Australian accent," which our English visitors are always speaking of (Et tu, Brute!).

Now, as to my preferences, etc. (and I may say that I speak for a large circle of friends—who sometimes come to see me, in order to read the latest ESQUIRE). At first, we thought Petty was "the goods"—but I do not think that holiday did him any good. He seems to have gone to the dogs, since then — at least, his cartoons have.

He doesn't seem to take any trouble any more—doesn't even bother to give the girls legs lately. Gilbert Bundy can lose him. I think the latter's sketches are charming. We also like Simms Campbell—Hoff—the chap who does "Granmaw" and "Oncle Rafe," etc. (Webb, I think). Of course, the best man you ever had, and who carried the first issue on his shoulders, was Groth. What has happened to him? Why did you let him go? He's a genius.

Bundy and Campbell seem to carry the mag now. And why did the latter stop doing the old Sultan's harem? I haven't seen any for some time. And what of the man who did the old girls who always liked their bit of fun—"They say this one knocks your hat off," "We would like to wager a fin on So-and-so" and "Could you tell me how to get the Hell out of here?" etc. Rodney de Sarro and Jay Irving were also sometimes very amusing.

After I had been getting ESKY for about eighteen months, we and all our friends started a new language of our own—talking in ESKY jokes. People whom we didn't know very well thought we were "nuts" (oh! the fun we've had with that very witty little problem which you never printed the answer to!). Somehow, when we do it now, we still use the *old* jokes. Why is that? The old jokes and cartoons seemed to be much better than the later ones. Perhaps it is only our imagination. I think it is usual, after a magazine has been going for awhile, for people to say, "It is not nearly as good as it used to be." But, somehow, some of the old jokes will always remain classics with us—"Who's a pansy?", "You threw her, why didn't you watch where she went?", "Wait a minute, Connie, don't spoil everything," "Why does this gun go pfftt instead of boom?", "You'd better quit doin' that, Gran'paw gits mad mighty easy," "Brothah, you ain't confessin', youse braggin'," "My deah boy, these simply tear me to pieces," and lots of others I could mention. We know them all off by heart and they are all dear to us. We have come to judge our friends by the standard—whether they appreciate ESQUIRE or not.

Well, you must be a bit bored by this time. I daresay you will not print all of this screed—if any of it. But I would like your readers to know how Aussie appreciates your truly excellent mag. One more word—at least, two. I feel certain that, lately, the ads are in danger of swamping the book (even though they *are* beautiful—there is a limit. And you promised long ago that you would not allow this to happen).

And, lastly, the articles and stories are invariably interesting. I was interested to read lately Dos Passos' *Big Money* and to find in it that extract you printed about Isadora Duncan—and which I thought, at the time of reading it in ESKY, was priceless.

Like so many of your readers, I am weary nigh unto Death of *She is no longer faithful if* and never bothered to read them after the first two. There was a wonderful little story—just a page—in one issue, called *Sleep*—cannot remember who wrote it.

I'd like more Havelock Ellis, Liam O'Flaherty, Langston Hughes, Dos Passos, Ezra Pound, Louis Paul (am just reading his *Pumpkin Coach*, which is lovely). The cleverest and funniest thing I ever read under the heading of "Satire" was *Little Red Riding Hood*, by a chap called Hanemann. Why cannot we have more stuff like that? Meyer Levin I do not find very dependable as regards the Movies. I was very disappointed in *Anthony Adverse*—except the photography and the charming little boy—having read the book (This is the third week he has gone to bed with *Anthony Adverse!*) But I find Carleton Smith very amusing and very much to the point in regard to music. I enjoy reading Nathan on the stage, but we get very few of those plays out here. Our delightful censor will not allow half of them to be produced. We are so young here, in Australia, you know, we must not have our minds polluted! I was looking forward to *Green Pastures*—which I had read with great delight—when the next thing I heard, it had been banned. God knows why we aren't all Barbarians, we are cut off from so much culture.

We are not allowed to read the books we want to, or to see plays or pictures, or listen to witty records on the radio. But I won't go into that further—because I "see red" every time I think of it and might go on for pages more. And, if you print it all, you have been truly patient with me already.

So, Cheerio! ESKY—and many more years of Good Luck to you,

From
"A Dinkum Aussie"
ANNETTE ISOBEL NOALL
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia

HERRICK ON JIGGLING

I have just read, with a great deal of enjoyment, George A. McNamara's *Essay on Jiggling*.

However, I wish to take issue with him on his statement, "Even the poets ignore it."

In the early seventeenth century, Robert Herrick, inspired by the "jiggling" of his mistress, wrote the following poem which has survived the centuries and may be found in the Oxford Book of English Verse.

"Upon Julia's Clothes

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how
sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes
Next, when I cast mine eyes
and see
That brave vibration each way
free
O how that glittering taketh me!"

I think Mr. McNamara will have to agree with me that this is a nice little eassay on "jiggling" in six lines.

However, the subtitle, "Ode to the most pleasing of feminine charms, long unmentioned and unsung" still remains unchallenged as, after all, three hundred years is quite a while.

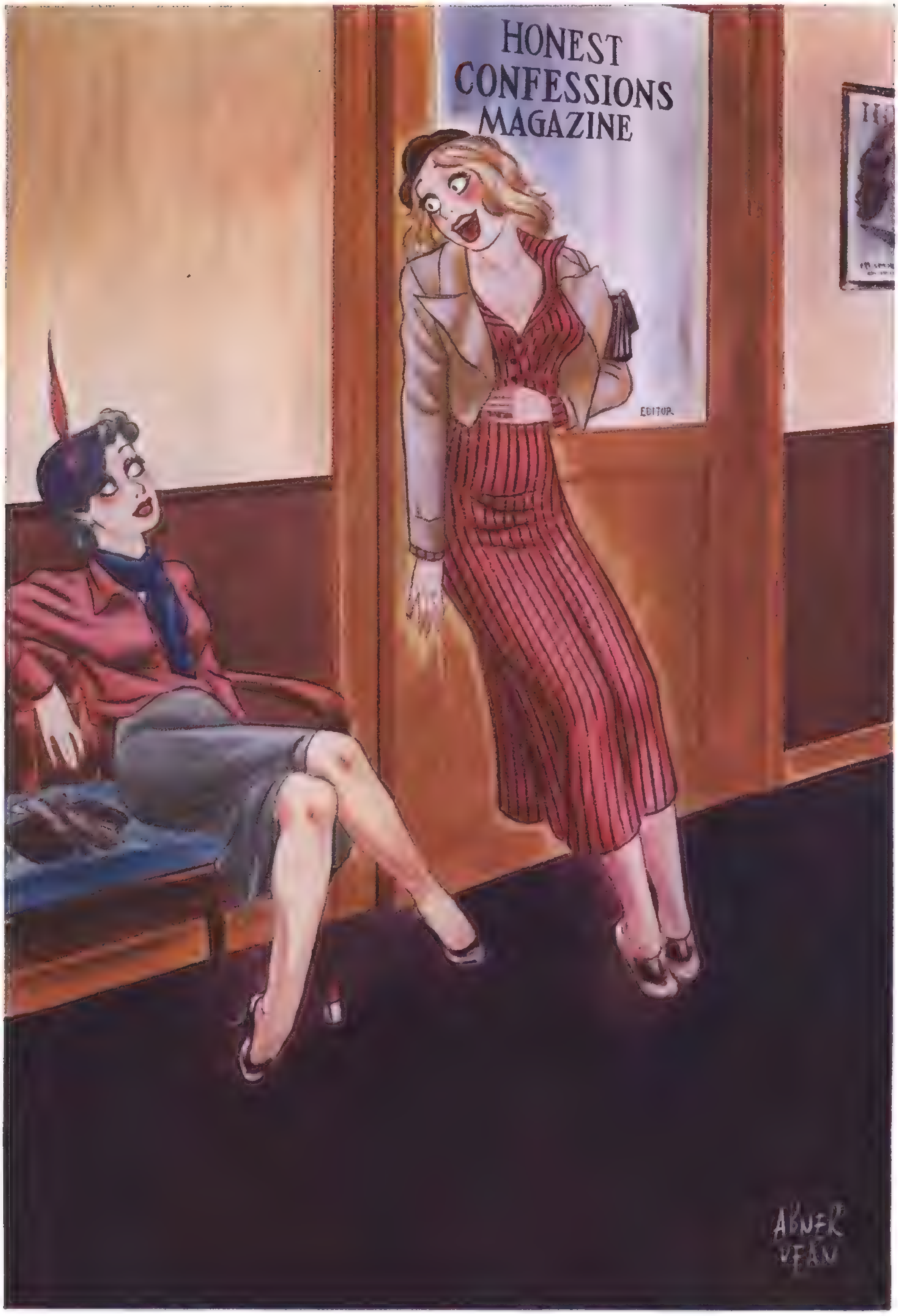
Yours,
Marianna, Ark. **W. H. DAGGETT**

Huey, the Engineer

Continued from page 37

calves shipping them from their mothers and they'd cry for them all the way. Huey said he just made himself get used to it. It bothered him a little at first. That was back in the days when the road was good and Huey could pull the train in on time. And in the spring it was a sight at the cans of cream and milk that come in on the E-K—and the lumber and the people going to Greenupsburg with baskets on their arms. Going to town with baskets of eggs, baskets of butter done up pretty with a buttermould and a swan on the top of the yellow pounds and some with a horseshoe. All depended on the kind of buttermoulds the women wanted. Horseshoe was better luck. Could sell the butter easier in Greenupsburg maybe—good fresh yellow country butter—and they'd have baskets of ducks and duck eggs, turkeys and turkey eggs, geese and goose eggs and guineas and guinea eggs—I tell you the women back in the days of Grant, Garfield and Hayes—w'y they went loaded on that train to Greenupsburg. After the rebellion you know. Them was good days and Huey pulled long trains. W'y yes—there was another train on that road in them days—Jonas Black, I believe, let me see wasn't he from Grayson and didn't he run that train? Now, I may have it wrong but I believe he did. He come from the other end of the line—started eight o'clock in the morning and passed Huey at Midway—and Huey started from our end of the road at eight in the morning and passed him at Midway. I believe he beat Huey there because Huey had to go uphill going out and kindly downhill coming back. Well when they done that we got mail twice a day at the Riverton post office. You see Jonas brought it from the other end of the line and Huey brought it from the other end of the line. Huey took it out from our end of the line and Jonas took it out. That was when we got mail twice a day in them good old days. Believe me it was a lot better to ride on a train the old people will tell you than it was to ride a mule to death. Just like one end of you had growed in the saddle when you started to get off—just have to heave and pull to get yourself limbered up and to pull your bones in shape and get the stuck end out of the saddle. Old people if they were a living—people in the days of Grant, Garfield and Hayes will tell you too that it was a lot better than listening to the gravel fly against the dashboard of the surrey all day long and see the wheels roll around the flanks of the oak covered hills. Better than to hear the wheezing of the axles and the horses getting their wind and seeing the foam fall from their flanks. Better to listen to the chug-chugging of the train any time and to see the white and black clouds of smoke roll out over the green hills—better to see it roll with the wind over the winter barren hills—honest it was—And boy them excursions back in the old days. Ask the men about them. Ask me too boy—I remember them and I'm of the new generation—I'm of the third. I remember them. I'll let the old tell you first about what they saw and I'll tell you what I saw. "W'y in the days of Grant, Garfield and Hayes—they'd have some of the awfulest baseball games down at Greenupsburg and people would come with the team. The other end of the line would play our end of the line. Grayson would play Greenupsburg and the train would pull seven coaches—all the coaches they had and they'd put on boxcars sometimes to hold the people. They'd be on top the engine and Huey'd go out and say: 'Boys don't care where you get so you get down low when we pass through them tunnels. If you get your heads knocked off it is your own risk. Get me, boys.' 'Yes, Huey, we got you. We'll watch our heads for they are our own.' And they would laugh. And they'd follow the boys to the game. Of all the people. Some said there's where the E-K used to make their wheelbarrow loads of money was

Continued on page 184


HONEST
CONFESSIONS
MAGAZINE
EDITOR
ABNER DEAN

"Well I sold my story and got material for another!"

Huey, the Engineer

Continued from pages 37-182

on them excursion ball games. W'y everbody saved for a week to get to come to the ball game on Sunday. Girls all trigged up and the boys too and they'd come and hold hands—drink that red pop from the stands and lots of times the boys would be drinking something else for red pop can't make them stagger—and they'd holler and whoop. I wish I could just tell you about it the way it was. I wish you could have just seen one of the games. They'd holler 'batter Up!' And they dust the plate with a broom and they'd start the thing. The people would get on their own sides and start hollering. When the score got close men would go to meeting one another between the sides and they'd start fighting. More men would go out to get them out of the fight and they'd get into it. And the fight would start. And the baseball bats would start. People would go to hauling guns and the Sheriff would go out with his deputies and he'd deputize more men to help him break up the fight. If they was on our end of the line we just fined their men. If we was on their end of the line they just fined our men. So we just about broke even on fines. Huey would be there. He'd just sit there and look on. Huey was a young man in them days. They'd try to get Huey to root for this side and that side. Of course I'll always believe Huey felt for our side for he was from this end of the line. We'll never know. But Huey would say: "Boys I can't be for neither side. I haul all of you. I live among all of you. I'll just watch the game." And Huey didn't even get on neither side. He sat back off on the old E-K railroad bed where the fielders always got—right about where the center fielder stood. He said he could see it better from there. And Huey couldn't a taken sides for if he had the people wouldn't have ridden on the train. It would have hurt the company if Huey had got on one side or the tother side. So Huey just set there between the two sides out where the pizen vine was on that old diamond at Greenupsburg.

"And after the game the boys would get on the train—sweaty and tired and a lot of them with their lips busted and noses smashed—and they'd get their bats and balls and water jugs and go home. They'd holler smart things at us and lick out their tongues and we'd holler smart things at them and lick out our tongues. I guess we had the right to lick out our tongues at them if they had the right to lick out their tongues at us. We'd nearly all the time win the game when they come and played us and we'd nearly always lose when we played them. You know you can play better ball and fight harder on your own territory. Look at Gettysburg back yander in the Rebellion won't you. Fit on Yank territory and they winned that battle. First big one for them to win. They ought to a fit on their own territory and they'd a fit harder. That's the way it is in a ball game. I know it used to be that way with us here.

"Well, I remember the last hanging we had here and the scaffold out in the open for people to see. Had to put on a lot of box cars that day and then couldn't haul 'em all. It was a sight at the people that went out on that train—went to the hanging. W'y after you got there you couldn't get to see anything for so many people. You couldn't get near the scaffold to see him hang and you couldn't get near enough to hear his confession. Too much hollering and going on. People having a good time and there with smiles on their faces—glad to see the man hang for what he had done to a woman. It was a awful day and the people all got worked up there that day and bloodthirsty and started a lot of fights. Two trains on the track that day. They run two excursions—one from our end of the track and one from the other end of the track. Hanging took place in an old orchard not far from Midway. Dinners on the ground that day to feed the people. They was warned to bring their own grub and they brought it and spread it on the ground. People had a good time that day all but the few fights on the ground and they can always be expected when a crowd of strange people get together at a hanging."

And in the spring the E-K always hauled the people to the big Baptis Association—that was always held on the upper end of the line. That's where all the Baptis live—back up yander! And they had their big Association and big revils and preachings that lasted a week where every Baptis preacher had a chance to preach. Some went four hours long. That's the one that got most of the yaller pullets to eat I always tell my wife. She's a Baptis and I kindly tease her a little bit. And they'd preach of a night and wash feet of a day. Lord what times they used to have back there in them groves by Little Sandy. That old river could sure tell some tales and that train can, too. Come right off the train a preaching and a singing—that old E-K Huey could tell you about it. It was back in the days of Grant, Garfield and Hayes—and God Almighty it comes right on up from that. That's when it started—w'y just a short time ago they had enough for a train load—they had to have an excursion. People just wanted to go along the track and they demanded it. Just told Huey they wanted an excursion and they got it. Tramped the weeds down under them groves till it looked like where General Morgan's men used to camp back yander in that Rebellion when them old Abolitionists use to swarm through here.

I tell you the train didn't haul so much in the early nineties. It just hauled big loads of money—carloads of money for the hills. You talk about awful times. We had them back then. God I remember taking bushels of money home and putting it under the bed when Grover Cleveland was President of the United States. We paid off in corn—in seed corn and lassies. A bushel of seed corn for a day's work—seed corn or bread corn—either one you wanted to call it. I remember Pap bringing corn home and putting it under the bed. Wouldn't let us kids have any to parch in grease on the griddle. Huey was pulling them train loads of corn back then—train loads of money. Couldn't sell a turkey, couldn't sell a chicken without you got paid in lassies or corn. Two gallons of lassies for a day's work under Cleveland. Talk about hard times. And people saying we's going to have another Rebellion—going to have a big war. And people got scared afraid the World was coming to an end. But we pulled out of that without a war. The War come later though. Just to think the people among the hills couldn't take lassies and corn for their chickens, ducks, turkeys, butter, cream, milk—they already had lassies and corn. They had all the money and it's just as bad to have all the money on your hands than it is not to have any. So—they couldn't trade it in at the stores. Banks wouldn't hold corn and lassies. And the girls couldn't be married in silks and satins. Lots of people couldn't ride the train. They couldn't give Huey a peck of corn to ride over the two streaks of rust that run to the north and to the south. God no they couldn't do it when they didn't have a place to put it, Huey's Conductor Bill couldn't put it in his pocket. No sir, he couldn't.

Well, the War did come. It come with Spain. Huey took many a man down to Greenupsburg to enlist for the Stars and Stripes. Band was a playing and the boys coming up to march away. They rode from the hills over the two streaks of rust—and Huey's hair was getting gray then. He was behind the throttle pulling them someplace. He pulled them down past where they use to break bottles and bats at the ball games but they didn't stop there to fight. They went on to fight with Teddy. They can tell you about it.

Yes—I remember when they took one train off, said they couldn't get the money they used to get. Coal leaving the hills around Hammertight and not as much ore as the people thought. Ore playing out. Train wasn't near as big as it used to be—dwindling down. People thought first Little Sandy would be a rival to the E-K and get a lot of the trade. Well, the Little Sandy couldn't float big barges of pig iron from the old furnaces. They tried it and one couldn't get over the Riffles. It went to the bottom. People say that load of ore is right over from the old Scott place in the Little Sandy River now. They say it's buried in the sand at the bottom of the river. Little Sandy couldn't haul pig iron and ore like the E-K and Huey at the throttle. His gray hair in the wind and the men on the section stepping aside—four men to twelve miles of track—stepping aside and the bossman that worked with them made five. "Hello, Huey," they would say, "look at old Huey pulling her won't you—a load this time—watch them cars weave in and out."

Seems like I remember—as the ghosts of leaves in autumn remember and as the smoke from the stack remembers—the days that used to be—days when there were two trains on the E-K when we got mail twice a day and now with one train Huey brings us mail once a day when the tunnel don't fall in and a bridge ain't washed out—a cut's not slipped in—and a tree's not across the tracks—yes—yes—I remember as the ghosts of leaves remembers—that was long ago—you remember Grant, Garfield and Hayes—you remember the two streaks of rust over the sand-filled yellow blooming between the rotted crossties—you remember the corn by the tracks and the apple trees loaded with apples—you remember the corn and the wheat—And you remember the four men on the twelve mile section—section, one, two, three, or four—do you remember how the bosses worked, four bosses worked with their men to get the Thanksgiving turkey—Do you remember—seems like I hear the songs they used to sing: "I'd Knocked the Devil or I'd a Got My Joe," "Corena, Corena, Where Did You Stay Last Night—Come in this morning and your clothes don't fit you right—" Yes, it seems like I remember seeing one look at the sun and then at his watch. I remember hearing him say: "It's about time for Huey to be getting in here." And the way the wind blew—the dead leaves—yes as the smoke goes to the thin air—yes, I remember—and the click of the shovel and the pick—the hammer against the tee rail and the shovels against the cinders—I remember—as the ghosts of dead leaves flying in the wind remember—

One train a day—and we would run to see Huey. We would come from the Hollow. We would run to the willows. We had heard the dreams of yesterday—only one train now. It was Huey: "Kept Huey on the old E-K to pull that train—the old Eastern Kentucky—yes sir. Will be missed if she ever leaves these hills." And we saw the crowds around the depots aholding their horses and mules. 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912—and the

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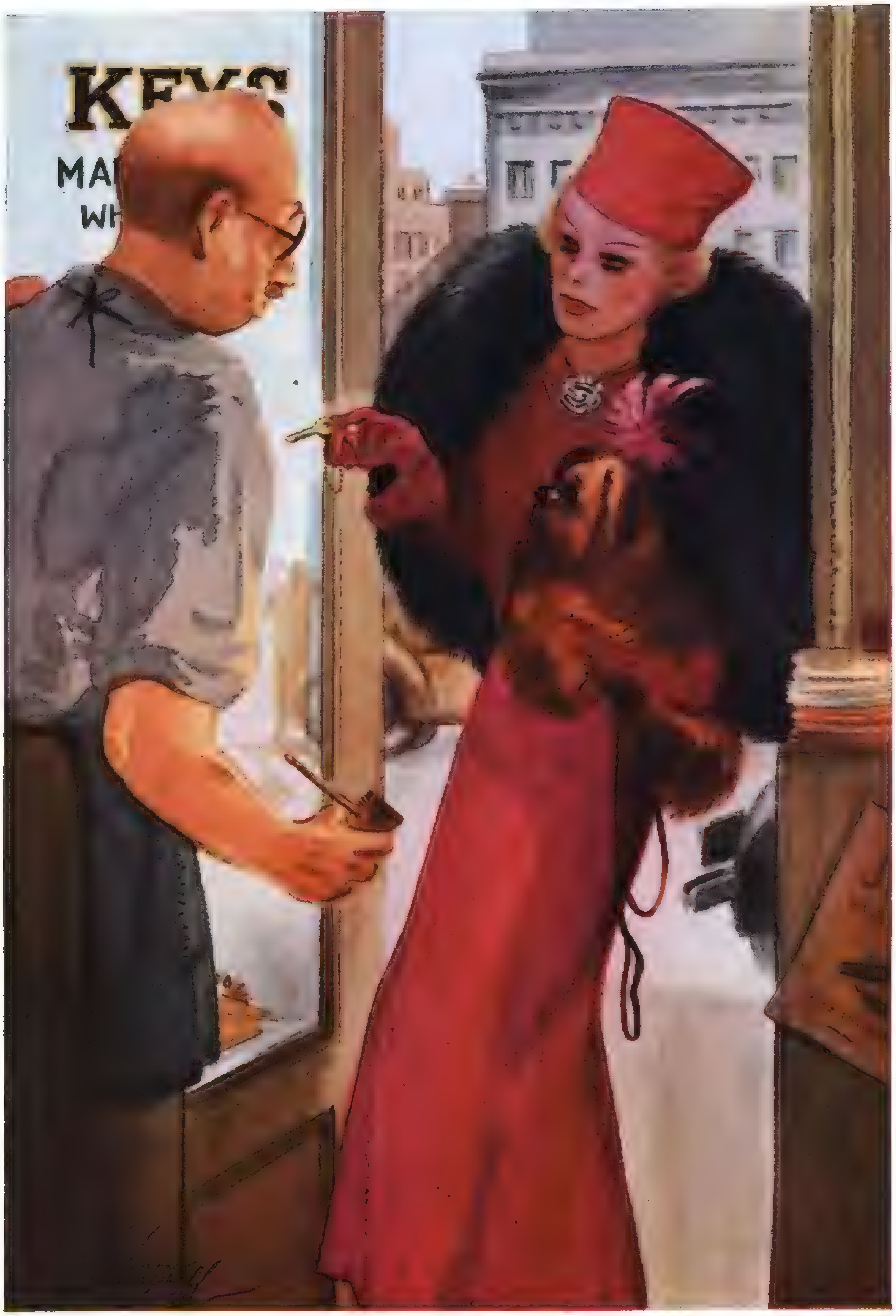
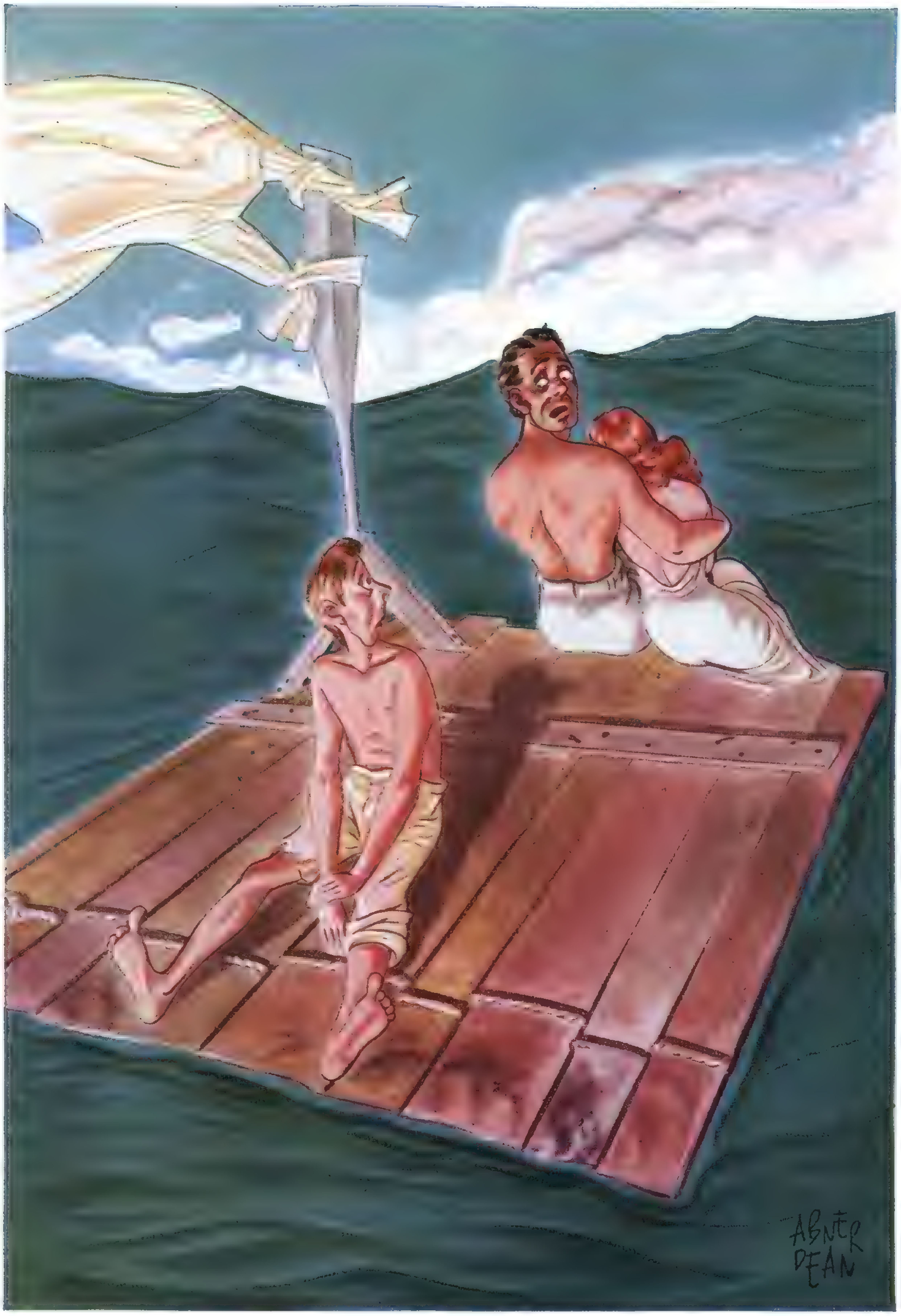


"I'll need six of these, if you please"



"I say old man—we'd like to be alone—do you mind?"

Huey, the Engineer

Continued from pages 37-182-184

years go by. The tee rails gather more rust and the crossties get more rotten around the necks. Sections been cut down. Three men and the boss and they work for the turkey—sections, one, two, three, and four. And Huey's hair is getting white—white to the wind—a white morning streak in the wind as the train goes out over the red streaks through the weeds. And we go to the tracks and pick wild strawberries by place in the track. Walter Felch says it's a cattle guard. I don't know but it cuts our feet and we can walk on the cinders with our feet. I don't guess the cattle could get over it. And there's a little place hollowed out under the ties and a fence comes down to the place, a fence all painted white—it's right in front of the first tunnel—maybe it's to keep cows out of the tunnel. And we argue whether a cow can wreck the train or not. We put little cinders on the track and that big engine Huey pulls crushes the cinders. We hide in the weeds to see. We don't let Huey see us. We can see Huey from the weed patch. And one would say: "God how I would love to be Huey and set up there in that engine and ride—never have to look at a book all day or go home get in the wood, get up the water and slop the hogs."

1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, '17—and believe you—another war—believe it or not—no more good big ball games when old left-handed John give them the slow drop and fanned them fast as they stepped up—only the Darkies could hit "Mighty John." They stepped up on the slow ball before it started that slow drop. They hit "Mighty John." Knocked him clean over the haystacks. That's what they done. But no more good ball games. Boys left the hills again for to cross the waters. "I've seen it happen," said Huey, "before. I've pulled the men from the hills right down this line." And Huey smoked his pipe. His white hair flying to the wind and the white smoke, the gray smoke, the black clouds of smoke going out over the fields into the thin air. Lord them dark days. I was there when they loaded the boys on the train. So many of them so drunk they didn't know where they's a going. I was there when they put Kim on the train. He never sobered up until he was wearing Uncle Sam's uniform—and that boy of Amos Allbright's—just a strip of a boy fifteen or sixteen—was there to see the boys off. Some crying and some laughing—some singing and some preaching and some cussing—I remember it—and when the train started Owl Allbright swung on the car and says I'm going too—and he went right along. No keeping him back. He went to France. Got in some way. You know Uncle Sam was wanting men in them days—begging them to work and making some of them fight. Didn't have to make the E-K boys fight—of course we missed them at the ball games and we missed them at the church—two years was awful long and the girls around just a going with little strips of boys. Courting right up a limb. I'll tell you single men were scarce as hen's teeth here among the hills. And people would be at the postoffices along the track back in them days. They'd come and say: "Hello, Huey, what's the news today?" And Huey would say: "Heard we got a lot more Germans today—all the papers filled with it." And they'd jump up and down and laugh. Don't think I don't remember it all and how they run to the post office and ask for a letter from Kim, Gaylord, Owl, Frank, John, Henry, Joe, Martin, Dan, Silas—yes—I remember how Huey would talk from the engine to the boys along the station and tell them the news he'd heard in Greenupsburg and how the people would say: "Wouldn't be so afraid if that fighting was on our own land. A dog can't fight near so good when it is away from home among strange people. You know that."

Two years away from home's a long time. You know that. And them building roads back into the hills. Cars going out now and hauling chickens, lassies—barrels of them and the turkeys and eggs. Times changing. Amos Allbright said: "Them automobiles will never last. Make too much noise. Smell too bad. Scare too many horses on the road. People won't stand for it. Ought to elect a Representative and send to Frankfort agin 'em." But Amos was wrong. They did last. And they started to beating Huey. W'y people anymore even rode to town in them holding baskets of eggs, butter, and chickens on their laps—the good women even done it—their dresses flying up over their heads when they stood up behind in the truck and rode—right out in public—women that brazen. Lord have mercy—no wonder the younger children's so hard to do anything with—old people acting like that—and the old E-K—is it just a rattletrap against the wind—

God a uniform in 1917—W'y it was the hunkey-dora thing—now look at it. No one didn't care for the boys in their pretty uniforms like they did when they come back to the hills on furloughs and told about what they's going to do to the Germans. And Huey would listen and laugh: "Going to do the same things to the Germans old Teddy's boys done to the Spaniards are you? Going right after 'em. Need old Teddy over there. I'd feel better satisfied." "Yes—we're going to pour the hot lead right in 'em. I hope they got good guns. One a body can shoot good with—heavy and easy to hold. One of these like them old rifle with six sides—" But now: "That damn war. What the hell did we ever get mixed up in that thing for. German people good people. I liked the Germans. Englishmen think they're something on a stick, Huey." "Is that right, boys. And we're about all English—" "Can't help that. That's right." "Well get on the old boy and I'll haul you back where you belong," Huey would say. And the soldier going home would say: "How's Pa and Ma, Huey?" And Huey would say: "Saw them at the post office yesterday. Come up at Hopewell when I stopped there. And I talked to them a good little bit. Your Pa's got a bad cough. Nothing don't ail your Ma. She's well and hearty for her years. Yes—starting to farm a lot out there. Got in all that horse-shoe bottom this year. Going right after it."

1920, 1921, 1922. And did you hear about it? Well they plan to take the old E-K away. Yes—that is right. I'm wondering what old Huey will do now. Getting so they can't make it pay. W'y it's not safe to ride on anymore they tell me. They tell me the crowd has been condemned. You see they've cut the sections down to two men and the boss. Yes, that is what has happened you see.

Is that the E-K just coming in. Look at my watch. Nine o'clock at night. Huey's due in here at the three o'clock in the afternoon. Guess a tunnel's fell in. Have been having a time here lately. Three wrecks in one week. Three too many. Used to be a feller had to go to the station to catch the train. But I can stand out there with my basket anymore and flag the train and go from anyplace along the track. Say, did you hear what old Huey had a fellar to pull on him the other day? He was some fellar standing by the track and a right smart dressed fellar you know. He flagged Huey and Huey stopped. He got on the train and rode over to the station. And when Conductor Bill started to get his fare—W'y he just got off and said: "Gentlemen, I just wanted to be neighborly and ride with you. I didn't know you had to pay." And the fellar said he didn't have no money. Huey just let it go. Well there wasn't anything he could do about it but let it go. We've been a laughing about Huey's neighbor ever since. And since that time Huey don't pick up no more strangers unless they look good. Huey's liable to lose his job you know.

When the boys went out to the pond to frog, w'y Huey stopped the train and put them off at the right place. You know up there at that Reeves pond. A bunch of good fellars and Huey he knows 'em all you know. I tell you Huey's been on that road a long time boys. Ever since I can remember. W'y he knows everybody in the country. They just come and ride the train to say they've been on Huey's train. W'y they say they're really afraid to ride the train but they can stand one trip of what Huey has stood a lifetime of. Just the other night when the train pulled in late—w'y the tunnel fell in when the train was going through it. Murt Hensley said she heard a lumbering in the coach and when they come out on the other side to where the daylight was there was a rock big enough for twenty yoke of cattle to pull laying right in the coach beside her and the whole top of the coach caved in where it had come through from the top of the tunnel. W'y Huey puts that train over nothing but two streaks of rust and the wind. And Huey is right there pulling that train every day. Don't pull much anymore. Just two and three people sometimes. But the old E-K keeps going on two streaks of rust—red streaks through the ragweed tops and the dewberry briars and the sankfield.

The other day when Huey was taking a crowd of big Hunters out to Anglin—w'y they had the dogs tied in the coaches and when they come to Hilltop—w'y one of the boys saw a covey of birds and Huey stopped. They unfastened the dogs and got out and got ever last one of the birds and got back on the train and went on to Anglin. I tell you a lot of Engineers wouldn't let you do that. But it's just as Huey says. If he says we can bird-hunt I guess we can bird-hunt and he don't have so awful much to haul anyway. Hauls out an awful bunch of baseball players and froggers to the ponds and hunters to the hills. But they say the old road is just ready to play out.

1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928—The old E-K goes on. Huey is at the throttle. His hair is white as clean sheep wool and he has a big head of hair. The years pass. Men come and go from the track. Some go to better jobs on the C & O. "I'll stay with my throttle, boys," says Huey, "been here a long time. And I know everybody. Know this country like a book. Schoolboys all come to the track out through the hills and watch me—holler at me. Want to be like me. I want them to be like me. The things they don't know. I've lived so I can die—I've pulled my train as near on time as my track would let me. And I've loved it. Never had trouble with my men in my life. They've never had trouble with me. Say what they will—I've been an engineer that's kept my eye on my rails. Never had an accident in my half-a-hundred years. I'm still pulling my train."

Can it be the truth? Is the old E-K a ghost that has come to stay—no one rides the train. And people come to look at it. It goes on. People come to the postoffices along the track and get the mail and wave at Huey. His white hair in the wind. Maybe it is the ghosts of yesterday—one man and the

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Huey, the Engineer

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section foreman to a section now and no more Thanksgiving turkeys. Maybe it is the ghosts of the days of Grant, Garfield and Hayes—who knows and who remembers—maybe Huey remembers the boys by the tracks and the pawpaws on the hills—the gold and light gold leaves in autumn and the haw trees with their iron colored leaves and their red and dark red berries—maybe Huey remembers the old cornfields, the apple orchards, the old houses, the bridges and the trestles and the cattle guards. The cattle guards are gone now and the sankfield and dewberry briars have covered up the crossties. The crows fly overhead and caw-caw at two men straining at the tee rails. But two men by doing a little spiking handle them all right. Maybe as the thin smoke to the wind and Huey's white hair to the wind—maybe they are the ghosts that remember—what about the dead leaves in the wind and August heat from the streaks of rust. All right—they bear the train twice a day. Huey pulls that train and it is 1930. Huey's hair is white as cotton. His eyes are a little dimmed. But he can see a man or a cow on the track. Guess he can when he sees a cow on the track w'y he gets out of the engine and shoos the cow off. And if Martha Higgins is close w'y Huey will say: "Better keep that cow off the track here Martha or you'll get her killed. Your Grandpa used to have a roughish cow that come nigh as a pea getting bumped off here a couple of times." And Huey will get back in his engine and start pulling the throttle.

Well it was in the fall all right. Fall time—yes—I remember the corn in the shock and the briars with brown leaves on them—just the color of the rusted rails—and I remember the boys going along and just pulling out a few spikes and lifting the rails up. Took Huey's Old Faithful to the other end of the line. Left Huey on this end of the line where he lives. I remember we'd heard so many times they's going to tear up the tracks and they didn't do it—w'y we just didn't believe them. But this time the train didn't whistle for Three Mile and we went to see. Sure enough they were taking up the rails. Had a bunch of boys working and they were eating apples and throwing the cores at one another. Had one old sour-faced fellar on there and I says to myself: "Hit that bird with a apple core and you'll have him to fight." And there was the devilish boy of Mort Anderson's on there. Call him Possum and I just ups and says to myself: "They'll be a fight on this work car before the day is over."

When I passed by Riverton I saw Hester Anderson. He had a pistol and he said: "I'm looking for that sour-faced dough-bellied fellar that hit my brother Possum over hitting him with an apple core. He mashed my brother Possum's face—Possum just sixteen years old and one hundred and fifty pounds—that fellow two hundred and forty pounds and thirty years old. But I got the difference and I want to see him." And there were no trains that day.

That was the day the engineer fell asleep. He fell asleep not to wake up for a long time—perhaps in another morning—not just to get off at eight o'clock and to pull the throttle over the rusted rails. But no more trains and Huey—he passed on. We heard about it. "Huey is dead." W'y the schoolboys all cried. They wanted to be like Huey. Pulling a train over two rusted streaks of steel—through the spring, summer, autumn, winter—unafraid of track and weather—he pulled his train. It was his train—he knew every bolt and every piece of steel. It had been faithful to him and to us. We knew them too.

There wasn't any train to pull us to his funeral. It would have been a big excursion. And if we had just had Huey to have pulled us there. Of course he got a little tottery toward the last but a lot of people said it was the track that Huey was going over that made him scoot all over his cab—If he had just been here to have pulled us to his own funeral. There were enough there for a big excursion—the biggest funeral that has ever been in these parts. It would have taken both trains to have pulled them all to Huey's funeral.

We saw Huey there. He was quiet. He was dressed up a little bit now—Didn't have the glasses up on his forehead and the red bandanna around his neck like we used to see him wear. But his eyes were the same and his lips were the same. He had his eyes set on the rails—half a hundred years and not an accident. And in his face were the dreams that we remembered and soon would not be remembered—the great crowds at the ball games and the train loads of boys and girls—the boys that rode for Teddy and the boys that crossed the waters. Some were not hauled back alive—and the noise at the ball games—the section men a-singing and the click of the shovel, spade, mattock, hammer, hoe. The click of steel battering steel and the wind a-whining through the dewberry briars—and Huey with his hand on the throttle and the scream of the whistle—and us down behind the willows waiting to wave at Huey—all wanted to be like him. But now—the silent hands—the steady quiet eye and we stand and shed our tears unashamed of tears for our engineer that once pulled the train where no track now is—nothing but the wind and dents in the earth and cinders ground down and old bridges—but we remember—we'll always remember—and Huey—our engineer—we wonder on what silent train and to what silent land our engineer has gone. ⌗

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The Odyssey of a Bogeyman

Continued from page 39

night for the czarina's earrings, and how Vladmir Ilyitch had Trotsky down to his shorts. The press muffed a scoop, and the chance may not come again until Browder steals Franklin Roosevelt's Phi Beta Kappa key the day the C.I.O. finally goes to town.

Skipping the dull and domestic period of Trotsky's life, let us note how the second stage of his odyssey began. In 1929, because of some rather brisk work with his Left Opposition, he drew a one-way ticket to Central Asia. He disappeared from view and immediately become a haunt. All Europe speculated uneasily on his whereabouts. Berlin declared he was in Constantinople. London feared he was in China, stirring up the yellow peril. All this time he was living as a distinguished prisoner in a villa on a shady street in Alma Ata, Russian Turkestan. His arrival in a caravan of automobiles, loads of baggage and a squad of secretaries is said to have awed the simple folk of that semi-oriental outpost. They scrutinized his elaborate hunting outfit and asked, "Has some prince come to live in Soviet Alma Ata?" In his six months of princely exile he is reputed to have sent out eight hundred letters and five hundred telegrams.

II

Came the sudden announcement that Trotsky was to be exiled from the U.S.S.R for life, Turkey having agreed to take him. Things moved fast. As a Mr. Seibroff he arrived in Constantinople and was spirited away to the Soviet Consulate, a state prisoner. The city's two thousand Whites were kept at bay by a regiment which surrounded the building. On the rumor that Turkey was to be only a temporary asylum, pending the arrangement of a visa to a European country, the alarm bells rang in all the Continental chancelleries, and the bourses began to sag. The bogeyman shopping around for a home was as welcome as a boll weevil to a sharecropper. Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Spain immediately hung out the No Admission sign. The French let it be known informally, as diplomatic jargon goes, that they were not anxious to receive his application for a visa. In England a minor cabinet crisis resulted which stymied negotiations for Soviet recognition until MacDonald declared His Majesty's government declined to be embarrassed by the presence of Trotsky. The haunt became an international problem along with currency inflation, internal discord, and prison reform. The New York *Times* headlined: "German Foreign Minister Faces Problem of Debt and Trotsky"

And after all, the headaches in high places were suffered in vain. The Turks incarcerated the international white elephant on the island of Prinkipo in the Sea of Marmora, where centuries before Byzantium had confined emperors, grand viziers and political whirling dervishes who had gone wrong. Of late years the island had served mainly as the national dog pound, to which the Turks, who never kill man's best friend, sent aging canines to spend their declining days. And now it was Trotsky's turn—to some the whirling dervish of Marxism, to others the mad dog of subversion. With his wife and secretaries he occupied a mouldering villa which had housed the Arab blackmailer Izzet Pasha. Turkey's secret service men guarded him from the world, and the world from him. He went fishing accompanied by a squad of gendarmes in another boat, who scrutinized every minnow that went down and every carp that came up as if it were a transaction involving state secrets.

For three years Trotsky lived secluded on Prinkipo, but the world, now with a depression to worry about, continued uneasy. While not actually blamed for the economic crisis, he was saddled with more and crazier schemes than Sax Rohmer, H. Rider Haggard, and E. Phillips Oppenheim in collaboration could have contrived. In March he was plotting with the Emir of Afghanistan to overthrow British rule in India. In May, Minister of the Interior Casares y Quiroga caught him sketching out a proletarian dictatorship for Spain. By Christmas time a high Norwegian official discovered he was pushing revolutions in France and Greece. In between it was guessed that he had patched up his quarrel with Stalin, and was intrusted with a mission to establish Soviet-British relations. That in fact the split between the two men was a hoax, part of a gigantic plot to destroy Europe. That under cover of exile Trotsky was a roving commissar ready to foment riot and insurrection on May Day all over the world, but especially in Germany. Only, as one astute commentator pointed out, the crafty Germans outwitted the Bolsheviks and nipped the plot in the bud by the simple expedient of refusing Trotsky a visa.

In 1932 Trotsky stretched and bestirred himself and the world again got nervous. After the Soviet Union had deprived him of his citizenship, and Czechoslovakia had refused to help him regain his health, he managed in November to go to Copenhagen for a lecture, promising he would not touch on politics, and leaving his youngest son behind in Turkey to guarantee his return. The countries between Turkey and Denmark were scared that he would start a flock of revolutions en route, and that, once in Europe, he would refuse to leave. After all, what would a seasoned Bolshevik care about the fate of a youngest son?

At his first stop, Athens, he was

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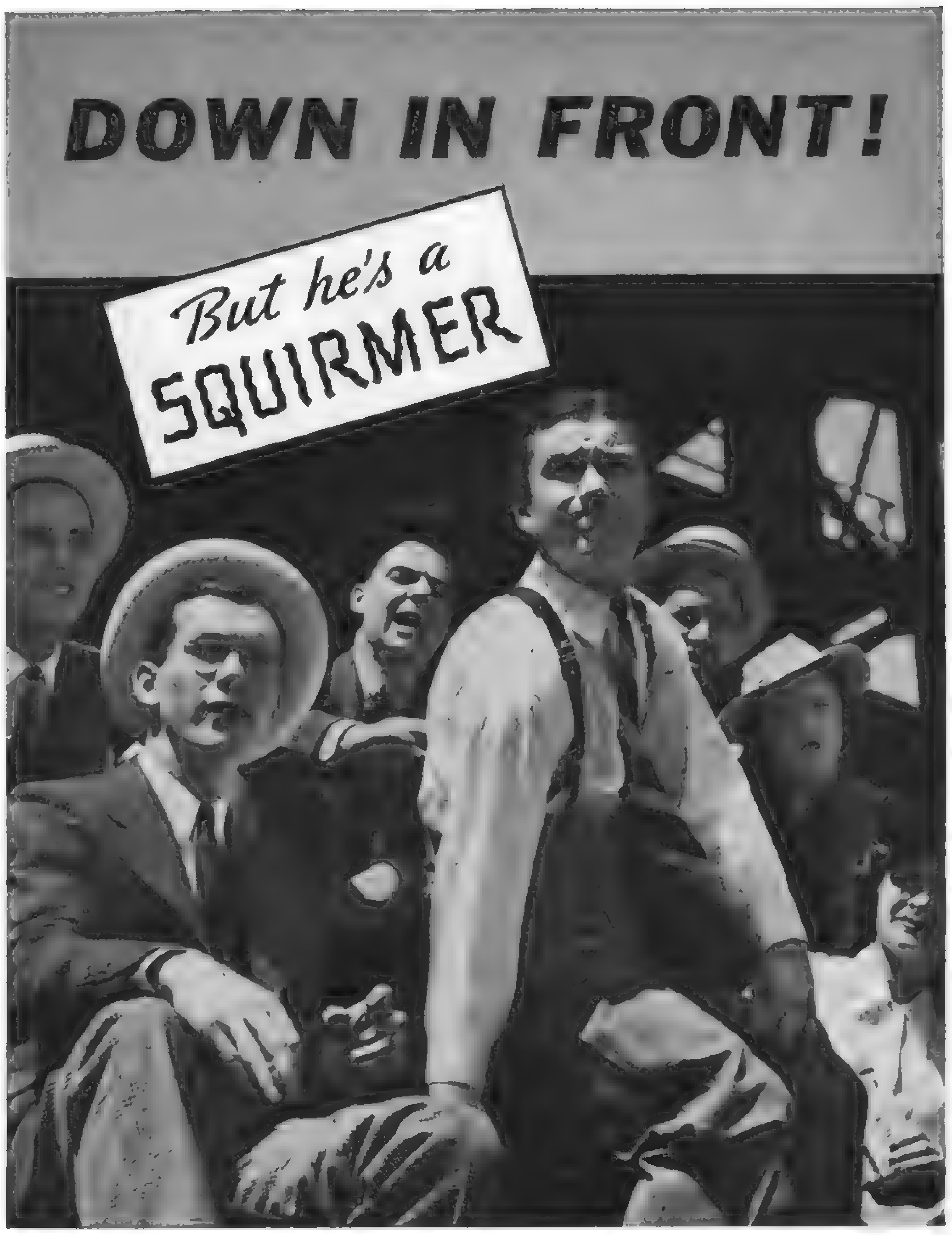

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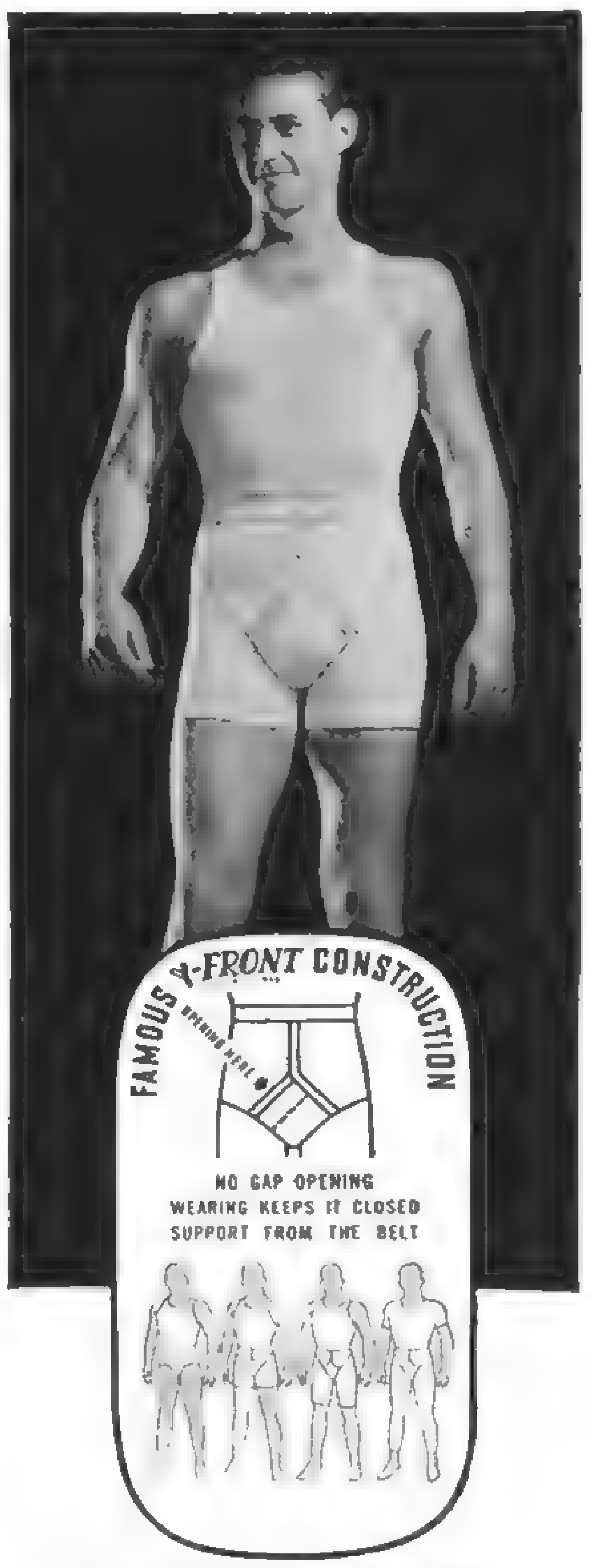

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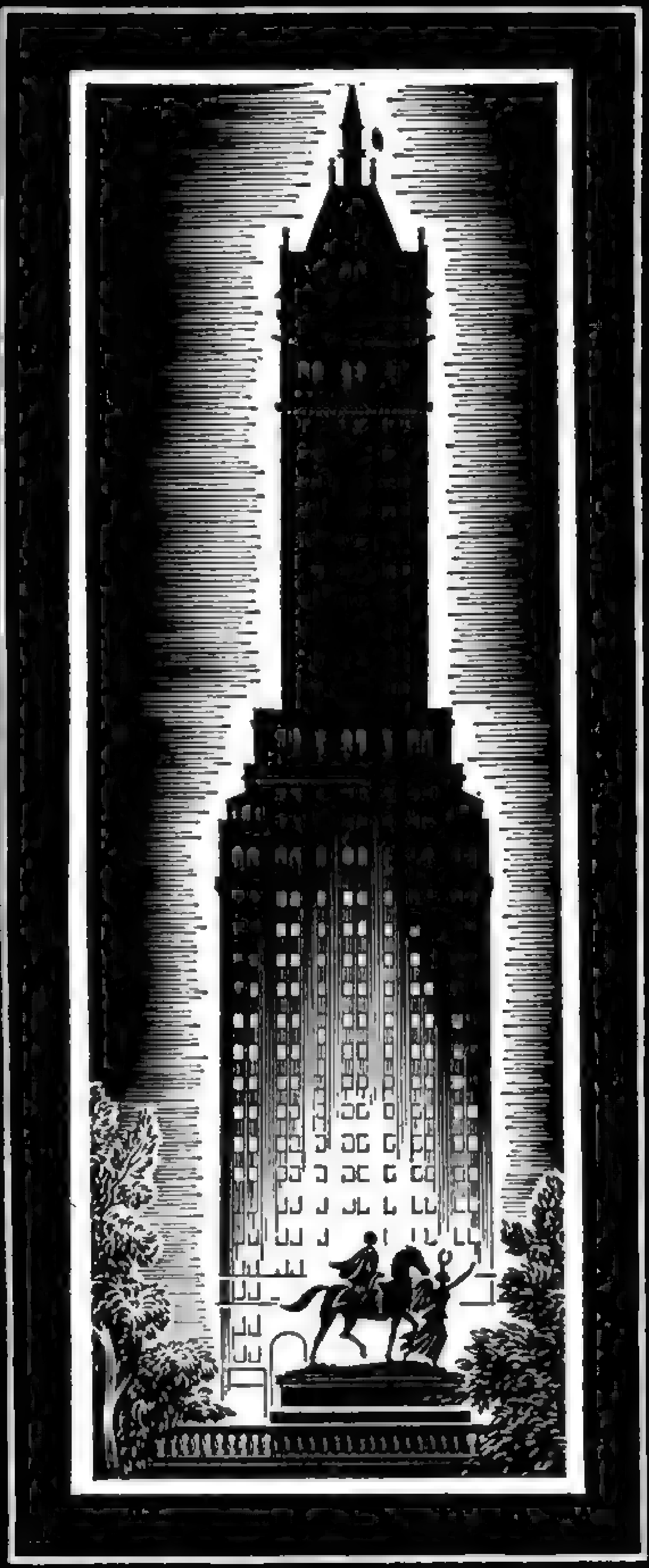

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The Odyssey of a Bogeyman

Continued from pages 39-189

surrounded by a cordon of police, while Mrs. T. enjoyed an armed escort on a visit to an antique shop. Far from the Marseilles dock, he was taken off the ship in a police boat, landed on a lonely beach, transferred to a police car, and sneaked aboard the Paris train at Avignon, leaving the reception committees holding the bag at the pier. He was whisked out of France as Mr. Chavigny. As he arrived in Copenhagen Prince Aage gave out an interview that Trotsky's coming enabled him to understand what Shakespeare meant by saying there was something rotten in Denmark. Perhaps the something was Aage but he did not say. Two hundred police guards watched over the lecture, which passed as quietly as if Hamilton Fish were speaking. On the return trip the Belgians prevented Trotsky's disembarkation at Antwerp. Sarcastically he said, "Our sojourn in Antwerp caused the authorities some anxiety, which remained for us entirely enigmatic. The mobilization of police forces appeared a little disproportionate to the 'danger.'" Thirty miles from its destination the Paris-Marseilles express slowed at a small station and Trotsky was transferred to a police auto, lodged secretly in a hotel, and secretly put aboard a non-stop boat for Prinkipo. The world breathed again.

He left Prinkipo for good in July, 1933, supposedly for medical treatment in Italy and the rest cure in Corsica. But again his boat hove to off Marseilles. A specially chartered tug took him off (it set the Trotsky family back $160) to Cassis, where an automobile waited. He disappeared into the unknown, and not until the recent "trial" in Mexico was his subsequent itinerary revealed.

III

In Barbizon, a suburb of Paris hitherto famous as a colony of nineteenth century realist painters, a man named Sodroff was living in the villa "Kermonique" guarded by a barbed-wire fence and two ferocious dogs. He never showed himself. Every morning a motorcyclist roared out of the gates to bring back provisions while another motorcyclist snorted in from Paris with a bag of mail. Gossip worked up fantastic yarns about the recluse. Finally the police chief staged a coup on suspicion the house might be a fascist arms cache or a hide-out of Stavisky swindlers. The gendarmerie arrested a motorcyclist, the one with the mail, for "insufficient lights," and raided the cottage. There was no arms cache except two revolvers on the desk. And no Stavisky swindlers, only a man of professorial aspect, with thick glasses and a goatee. The chief had seen pictures in the papers. He pointed his finger at M. Sodroff. "You are Trotsky!" he cried. It recalled that other great historical recognition scene, Stanley's discovery in the African jungle: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Two-gun Trotsky made no move toward his pistols. He smiled a little wistfully as he said, "I am an old conspirator. I am now preparing the Fourth International."

That unmasking of the arch-conspirator in April, 1934, well-nigh turned inside out what was left of the French Republic. In the presence of this Dr. Caligari, the cabinet tottered. Sober citizens became either pro- or anti-Trotsky. He must get out of France! But, *que diable!* no one wants him, no decent self-respecting country will touch him with a ten-foot pole. He must stay; France is a free country, traditionally a place of refuge. *Eh bien*, but look at his mail!—every letter a plot, every telegram a couple of potential insurrections. *Alors*, he is preparing a Fourth International—and after that maybe a Fifth, a Sixth—who knows? Rumor from Washington that he is coming to the United States to write a Marxist history of the Civil War. Denied by High Persons who desire to remain anonymous, on ground that there are already too many histories of the Civil War, and that he wants to start a civil war of his own. Rumor he is on the way to Spain. Spain mobilizes Civil Guard. He is seen off the Isle of Daix near Rochefort. No, that was someone else. He went to Switzerland. No, to Capri. He shaved off his beard. He was seen in a pissoir off the Boulevard Haussmann.

IV

Two days, and the French police had had enough of Trotsky. He entailed too much responsibility, so France interned him pending bids from other countries. The Italians, Belgians, Swiss, and English begged to be excused. All South America turned him down, some countries by return mail and some by not bothering to answer his letter. Trotsky fades from view until in June, 1935 he appears in Oslo, beardless and stouter, having softened the heart of the Norwegian labor government with a yarn about an advanced stage of tuberculosis. After taking a taxi to the village of Hoenfoss, the consumptive disappears.

Two months pass without news except for the raiding of a Trotskyist paper in Paris. Then in August the bogeyman again makes the world's front pages when six youths of the Norwegian Fascist National Unity Party, masquerading as state police, attempted to burglarize the house. Police investigation revealed that Trotsky's telephone had been tapped and his callers shadowed by Norse nazis. The department of justice temporarily cleared him of fomenting trouble in other countries.

Suddenly the storm of the Moscow trials broke. High leaders confessed that our hero was the brains of a terror organization aiming to overthrow the Soviet regime he had helped found. Trotsky was reported as having been compelled to sign and as refusing to sign a pledge to refrain from revolutionary activities. The chief of the Aliens Office broke with the department of justice on the question of Trotsky's violation of the right of asylum, saying that Trotsky had "recommended that Soviets be started in France." Trotsky, it seemed, had evolved Revolution by Recommendation. The ministry of justice compromised by deporting the two secretaries, and interning bogeyman and wife. Trotsky had had such a busy life he had neglected to learn typewriting; intrigue and history writing now slowed down to the tempo of longhand. At the trial of the burglarious fascist youths he confessed he had been carrying on with revolutionists abroad, not only during his Norwegian pause but at all stages of his odyssey. The Soviet government formally called on Norway to expel Trotsky, now a prisoner held incommunicado. King Haakon called an extraordinary council of state to decide what to do with this blight. The idea of isolating him in the fastnesses of the Far North was explored. But in the end he was confined in a house in Sundby near Oslo. Seven autos hauled the Trotskys, the police, the books and papers to the ten-room house, seven rooms of which were reserved for servants and police. Armed guards patrolled the grounds and the road. No visitors were allowed except by special permit from the Aliens Office. The telephone was taken out, and all letters and telegrams censored.

In another month Trotsky was moved to Storsand, a hamlet hemmed in by fjords. The authorities gave in to his plea for a veranda room overlooking the sea and the ships bound for the world's ports. This Joseph Conrad touch was suspiciously like a device for communicating with the Fourth International by means of Boy Scout signals or a candle moved across a blind. The neighborhood was heavily patrolled.

December 18 was nearing, the date of expiration of Trotsky's permit. Again he and his friends were in frantic quest of a new asylum. The comrade to turn the trick was Diego Rivera. The muralist waylaid President Cardenas in a peasant's furrow and persuaded him to grant the far wanderer haven in Mexico. Trotsky was suspicious that foul play was behind the offer. Assurances were asked and granted, and two days before Christmas, twelve hours after his renewed permit had expired, Trotsky left Norway. The departure was secret; only the guards knew of it, and they were kept at their posts until the ship was far out at sea. Only then did the Norwegian WPA begin to tear down the barbed wire entanglements around the old home. Even Trotsky's lawyer had the news first from the press. He ran immediately to the bank to post a claim of $500 against Trotsky's account. Two days later the town of Hoenfoss attached the account for income tax. It was the Sholom Asch days all over again.

The Bolshevik bugbear was shipped out of Norway in a great hurry, in the fear that Mexico might change her mind. The country's last courtesy was to include in the crew a police official whose duty it was to prevent Trotsky from using the ship's wireless or shinnying down the rope ladder at some intermediate port. Trotsky left the boat at Tampico, and went by auto and rail, with a special guard of one general and thirty soldiers, to 127 London Street, Coyoacan, the home of Rivera in a Mexican suburb. Police stand guard constantly inside and outside the house. There the famous "trial" was held, until Carlton Beals upset the committee's whitewash bucket and the pragmatism of Dr. John Dewey.

V

So now, whither Trotsky? Is Mexico the end of the trail? And if not, what further unquiet nations of the earth await the haunting of this dialectical specter? Asked what he was doing now, Trotsky told a journalist, "I am studying Spanish." Maybe it is only to read the street signs.

If questions are to be raised, some may even be curious to know what Leon Trotsky has that scares the straw bosses of the world and puts the rank at loggerheads with the file. Is it the power of muscle, personality, money, black magic, or masterful conspiracy? Is it even intellect, which by itself has never counted for much in human affairs. Maybe the answer is that it is not Trotsky who is strong but the straw bosses who feel weak. There are deep troubles among the nations that not ten thousand Trotskys could have invented or inspired. Grotesque as the spectacle is of one man scaring the richest and solidest nations of Europe, even here in America it deserves only a tempered snicker. For no longer do we, either, perform according to the old tradition; we are as shy of Leon Davidovich as any European state. We too are afraid of bogeymen. We have seen ghosts, we have to whistle to keep up our courage as we walk past the cemetery of our ideals.

Who would understand Trotsky's strange effect, as here recounted, on mankind's paper signers and order shouters, must ponder the words Shean O'Casey puts into the mouth of Captain Boyle as the last curtain comes down on *Juno and the Paycock:* "The world is in a turrible state o' chassis." Or Trotsky's own saying will do, that he who sighs for peace and serenity should have chosen some other century than the twentieth into which to be born.

All in all, it is one of the sillier pages of history. But who can deny that to Trotsky, if he cares to claim it, belongs a good share of the laugh? ⧺

SOCIETY EDITOR

"Well, she *finally* made the grade!'

"SO 'B.B.' finally put it over!" Dave, the City Editor mused. "Nice scoop for you, Clara."

"'B.B.'? That's a new one on me, Dave."

"Bad Breath Bertha. Society's been calling her that behind her back ever since she came out 10 years ago. You know it as well as I do.'

"Better! But they can't say it any more."

"How come?"

"About a year ago I told her what her trouble was; felt sorry for her . . . suggested she use Listerine."

"And now she knocks off the prize catch of the town; you had nerve, Clara."

"She thanked me for it. She'd never have landed him but for that hint."

"Say! There's an idea there for the Advice to Women column. 'Control your Breath and you Control your Future.'"

"Not so dumb, Dave. If you met as many men and women as I do you'd realize that most of them have halitosis and never realize it."

"That's the insidious part about it, as the ads say."

"Show me a woman who's careless about her breath and I'll show you a gal that's already on the shelf."

"Right you are, Clara. My girls wouldn't think of going to a party without first using the old Listerine."

"Smart kiddies!"

"By the way, Clara, how's Listerine for that morning after taste and the old next day breath?"

"My husband says it does the trick."

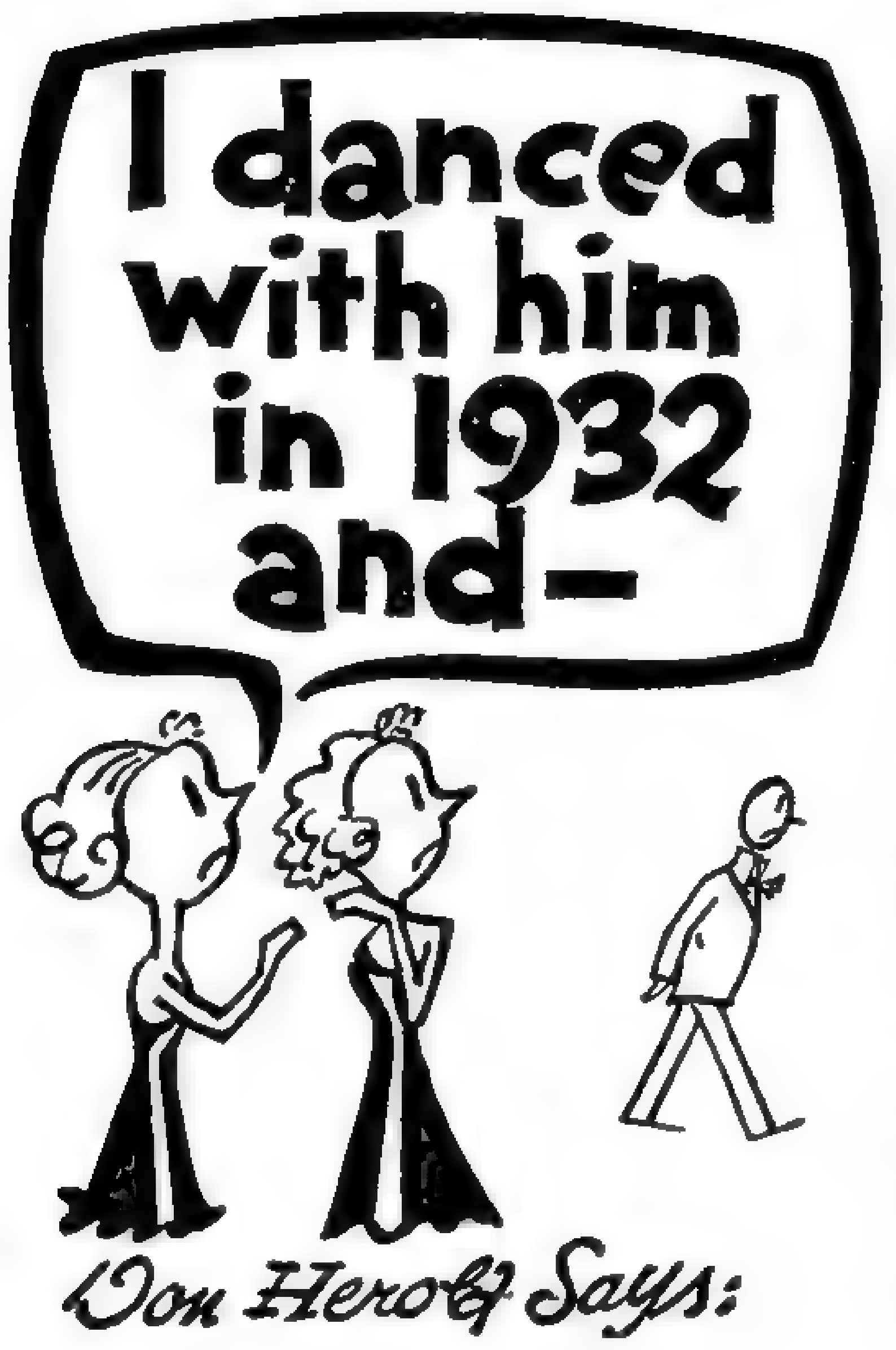
"O.K., Clara, I'll give you a report Monday."

DON'T OFFEND OTHERS

There's no doubt of it; Listerine Antiseptic, with its remarkable deodorant power, is the accepted treatment for halitosis (bad breath) whether caused by excessive eating and drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, or decaying teeth. Use night and morning, and before social and business engagements.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE


I danced with him in 1932 and—

Don Herold Says:

One dance, and you may be ALL THRU

If you slip JUST ONCE in this matter of perspiration aura, you may be stamped forever after as a blacksheep.

People are sometimes cruel about this, I know. Even those who are guilty themselves may scathingly scorn their fellow offenders.

A man who goes JUST ONCE to a party or to his office with even the slightest hint of perspiration odor sometimes makes a lifelong reputation as being THAT KIND of man.

I wouldn't be preaching Mum just to make you guys dainty. I'm not asking you to think of it as something lah-de-dah or *nice!*

I'm speaking of it as serious insurance against JUST ONE possible day or evening of serious, unfavorable publicity. You can afford to use Mum for life to avoid JUST ONCE the possible notoriety that the Mum habit may spare you.

Don't think of Mum as feminine. Thousands of men now use it regularly each morning after their baths, and again before evenings out. Just two dabs will prevent underarm perspiration odor all day (without interfering with perspiration) and touches to the feet will keep hose and shoe linings fresh. It's a fragrant cream, pleasant to use.

I know you don't often send for samples of things, but JUST ONCE send your name on the margin of this page to Dept. P-87, Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630-A Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a free sample of Mum.

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Once There Was a Bear

Continued from page 103

who spotted him said he must be about a mile and three-quarters away—he was sunning himself on his back, and it was evident from the distance between his legs that he was a giant. We couldn't find him again, but we talked it over and everyone agreed that he must be worth going after. So we took the boat across the bay. We decided two guides to go along would be plenty, because it's so damned noisy when you walk through the dead grass and alders that three is really a crowd. I might say right now that anyone who has hunted bears on Kodiak has gone through Hell.

These alders don't grow up into healthy trees because there isn't enough subsoil. They sort of twine along the ground, in thick formation. In winter, when snows are heavy, the grass is forced to the ground. In the spring, it's very dry, and makes a noise like Chinese firecrackers when you tread on it. Then there's the devil club, and that's a perfect name for it, because only the devil could have thought it up. It's a fuzzy sort of shrub that looks like a porcupine, with very wicked barbs. If the man ahead of you happens to kick one in passing, you receive the full benefit, more to your surprise than pleasure. Two days later you're nursing festering sores that feel more like burns than anything else.

As I said, we decided on two guides—Eli and Fred. Both of these lads were born and raised on Kodiak Island, and compared to them, Natty Bumpo and Chingachgook were a couple of amateurs. Eli carried a gun and Fred acted as packer, carrying the cameras and a mess of duffle.

The Brownie had been spotted at the lower edge of a six-hundred-yard patch of alders. Stalking him, we followed a creek bed for two miles up the mountainside and then crossed over to a promontory overlooking the alder patch. We didn't see a thing, so we started to enter the alders. As we mounted a little knoll just above the alders, there, forty feet away, was old Grandpa himself lumbering toward us. You have to see these fellows alive, and walking your way to appreciate them. He had heard us and was investigating the racket.

That's the thing that makes you respect a Kodiak. When he sees an intruder, his first instinct is not to run away, but to plunge right in the direction where the danger lies. It all happened so fast I didn't have time to think, let alone take a powder. I'd shot that first bear, and had the feel of my gun. So, to make a long story monotonous, I threw three hunks of lead down there so fast the boys in the boat later swore it sounded like two. It happens my master eye is my left eye, so I shoot a gun left-handed. This enables me to pack the shots in with my right hand, and I do it fairly fast.

The first shot happened to hit his spine and laid him. As he came up, I dotted his hump and then, for the first time, saw his head, swinging like a railroad crossing signal. The big kick, of course, was to hear him roar, a sound not unlike the *basso profoundo* of a loudspeaker at full blast. It does things to your spine. The old Manlicher Schoenhauer—a 9.5 mm job, was hot. It had to be hot to despatch this big boy, or things might have been vice versa. I made a lucky shot over his eye, evacuating his brain cavity.

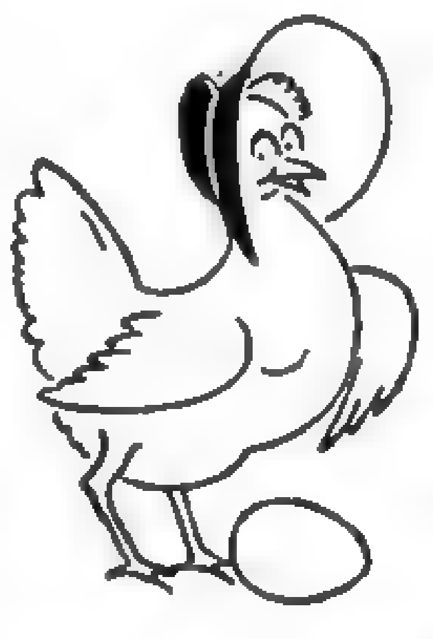
Charlie figured he was about eighteen years old. His claws were white—and normally a Kodiak has black claws which turn white as he grows older. His teeth were well worn down, and one lower tusk was broken off. His hind pad measured fifteen inches long and nine across. He was comparatively thin because he had been out of hibernation only a few days. Probably he weighed around two hundred pounds less than he would have weighed in the fall. When we skinned him and took his measurement, we found he squared ten feet nine inches—just six inches under the world's record. There is only one fair way to measure a bear. The skin has to be squared, after fleshing. This means that the measurement from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail and that from the end of the claws on the left front paw to the end of the claws on the right front paw should be added and then divided by two. This gives you the true size.

When we got back to Kodiak I had a wire from Mamma that there was a nice contract waiting at home if I could get back in a week. It happens that by the shortest established route, it takes nine days to go from Kodiak to Seattle. So it appeared that my fun was going to cost plenty. But at the celebration that night, I learned there was a boat in port—a Standard Oil Tanker called the *Alaska Standard*. It's against company rules to take passengers. Still, I thought I'd at least give them a chance to throw me off. Captain Anderson turned out to be a soft-hearted guy and it was a swell boat—clean, with comfortable quarters and excellent food when you could take it. It rolled plenty and I couldn't take it. I figured I had nothing else to do anyhow, so I stayed in bed for three days. One of the lads shared his milk with me since that was all I could keep down. At any rate, we made grand time. They docked at Ketchikan, Alaska in four days. There I connected with the *Northland*, a steamer bound for Seattle. The Captain of this boat was a swell egg, too, and got me into Seattle a half-hour early so that I could catch the east-bound Northwest plane. The plane, incidentally, was held over a while. I got back to Chicago in just seven days. And I got the contract. Or was this supposed to be a story about a bear? #

Liquor Packages
AS
TAMPER-PROOF
AS AN
Egg!
Telltale metal seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.
SNAP
You're sure of genuineness when you buy liquor sealed this way

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO LIQUOR BUYERS

● Make sure of genuineness and quality by looking for this seal when you buy liquor. It's counterfeit-proof and tamper-proof. Guarantees that the liquor came from a licensed distillery and that you are the first person to open the bottle. Used to seal and safeguard well-known brands, including those advertised on the following pages: 7 and 193



Eggs are opened only once,
The shells can't be refilled.
Liquor, too, Alseco-sealed,
Is legally distilled.

Melissa, the egg's mamma

Alseco
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Designed for Death

Continued from page 54

obelisks of basalt, monstrous peaks like fangs jutting through a tartar of lichen, and the Hanavave valley a Stygian slot into the interior. The clouds still balanced above the mountains, but the rays of the setting sun were refracted through them to light small patches of golden green that only made the rest of the island seem more ominous.

This was a place of death. A hundred years ago the Marquesas were peopled with a hundred thousand happy natives; now, in all the group, there are scarcely two thousand left, and as if realizing the doom upon them they are the most surly, the most desperate and depraved of all Polynesia.

A crumbled church and a few thatched huts showed somberly above the brilliant surf. There was no beach. Low cliffs fortified this land of death against the intrusion of life. We landed half a dozen at a time in the dory, leaping to a fist of rock which would have smashed us had we not been agile.

"We go up the valley," said Tané Gauguin.

We followed the stream into the canyon and instantly left behind the last of daylight. A silver sheen high above us showed the clouds, but as we continued even these changed to a mustard yellow and then a dried-blood maroon lit fitfully by the fast sinking, invisible sun behind the mountains, yet the path was not hard to follow; the stream gurgled beside us and I could feel its cold mist rising straight by my shoulder like a wall.

We climbed, avoiding ferns and pendant vines and the sticky, clinging api plant whose single leaf is large enough to blanket a man. The half-caste walked confidently ahead.

"There is the village," he said at last. The jungle had been cleared here on both sides of the stream to the mountain cliffs. A fire was burning before a small hut that was set apart a hundred yards or so from the others, and at half that distance the entire village was squatting silently.

An old man, the chief, rose to greet us. He led us to the group of his people, then pointed towards the fire. I looked, craned forward, and felt my spine go cold.

"What is it?" I asked. "What's the matter with the man?"

There was no answer. The three of us stood tensely side by side, staring off at that scene of hut and flame and agony. Lying supine on the ground there, his elbows beneath him and his wrenched back towards us, was a nearly naked white man. He writhed toward the fire as if to warm the death in his ancient bones.

"Good God, can't anyone help him?" I blurted out.

No one moved. Not a glance wavered from the distant scene. We stood like ghouls waiting in the cave formed by the mountain walls and the solid ceiling of sky.

"He is accursed," said the half-caste finally. "No one can help him . . ."

I started forward but the chief clutched my arm, and again I stood waiting among the ghouls while the old man by the fire twisted so terribly, arching his body as the torture wracked it, that even from there I could see his chest was strangely marked.

My breath choked me, and I remembered a tale to correlate this nightmare, and I stumbled forward despite the muttering of the crowd. I reached the body and looked at it quickly. It heaved up and lay still. I saw an old man, a white man, a silvery man with his eyes rolled back in death. And exquisitely tattooed upon his chest, from nipples to navel, was a picture of a woman kneeling that could have been drawn, I felt, by one artist only.

"He is dead. Dead at last," the natives murmured when I returned to them. I stood shivering, watching the bright eyes of my mad half-caste.

He looked at me slowly; his thick lips jerked. "There goes the last of Paul Gauguin," he grunted. "My father, Paul . . ."

The chief was giving orders, but still no one moved. He and the half-caste went to the fire, dragging a spade. Without touching the corpse they shoveled dry earth over it until it was buried beneath a heavy mound. The half-caste started for the hut, but the chief stopped him. He flung a brand from the fire and in an instant the house of fronds became a retching holocaust, a shaggy blotch of flame against the mountains.

We watched till the last coal had died, then turned among the palms to the house of the chief. He and the half-caste were whispering excitedly in Marquesan, a dialect I could not understand. They sat on their mats in the dark, the half-caste leaning against his brief case, and completely ignored me, except to repeat occasionally in Tahitian for my benefit, "He was accursed . . . accursed . . ."

I was wakened in the night by voices arguing, and the petulant cry of a bird. "Eaha?" I called out. "What's the matter?" For a moment there was silence, and I could hear the whish of wings close by the door. The chief and the half-caste were sitting erect.

"Te 'Otu'u . . . the evil bird," said the chief at last. "Auê, the dead has risen to punish us!"

"Maamaa!" I groaned impatiently. "You are mad."

There was no further disturbance during the night, but I slept uneasily, dreaming questions and terrible answers. Had that truly been the relic of the painter Gauguin? Material evidence indicated that it was, though I had only the word of a madman to corroborate

Continued at top of page 194

Glenmore's
KENTUCKY TAVERN

For men who know fine Whiskies

BOTTLED IN BOND
GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
ONE PINT
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF U.S GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
H.S. BARTON, DISTILLER
OWENSBORO — KENTUCKY

ASK FOR "POLLY"
—delightful alone

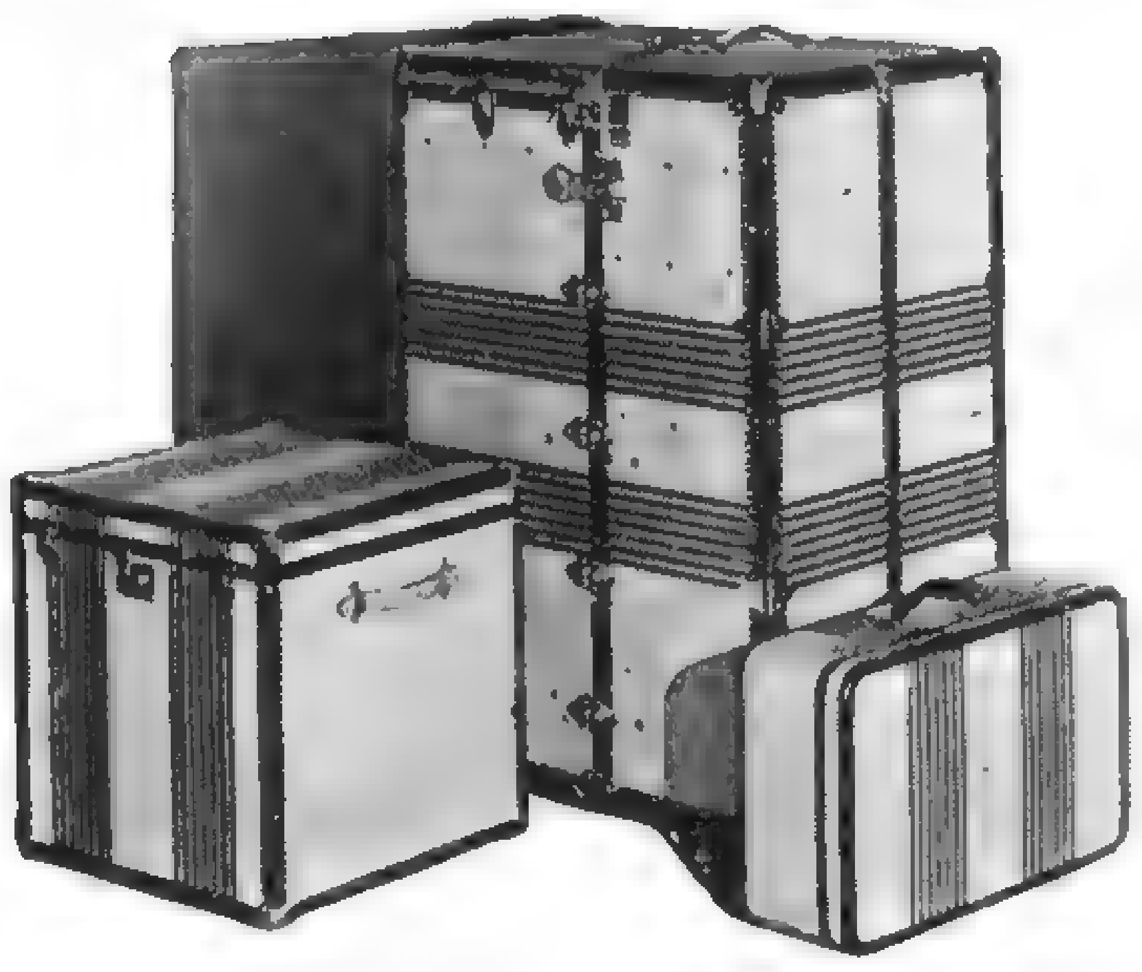
BY APPOINTMENT DURING THREE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

Apollinaris

—MAKES GOOD WHISKIES TASTE BETTER

A NATURAL ALKALINE WATER—
Carbonated with its own NATURAL Gas
BRITISH OWNED
Apollinaris
APOLLINARIS
MINERAL WATER
LONDON
NET CONTENTS 11 FL OZ

"FIRST CLASS STRAIGHT AHEAD"
B. TOBEY



Perhaps it's not always fair, but the truth remains that you're judged by the luggage you carry—and "First Class" is a natural assumption if you're carrying Oshkosh.

Chief Oshkosh with its distinctive stripes of red and yellow—for more than 21 years the accepted standard in fine luggage. Chief Oshkosh is made in 100 styles and sizes for every conceivable purpose. Above, 16 hanger wardrobe trunk, $200; special hat trunk, $70; 24-inch suit case, $32. All with Yale Pin Tumbler Locks.

OSHKOSH
TRUNKS AND LUGGAGE
Oshkosh Trunks, Inc., 10 E. 34th St., New York.

Don't be a ½ Shaver

Men, there are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a ½ shaver. Finish up this way:

1 To make your face FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They give you a zippy, tingling, cooling sensation that wakes you up . . . and sets you up for the day. They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.

2. To make your face LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It kills face shine—and makes your skin look smoother, younger. Moreover, it doesn't show. It's the most popular man's powder. (Also . . . it's swell after the shower.)

ESPECIALLY IN HOT WEATHER
finish up with
MENNEN

Designed for Death

Continued from pages 54-193

it. I dreamed horrors, and when in the morning I wakened late the village seemed remarkably quiet. The businesses of copra gathering and the preparation of meals went on with scarcely a word exchanged. The half-caste had disappeared, and the chief was squatted gloomily before his hut, staring at the two mounds, one of earth and one of ashes, a short distance away.

"The dead has risen," he said, "in the body of the bird."

I was wise not to laugh at this nonsense. The Marquesans, because of their isolation a thousand miles from even the rude civilization of Tahiti, have remained the most backward of the islanders, and comparatively the most dangerous.

"Dig up the body," I suggested, "and see."

He shrugged his shoulders. He did not dare, for fear of the avenging bird. I went over to the mound, the chief following at a few safe paces, and saw that the earth had indeed been disturbed. I picked up the spade and began digging. As the head appeared the chief shouted joyfully to the villagers. I unearthed a shoulder. I was scraping down to the chest when I discovered a small sliver of bamboo. Cautiously I slipped it into my pocket, then with a few strokes uncovered the chest and belly of the man.

I leaned on the spade, weak and revolted. The natives gasped and fell back, wailing "Aué! Aué! Te 'Otu'u . . ." The old chief chattered like a hysteric ape.

I pushed him away. "The land crabs could have done it," I said, but I did not believe it. I swallowed my gorge and looked again at the wasted chest from which had been sliced neatly, nipples to navel, the square of skin on which had been that exquisite tattooing. Only the raw, red frame remained.

I turned away, sick, breaking to bits the sliver of bamboo in my pocket. There had been no land crabs, no, nor yet a bird. I was thinking of what collectors would call the rarest and most remarkable relic of a man who might, conceivably, have been Paul Gauguin.

The Customer Is Never Wrong

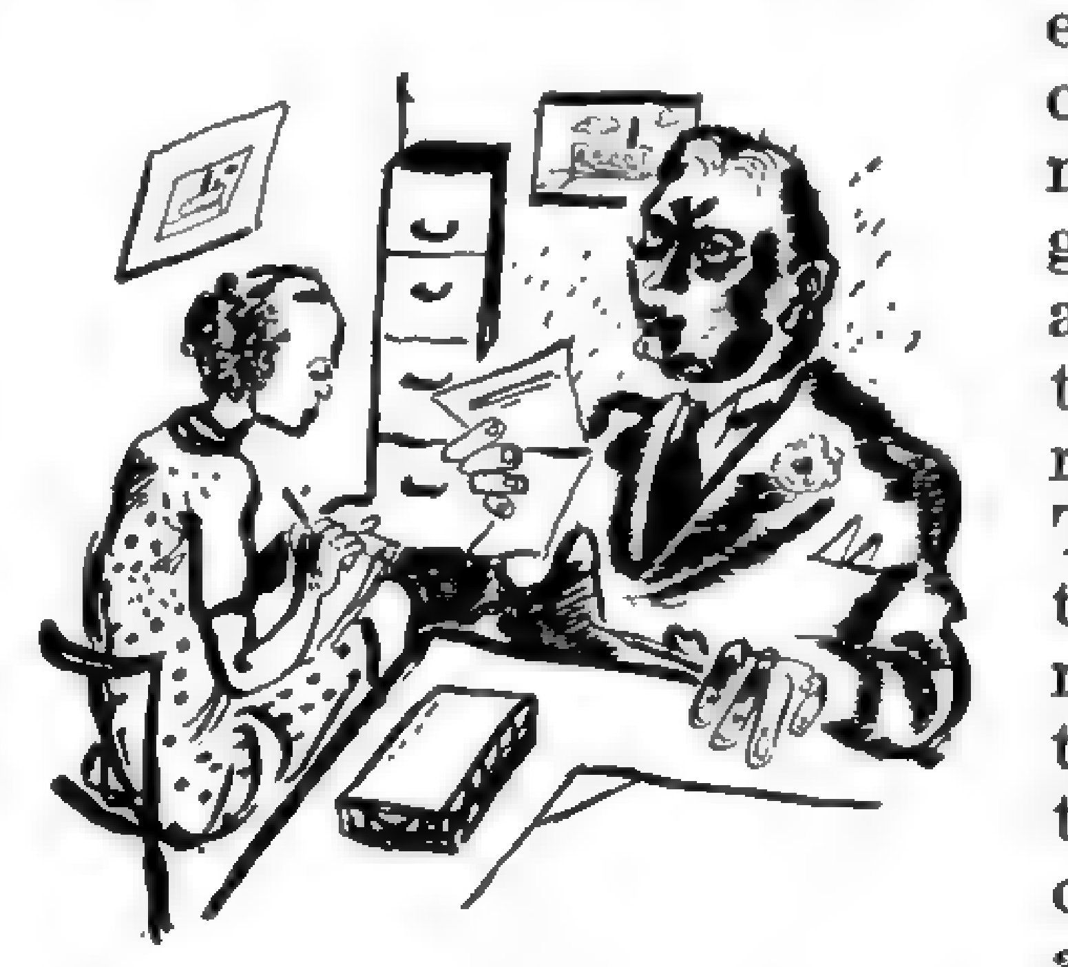
Continued from page 53

every effort to satisfactorily adjust the matter. Yours very truly,

E. J. STONE, *Secretary*

DEAR EVERYTHING FOR Oct. 12
THE HOME FURNITURE CO.
866 E. Broadway, Bronx, N. Y.
Attention of Mr. E. J. Stone
Sir:

I went and explained it I guess a hundred times. Maybe you ain't understanding good the type of English I am speaking, but I am over in this country 8 years now and Mr. Marx, when he sold us this furnish didn't have no trouble whatever. Maybe if I ain't crazy enough to already paid out $863.08 and you would be trying to collect it you would understand without no long letters. Anyway, I would like to get the whole business strengthened out, because Mrs. Czscwicski, my wife, is raising hell about it all the time, you know how women are, when they pick out something in a store that's what they want.



Well, here goes. A long time ago my wife and me decided to be marriage, which I guess is naturally enough, hey? All right. We get this license and we go down to your store you are advertising this here Moderistic furnish, it don't make so much of a hit with me, maybe I am old fashioned. Nevertheless we come in and this Mr. Marx, the salisman, is showing us around and we buy this Moderistic suit and some lamps and things, ending tables and a bed, of course, in maple-walnut or something, and we are paying cash, mister, $863.08 on the line, we both worked and saved up since almost I'm coming to this country.

Well, in the first place, like I told you once, what happens? We are got this apartment rented up and promised this furnish to arrive on time of our marriage, and then what? For one month we are sleeping on the floor on a old mattress this superintendant of the apartment is kindly loanding my bride and I, which, if you have ever been on one of these honeymoons, you will get the idea it ain't just the thing. This is all right, maybe. The girl tells us the factory is a rush job. And this, mister, when this here furnish coming final along, what is it? It ain't Moderistic at all, mister. It's Jippingdale or whatever my wife calls it.

Well, this is America, a free country, I think I am good enough citizen as the next guy, this ain't Italy or something you got to take whatever people is give to you. So there is the whole story I got to sit up half the night to write and also listen to my wife telling I am this dope she wish she would of marriage somebody with brains he could strengthen out a little matter like this. So stop breaking up my home and send the right furnish, if you please.

Respectfully,

J. CZSCWICSKI

Mr. J. Czscwicski Oct. 24
1512 Lovelack Blvd.
Bronx, New York
Dear Sir:

Mr. Stone, our secretary, has recently turned over a file of correspondence relative to a purchase which you made in this store some time back.

We regret any inconvenience you have been caused; if you will be good enough to permit me the time to study the matter more fully I am sure I shall be able to straighten out your complaints.

Yours very truly,
F. Edward Jones,
Asst. Claims Manager

Dear Everything for Oct. 30
the Home Furniture Co.
866 E. Broadway
Bronx, New York
Attention of Mr. F. Edward Jones
Sir:

You don't have to study nothing to strengthen out my complaint. Just give us the furnish we bought and we will call it even.

Respectfully,
J. Czscwicski

Mr. J. Czscwicski Nov. 2
1512 Lovelack Blvd.
Bronx, New York
Dear Mr. Czscwicski:

Thank you for your kind letter of Oct. 30th.

The matter you refer to has been turned over to our Mr. Zuggle, assistant to the manager of Store Accounts.

You will no doubt hear from Mr. Zuggle in a few days.

I am confident that everything will be adjusted to your satisfaction.

Yours very truly,
F. Edward Jones,
Asst. Claims Manager

Mr. J. Czscwicski Nov. 2
1512 Lovelack Blvd.
Bronx, New York
Dear Mr. Czscwicski:

Your claim has been turned over to me by Mr. F. Edward Jones, Assistant Claims Manager.

We are doing everything we can to adjust the matter to your satisfaction. You will no doubt hear from me in a few days.

Yours very truly,
William S. Zuggle,
Asst. Mgr. Store Accounts

Mr. J. Czscwicski Nov. 6
1512 Lovelack Blvd.
Bronx, New York
Dear Mr. Czscwicski:

Mr. Zuggle, our assistant to the manager of Store Accounts, has talked over your case with me. Having made a thoroughgoing examination of the records I can only inform you that our files show the furniture which you originally purchased of us was delivered to you in perfect condition. Our policy, as you know, is *The Customer Is Never Wrong.* You seem to feel, however, that we should take back the furniture we sent you in good faith and substitute some other type. This, as you can understand, is wholly out of the question, as you have been using the goods for a considerable period of time.

Naturally we wish to keep the good will of each and every one of our thousands of customers. Therefore, if you will call at the store between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. and sign an affidavit of exchange, we shall be happy to allow you a trade-in allowance of 50% of its purchase price against any Modernistic suite you may care to select.

Yours very truly,
L. S. Mudd,
Vice President

Dear Everything for Nov. 7
the Home Furniture Co.
866 E. Broadway
Bronx, New York
Attention of Mr. L. S. Mudd
Sir:

If I call at your office between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. I will bust your nose off for you. If you will like to make your attorney or somebody to call on me I will also bust his nose off for him. What is this, anyway? I would like more better to fight anybody in your store than Mrs. J. Czscwicski, my wife. So all I got to say now is if the furnish which we bought and paid too much for anyway cash $863.08 is not delivery at this apartment by the next few days somebody in your store is wish he would started up in some other business. If you think how I got to make my living is reporting to your office between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. to lose half my money you are a screwball. Please let me know within one day whether we are going to get the furnish we bought in the first place or I will explain to the police station in pretty clear English the type I speak the whole situation.

Respectfully,
J. Czscwicski

Mr. J. Czscwicski Nov. 8
1512 Lovelack Blvd.
Bronx, New York
Dear Sir:

Your letter of Nov. 7th has been referred to me.

As you are no doubt well aware, our store motto, originally laid down by the Founder 62 years ago, and adhered to by its management ever since, is *The Customer Is Never Wrong.*

An establishment such as the Everything for the Home Furniture Co. soon discovers its best policy is to accede to even the most unreasonable demands of our customers.

Therefore, if you will call with your wife at any time whatever, you may select furnishings to the value of $863.08 in exchange for those which were purchased by you many months ago.

We prefer to take this loss rather than leave you dissatisfied with the Everything for the Home Furniture Co., the Store That Satisfies Everybody.

Yours very truly,
Mortimer S. Skee,
President ⋕

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With a
RONRICO
WEST INDIES
*Cocktail**

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Covered with snow, cold as an iceberg! You and thousands of other smart Americans met this snow-capped drink at sub-tropical Miami and Miami Beach, where it outsold all other cocktails last season. Now it's "Our Special" in bars and clubs from N. Y. to L. A. Ask for this champagne glass full of summer satisfaction today. Need we add that it *must* be made with Ronrico White Label, whirred to icy smoothness in an electric drink-mixer?

RONRICO
RUM *Collins*

—Another icy reason why Ronrico quenches more U. S. thirsts than any other West Indies rum! Recipes for the West Indies, Collins, Swizzle and dozens of other good drinks that TASTE good are in the new Ronrico Cocktail Book. Write to Ronrico, Dept. E, 111 Eighth Ave., New York City, for free copy.

RONRICO DISTILLED PUERTO RICAN RUM is produced at the West Indies largest distillery, the plant of the Puerto Rico Distilling Co., Arecibo, P.R. White Label and Gold Label, both 86 proof—light-bodied rums of identical quality. Red Label, 90 and 151 proof, a heavy-bodied rum of amazing smoothness.

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McKESSON & ROBBINS, Inc., N. Y.

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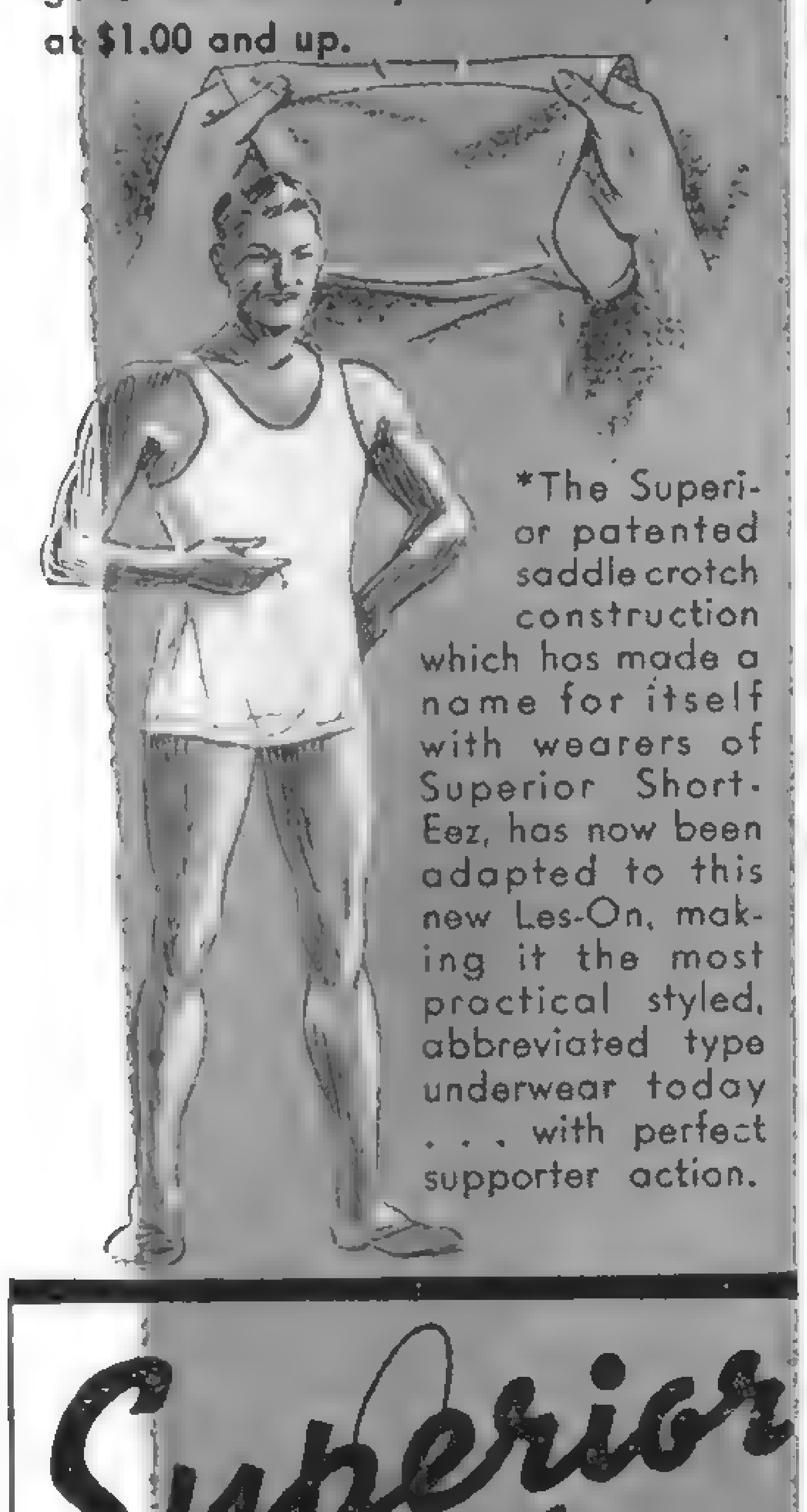
DOES YOUR HUSBAND WEAR LES-ON?"

"Of course he does! He's found that the bunching, binding and crawling of ordinary underwear is totally absent in Les-On . . . what's more, he finds they're just as comfortable whether he's sitting in his office or playing a round of golf."

Thousands of men, during the past few years, have learned what comfortable underwear really should be, but now there is an even greater thrill from the new Les-On with its patented saddle crotch construction. The new Les-On eliminates all the defects found in ordinary underwear, gives complete protection and excellent supporter action, yet does not bind or restrict freedom of action under any and all conditions, from lounging to the most active sport.

The new Les-On is available at good dealers everywhere. It is priced at $1.00 and up.



*The Superior patented saddle crotch construction which has made a name for itself with wearers of Superior Short-Eez, has now been adapted to this new Les-On, making it the most practical styled, abbreviated type underwear today . . . with perfect supporter action.

Superior Inc.
PIQUA OHIO U. S. A.

LOOK FOR "Superior" ON THE BOX

Adventures in Minimania

Continued from page 59

ing the utmost in the way of saccharine allure: stars wheeling across a jeweled firmament, jasmine scented bower, light plash of fountain, honeyed waltz strains muted by distance. You will hear them murmur tenderly of focal depths, gamma densities, ammoniated halides, resolving power, filter factors, pre-aged dry mixtures, circles of confusion, photometric indices and infra-red sensitization. To them, moonlight in June is only something by which it is now possible to take a picture—if all goes well.

The miniature camera is not merely a small camera. There have been small cameras for years. Miniature photography involves an almost completely new technique, derived largely from what the motion picture industry spent uncounted millions to learn.

Let us say you are photographing a landscape, traversed by a highway along which an automobile is approaching. You are using a small camera which takes small film; what is loosely described as the "vest pocket size." Upon this small negative the approaching automobile appears as a tiny, barely perceptible blob. Under the pre-minnie methods of processing pre-minnie materials, an enlargement of this negative would show that tiny blob merely as a larger blob, with little or no detail that was not already visible in the small original print. But enlarge a negative of precisely the same scene as made by almost any of the recognized miniature cameras, using a fine grain film which has been processed by fine-grain developers, and—if all goes well—you will be able to decipher the figures on the automobile's license plate. That is the difference between a small negative and miniature photography.

The ogre that had to be conquered was, and still is, "grain." If you who read these lines are old enough to have seen the very early motion pictures, then known as mutascopes or bioscopes, you may recall the appallingly coarse texture of the scenes. You did not particularly mind this at the time, because the miracle of motion in photographs was enough to afford complete satisfaction to the spectator. But the next time you happen to see a historical movie review, something that shows 1915 war shots, let us say, devote a moment's attention to its texture. You will note that the picture looks as though it were being sprayed onto the screen with birdshot. That is "grain." The bits of silver in the film's developed emulsion are so coarse that the tremendous enlargement of projection shows them up as individually perceptible particles. In a still photograph, correspondingly magnified, such defects are vastly more noticeable, because motion no longer distracts the eye from close and critical inspection.

With large negatives in large cameras, grain does not become a factor, because no magnification is involved in making a print. Yet, in spite of this, the entire history of photography has been one of shrinkage.

"Camera" is short for *camera obscura*, which is Latin for dark room. The first camera was a dark room with a small hole pierced in one shutter. Through this hole the reversed and inverted image of the outside landscape was projected upon the opposite wall. Even now a pinhole camera can be made out of a shoe box on precisely the same principle.

Just as it finally dawned on Charles Lamb's Chinaman that he did not have to burn down the entire house when he wanted to roast a pig, so the dabblers with the *camera obscura* finally realized that they did not have to utilize an entire room to project an image, either through a pinhole or through a lens. Thus the shrinkage of the dark chamber from its original proportions was begun.

It is well to stress at this point that the original camera was not a photographic instrument, but was used largely by etchers and lithographers to project traceable images. Just which name should properly be linked with the first permanent picture made by light is a matter for occasionally violent debate, for the process, though undeniably perfected by Louis Daguerre, was based on earlier researches by Joseph Nicéphore Niepce, and worked out by the two in a formal partnership.

Though the *camera obscura*, in one form or another, had even then been in use for centuries, the first photographic portrait was made less than a hundred years ago. Using Daguerre's process, an American, J. W. Draper, made a photograph of his sister, coating her face dead white with chalk, seating her in full sunlight, and making an exposure of five minutes duration. This was a notable advance on the original work of Daguerre, which required an exposure of seven hours before the image of a sunlit landscape could be permanently fixed on a metal plate. To view this in its proper perspective, one should consider the fact that in certain ultra-photographic processes today, such as the making of motion pictures of fast-moving objects, like the blades of an electric fan, exposures of 1/100,000 of a second have been successfully utilized.

The daguerreotype and its modifications, progenitors of the now vanishing tintype, were followed by the use of glass plates coated with wet collodion which, just before exposure, was dipped into a sensitizing bath of silver salts. Since such salts crystallized out of the collodion as this dried, the plates had to be used while still wet from their immersion. Though lightning fast when compared to

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THE NATURAL COLOR FILM
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"In the distinctive blue and silver box"

the Daguerre process, they were still snail-slow when judged by modern standards. Hence the photographers of thirty or forty years ago had to jam a subject's head into an iron clamp which kept the victim immobile for the required length of time. This likewise accounts for the strained expression observable on *carte de visite* portraits in the blue or amber plush albums without which no parlor table was complete at the turn of the century. Future historians may yet conclude that all early photographs were made in a dentist's anteroom.

Came the discovery of the dry plate, which took the camera out of the studio or the laboratory, since emulsions no longer had to be used while still wet. This in turn was followed by the substitution of celluloid film for glass, at which stage we must add the name of George K. Eastman to the roster of those who gave the world photography as we know it today. He produced the kodak, using roll film wound with light-proof black paper, so that the camera could be loaded and unloaded in daylight; and this, in turn, brought into being the amateur photographer, who needed neither technical equipment nor technical knowledge, training or skill. He aimed his black box in the general direction of the desired subject and banged away, took the roll of films to the nearest drugstore, and called for the finished prints the next day.

Under the drive of Eastman's genius, the kodak was given a collapsible bellows to replace the solid box structure. Thus the dark room with a hole pierced in one shutter became a flat, folding affair in a diversity of small, portable sizes, from "vest pocket" on up. Compared to the huge, standard cameras of that day, these were really miniatures, but essentially the photographic processes were still what they had been ever since the first dry emulsion was commercially produced. The developed silver particles of the image were still coarse, and, under any kind of magnification, showed up as individual grains. In other words, in order to secure large photographs, it was still necessary to make large negatives in large cameras.

Enter the movies. In projection, a single frame measuring 1 by ¾ inches, had to be enlarged to the dimensions of a screen measuring approximately 15 by 20 feet. But by way of compensation, the enthusiasm of a hundred million theatre-goers transmuted a steady stream of nickels into gold, and unlimited funds were provided to finance the improvement of film. This involved quantity production, a department of industry in which the United States definitely leads the field. The Eastmans and the Duponts were quite content to leave the manufacture of precision cameras to the foreign technicians, as long as they, in turn, might produce the endless miles of film those cameras would consume.

Special dyes now render emulsions sensitive to the red as well as to the blue sections of a light ray, producing panchromatic and superpanchromatic films which are infinitely faster than the old orthochromatic type. A sub-microscopic division of silver particles, and slow-acting developers that keep these particles from agglomerating into perceptible clumps, so that even under great magnification they are still far beyond the limit at which the resolving power of the human eye can differentiate them as separate units—all these are now available, and the drive for improvement is still on. That is why a tiny blob, barely recognizable as an automobile on a small negative, can be enlarged until the individual digits of the license number are clearly visible.

One other name must now be added to this proem to minimania.

Twenty-five years ago a young technician named Oskar Barnack had just joined the staff of the microscope department of the Leitz optical works in Wetzlar. A mechanical wizard, with an uncannily skillful pair of hands, a deviser and builder of calculating machines, an amateur astronomer of some note, Barnack was also passionately addicted to the hobby of photography. In 1911 he had just taken up motion picture making, using a camera of his own design and of home construction. But the cost of raw film was too great a drain upon his slender purse, in view of the footage that was spoiled when some of his scenes were overexposed and others were badly undertimed.

Now there are two ways in which the amount of light passing through a camera lens to a film can be varied. One is by the increase or decrease of shutter speed; that is, by leaving the shutter open for any desired period of time from 1/1000 of a second to five minutes or half an hour. The other is by varying the size of the opening through which the lens-admitted light must pass. This opening is called the stop. Obviously, a small stop, just a tiny hole in the lens diaphragm, admits less light than does a stop of wide diameter. In 1911, motion picture cameras used a uniform shutter speed of one-fortieth of a second. Hence the amount of light could be varied only by varying the diameter of the stop, in order to give a scene taken in dense shadows or on a cloudy, overcast day, the same exposure value on the film as one taken in bright sunlight.

To gauge the correct stop for his home-built movie camera under varying light conditions by something more than guesswork, Oskar Barnack devised a miniature camera, with a fixed shutter speed of one-fortieth of a second. Instead of standard roll film, this camera used short test strips of movie film, with a fine lens of great speed and clarity. It was not intended to be a picture-

Continued on page 198

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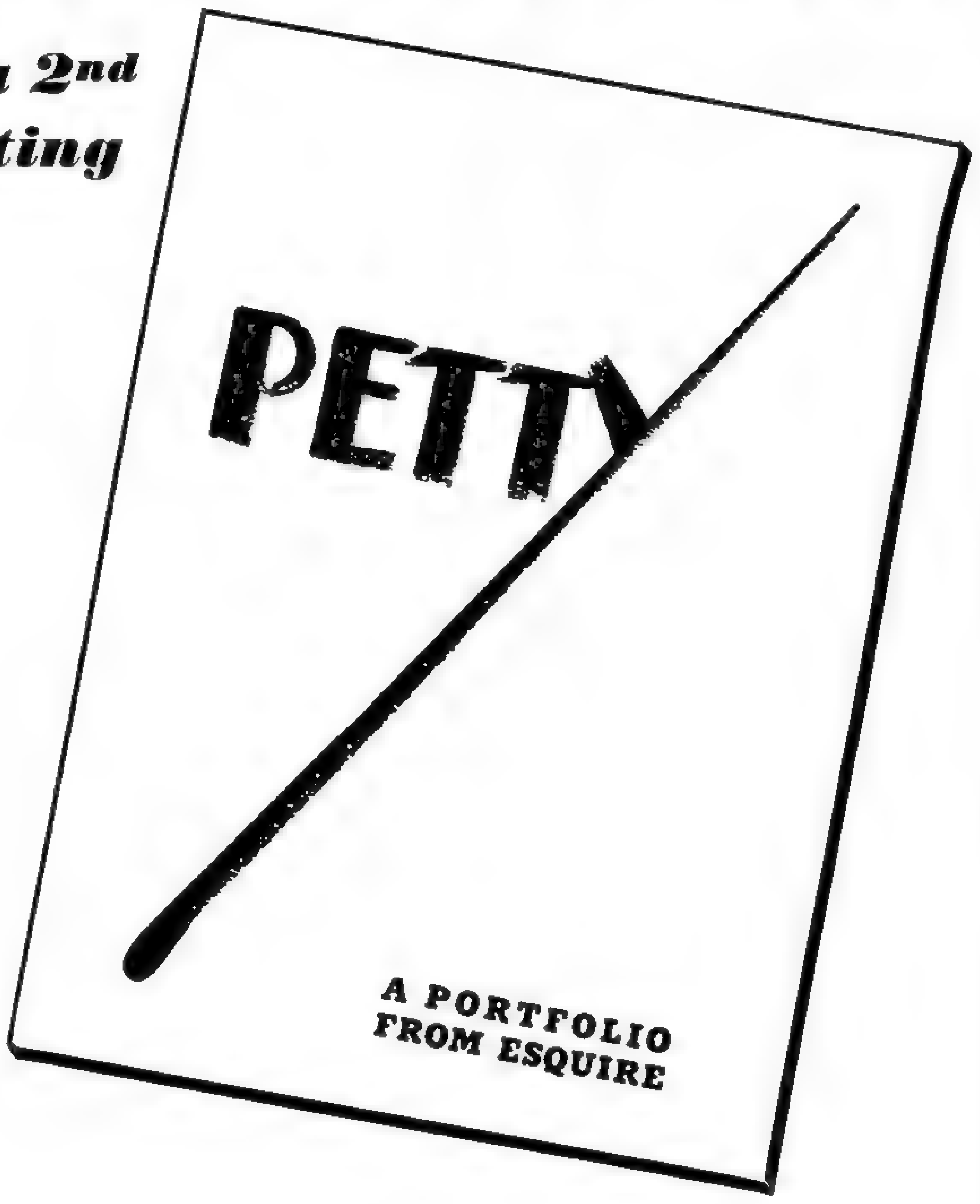

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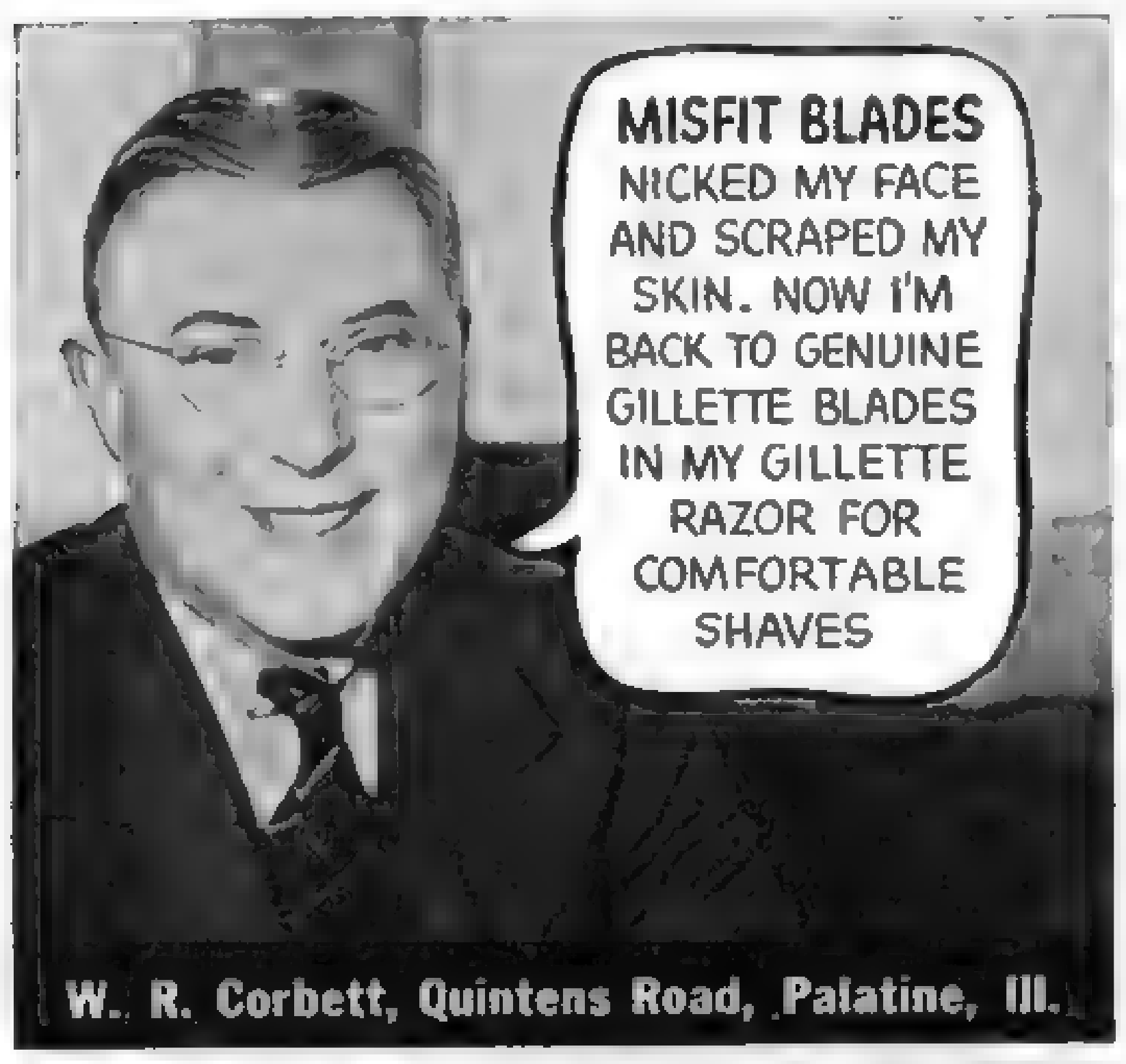
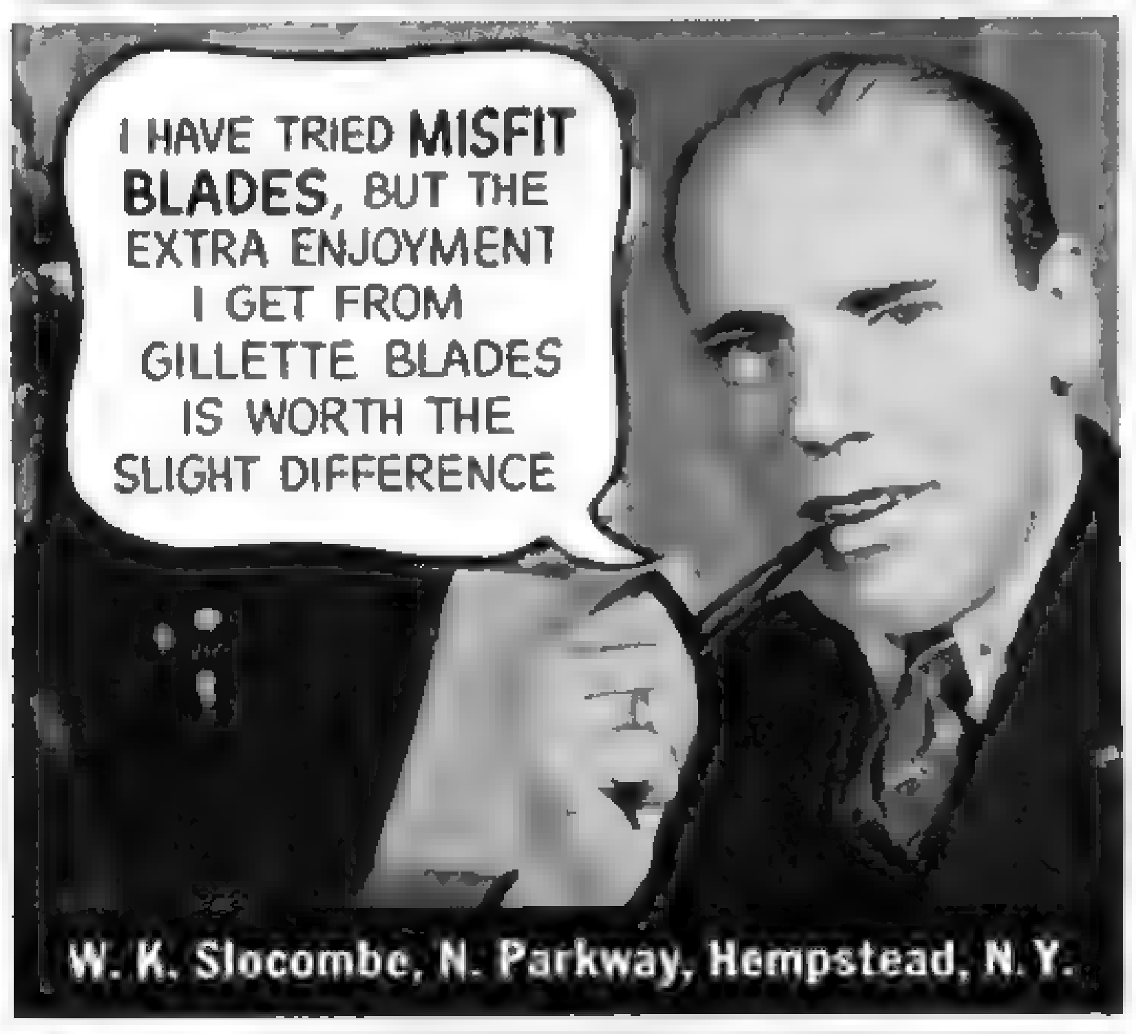
“Misfit Blades Nicked My Face Scraped My Skin

—says Illinois man

Now I’m back to Gillette Blades in my Gillette Razor.”


MISFIT BLADES NICKED MY FACE AND SCRAPED MY SKIN. NOW I'M BACK TO GENUINE GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR FOR COMFORTABLE SHAVES

W. R. Corbett, Quintens Road, Palatine, Ill.


I HAVE TRIED MISFIT BLADES, BUT THE EXTRA ENJOYMENT I GET FROM GILLETTE BLADES IS WORTH THE SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

W. K. Slocombe, N. Parkway, Hempstead, N. Y.

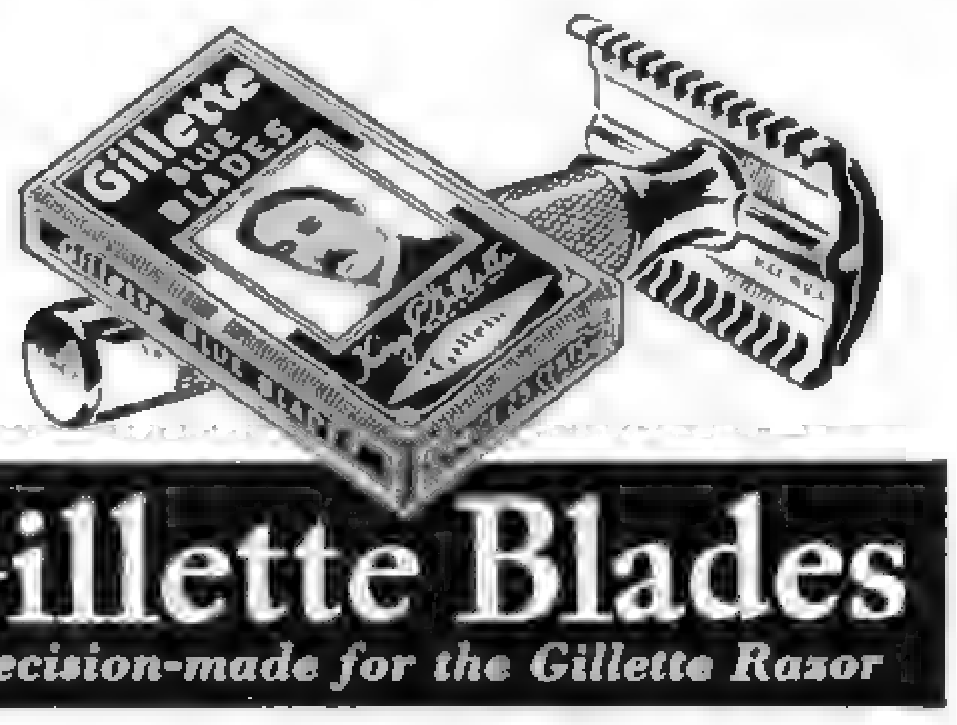
RECENTLY MY FACE BECAME SO SORE FROM MISFIT BLADES THAT I COULDN'T SHAVE FOR DAYS. I'M GLAD I AM BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR

J. J. Fritz, 3400 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Millions Switching Back

— to Gillette “teamwork” shave

THE trouble with using MISFIT blades is that the shaving edges may not be properly exposed in the razor. Too much shaving edge is likely to scrape your face. Not enough shaving edge leaves your face half shaved. But why risk these discomforts when you can avoid them by always using Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other. Designed by the same engineers, they are matched as perfectly as the parts of a fine watch. Buy Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today.



Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Adventures in Minimania

Continued from pages 59-197

making instrument at all; merely an exposure meter. Yet some of these test shots showed such amazing definition and beauty, and the movie film was capable of so much greater enlargement than were the ordinary commercial emulsions, that not only Barnack, but the company executives as well, immediately realized that here was a notion worth looking into.

But the year was 1914, when all the world went mad and plunged into five years of slaughter. One of the few pictures that survive from Oskar Barnack’s test rolls is a mobilization scene. After the Armistice, another five years elapsed before the world’s convalescence was far enough along to permit the resumption of hobbies. Then, and not until then, Barnack’s toy was given all the refinements his ingenuity and the resources of the Leitz lens department could provide—variable focal plane shutter, light-proof cartridges for daylight loading, accurately calibrated focusing scale and the like. As the first commercial miniature cameras these were introduced to the trade in 1925.

Today there are miniature cameras of an almost infinite variety of design and price range. The cost of some of the finest foreign models, fully equipped with interchangeable lenses and other accessories, runs well beyond the $1000 mark. Characteristically enough, American enterprise has centered upon the popular price field through quantity production, and excellent models are available from $12.50 up. It is impossible to say whether this is the cause or the effect of the minimania that is abroad in the land. The miniature camera is attractively “gadgety” on its own account, and is highly efficient to boot. It has still another advantage. The cost of film is comparatively small. Those who buy stock in bulk, and wind their own short rolls of movie film, pay only about half a cent an exposure. Translating this into the ordinary commercial unit, it comes to no more than six cents a dozen, which enables the minimaniac virtually to fire at will without stopping to count the cost too closely. On the sheer basis of mathematical probability and chance, he will, therefore, secure at least a few impressively beautiful pictures in a large number of tries, and perhaps an occasional superlative.

Over and above this, the miniature camera is handy. The minimaniac can start out for a week end, equipped with what amounts to a standard camera for ordinary shots, a telephoto camera for bringing distant objects much closer into the field of view, a wide angle camera, filters for special effect, three or four different types of special film, and enough material for about 250 exposures, all compressed into less bulk than is occupied by an ordinary reflecting camera with but one lens.

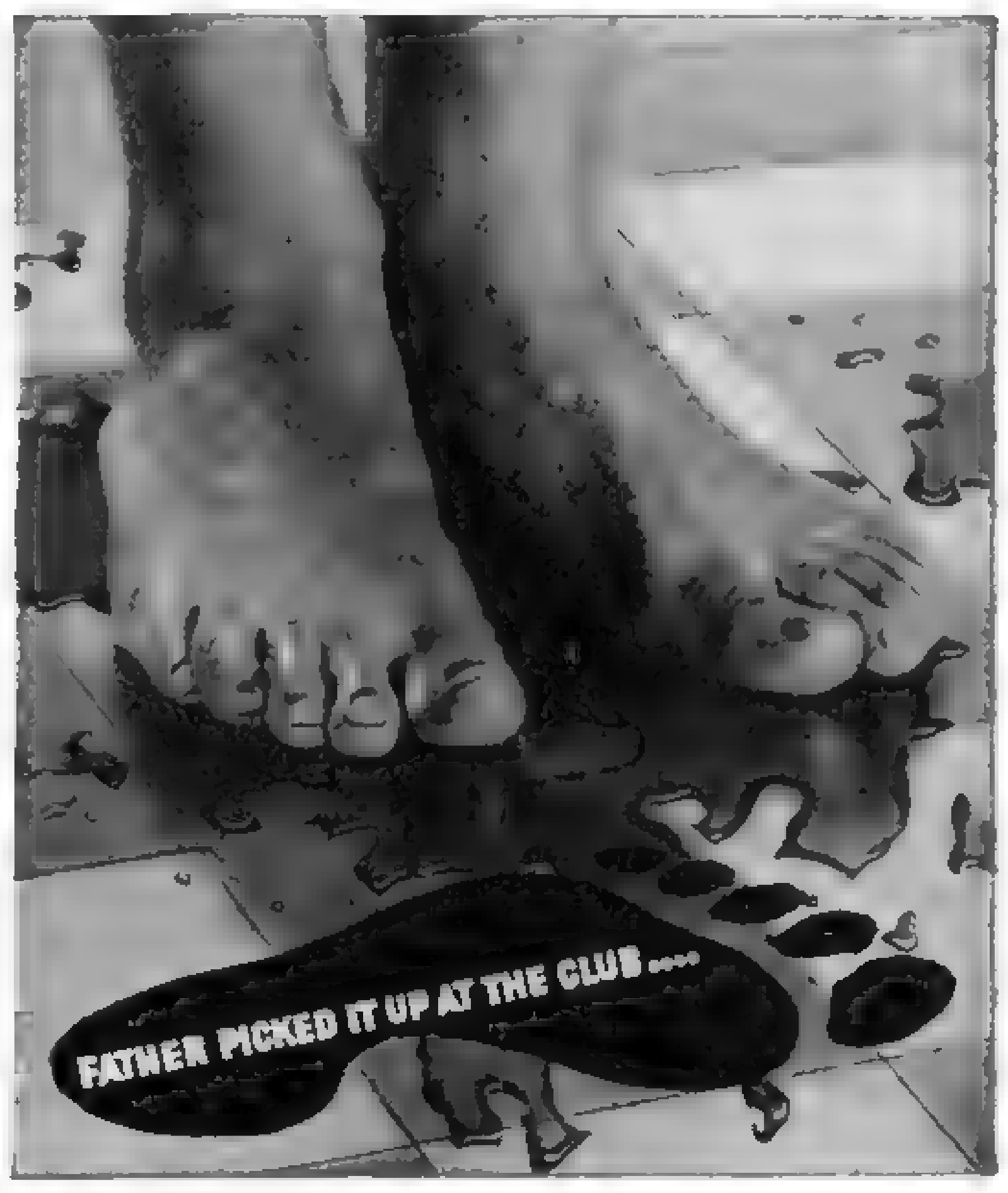
However, some of the old school photographers sulk in their dark tents, firmly entrenched upon the seat of the scorner, and cry out upon the minnies. They insist there is nothing new in the miniature technique; that this is merely a minor modification of standard photographic practice; that enlargements made from miniature negatives are usually barren of inherent merit or beauty, and constitute no more than dark room acrobatics, to which no one would devote a second glance but for the tiny original that appears beside the salon print to call attention to the remarkable feat of mechanical enlargement. Derisively they point out that miniature negatives cannot be retouched; to which the minimaniacs loftily retort that the great trick is to take pictures which need no retoucher’s pencil to confer fictitious virtues—and that, Your Honor, is how the fight started, though there was really no need for the neighbors to turn in a riot call.

The users of large cameras raise a good deal of to-do over their superiority in the matter of dust. A single dust speck on a standard negative, which is not enlarged in the printing, remains to all intents and purposes invisible. But under a ten-diameter enlargement, which increases its area a hundredfold, a single dust speck becomes an eyesore. Moreover, the soft, gelatin surface of a newly processed and still wet minnie negative develops an affinity for dust specks which, under the popular system for dealing with the woes of mankind, should be abolished by law. After all, why not a DAMN—a Dust Abolition Meddlers’ Neocracy? It’s about the only thing that has been overlooked, to date; and the minimaniac vote is something no political party will be able to ignore if the infection continues to spread. Let the heads of the next quadrennial patronage dynasty give prayerful attention to the following recital of fact:

Ken Knoblock is a minimaniac who now merely writes mystery novels as a hobby. As such, he attended the inaugural sailing of a challenge sloop race between the Governors of Louisiana and Mississippi. There might be other match races between the chief magistrates of these neighbor commonwealths, but never again could there be a first one. Any minimaniac will readily understand why this made a camera record of the event more to be desired than pearls, for after all, what are pearls? Merely something only an expert can distinguish from an imitation.

Ken’s minnie was equipped for the occasion with filters for cloud shots and with a special telephoto lens that would bring up the two yachts and practically dump them into your lap. Forty

Home life of A CARRIER★



BROUGHT IT HOME TO MOTHER..

GAVE IT TO JUNIOR, TOO

Get rid of ATHLETE’S FOOT

THOSE who carry Athlete’s Foot injure others as well as themselves, yet there are millions of people today who neglect that itching, burning condition of the skin between the toes.

Hence, wherever they tread barefoot they spread the insidious infection—in club locker-rooms, bathhouses, on the edges of swimming pools, even in their own bathrooms where their families fall prey to the digging, boring fungus.

Don’t be a carrier! Examine the skin between your toes at once. Is it red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For, as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

If your case gets really serious, consult a doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. Buy a bottle today and insist on the genuine. It has been proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it. Absorbine Jr. is economical because so little brings relief. At your druggist’s, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 430 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

★“CARRIER” is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete’s Foot are “carriers.” And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete’s Foot) at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread disease wherever they tread barefoot.

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Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

shots to the roll, and Ken serenely banged away for a full two rolls. Cloud effects, wave effects, white sails beautifully taut against the dark blue of sea and sky, sloops knocking down under a spanking breeze—Swell stuff!

Your true minimaniac never entrusts his precious films to alien hands. He mixes his own solutions, watches their temperatures with the aid of a clinical thermometer and a great deal more anxious care than a professional nurse displays toward the chart of a pneumonia patient, times the period of immersion with a stop watch, and screams at his wife if she ventures so much as to suggest that the mixture of chrome alum and sodium bisulphite that was spilled in the ice chest probably won't do tomorrow's lamb chops any perceptible good.

Neither does your true minimaniac brook any delay in the processing of his films. He is ever anxious to learn the worst, and occasionally the best, at the earliest possible moment.

Thus Ken developed the two rolls in the bathroom of the Knoblock apartment, and examined the result with a magnifying glass. At once he uttered the same sort of eager sounds with which a pack of beagles greets the sight of a rabbit at the end of a long chase. Out of the eighty shots, there appeared to be eighty perfect pictures. Everything had clicked to the split second, the fractional degree, and the nebulous intangibilia of "quality."

("Quality," by the way, is the world's most useful word when dealing with photographers. Gamma, contrast, definition, depth of field—all these may develop pitfalls for the novice in photographic conversation. But "quality" is safe, for it may mean practically anything. When shown a negative, exclaim rapturously: "Gee! It sure has quality!" and you can't go wrong.)

Anyway, Ken's two priceless rolls had it. They had everything. They were even worth the argument that had to be carried on with Mrs. Knoblock—a gracious and sympathetic soul if ever there was one—over the matter of Ken's pre-emption of the bathroom after the hot and dusty drive back from the bay. Tenderly he squeezed surplus moisture from the two strips with specially made artificial sponges which would not mar the delicate surface. With no more care than a physicist might exercise in weighing an atom he stretched the films horizontally to dry, emulsion side down, so that stray particles of dust might settle on the uncoated celluloid backing and not on the soft gelatin where, once embedded, they were in for keeps.

Then, and not until then, he surrendered the bathroom to Mrs. Knoblock, and remained blissfully impervious to her uxorial comments on husbands who rode a photographic hobby into the ground. In fact, the lovely bubble of his beatitude was not pricked until he discovered that, after her ablutions, Mrs. Knoblock had briskly powdered herself all over, filling the air of the bathroom with billowing clouds of precipitated talc, most if not all of whose particles embedded themselves inextricably in the emulsion of those two films. So far as ultimate effect might go, these could just as well have been sprayed with bursts of machine-gun fire. Entire volumes could not say more for the essential stability and beauty of the marital bond than the simple statement that the Knoblocks are still quite happily married.

Undeniably, minimania and domestic serenity are not compatible. From beginning to end the processing of photographs is messy, and that definitely raises the coefficient of irritability on the distaff side of the house. It is likewise not to be gainsaid that one who is ordinarily a patient and understanding husband, a kind and even indulgent father, becomes a tameless martinet when objection is raised to turning down the bed covers so that a batch of wet prints may be dried face down against the sheets to keep the paper from curling.

However, the strain of minimania falls not merely on the family tie. It has already been indicated that one school of professionals looks upon the most recent shrinkage of camera proportions with a very jaundiced eye. Particularly is this true of the news photographers, who see their prestige—and Heaven knows they get little else out of their labors—menaced by the spread of this innovation. Some four years ago the largest firm of American photographic manufacturers produced a miniature camera primarily designed for the use of reporters who knew next to nothing about photography, but could be taught to operate a simple minnie, which took remarkably sharp pictures readily capable of the enlargment required for newspaper use.

Yet the adoption of these cameras was by no means as general as might have been expected because, after pictures were taken by reporters, the films had to be turned over to the news photographers to be processed. Consciously, because of economic apprehension, or subconsciously, through lack of interest in amateur maneuvers, the photographers appeared to be unable to attain the happiest results with these negatives.

Indeed, there have been cases where the cameramen resorted to even more direct action against the menace of the minnies. A committee hearing was convened in New York not so very long ago, an important investigation which it would not be fair to identify more fully. Newsreel men and still photographers flocked thither upon assignment, only to learn at the door that the taking of photographs was prohibited. That in itself was bad enough; but the ban did not include reporters, and one of the latter smuggled a min-

Continued on page 200

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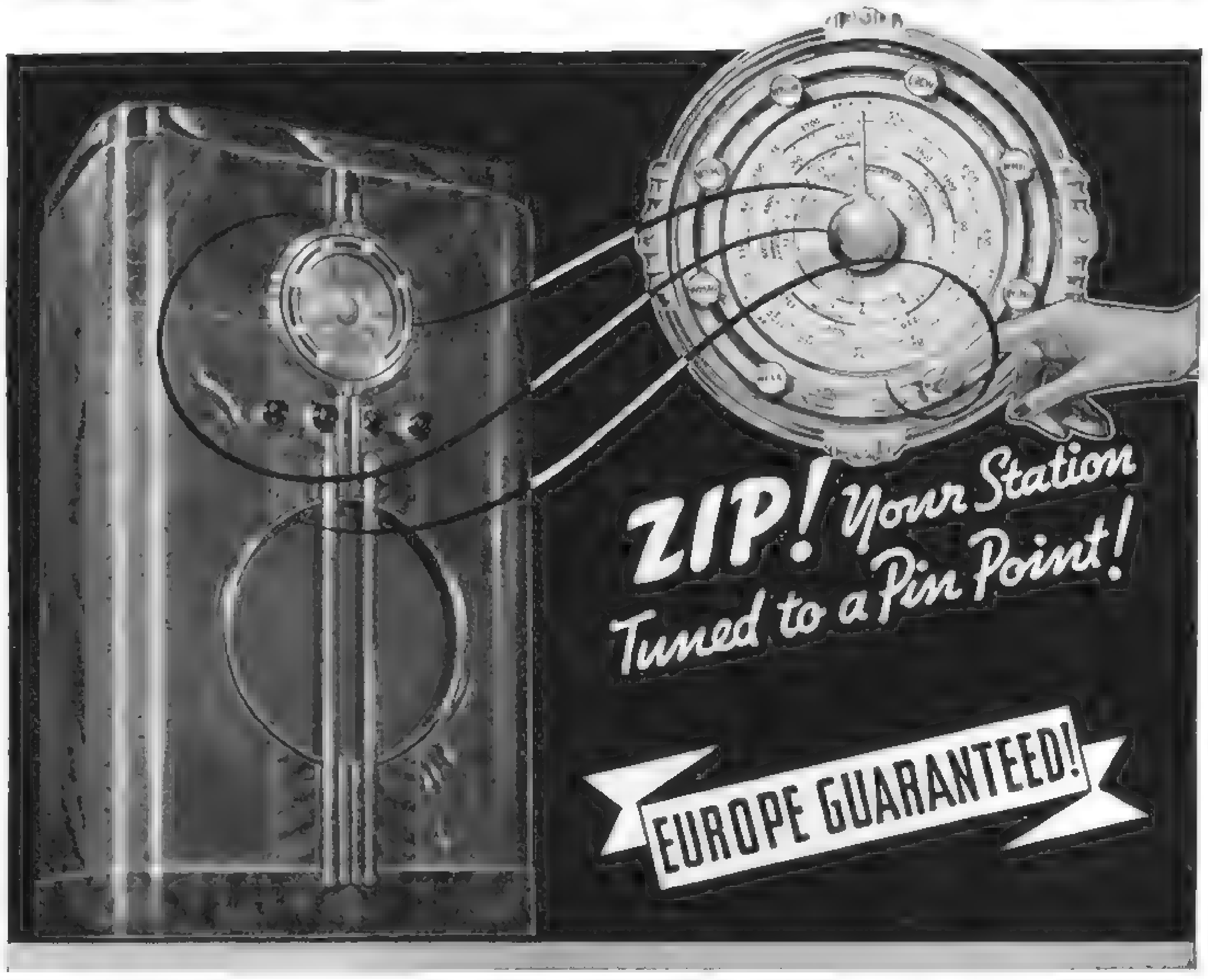

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NO HE SAID 10!
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ALL OVER 10 YEARS OLD
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88 PROOF Blended Scotch Whisky

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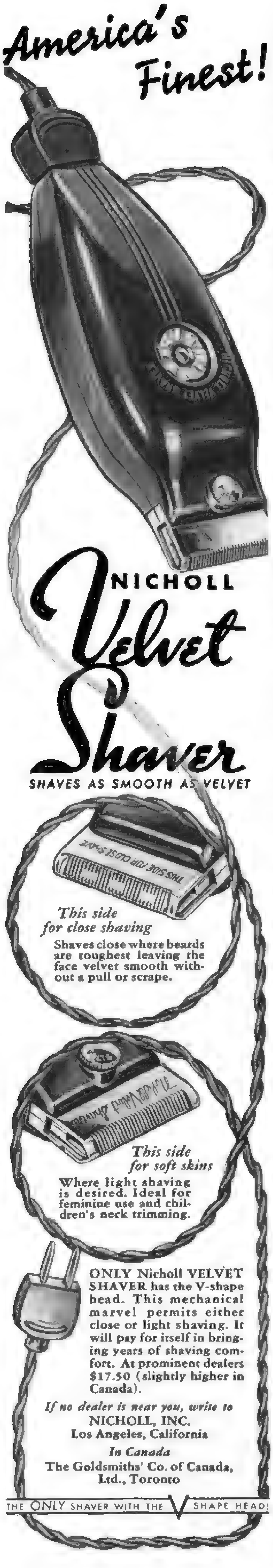
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Adventures in Minimania

Continued from pages 59-197-199

nie into the hearing room. Since the average layman even yet has not accepted the idea that it is now possible to make excellent snapshots without direct outdoor sunlight, the reporter took more than a dozen exposures without anyone but the helplessly watching professional photographers being a whit the wiser.

It would not have been cricket to spoil even a rival's game by calling the attention of the authorities to what he was doing. On the other hand, it was also out of the question to stand passively by under circumstances that might lead a publisher to fire his photographers and equip his reporters with minnies instead.

So the cameramen waited until the meeting was over, and as the hapless minnie wielder left the room, a solid phalanx of photographers closed about him, with the proposal that he divide his pictures to let everyone share in the spoil. This was rejected. The phalanx tightened suddenly. Closely packed figures obscured all view of what went on thereafter in the heart of that cluster, but a moment later the reporter was given back his camera. He swore futilely, for he assumed that the photographers had opened it to let daylight strike and ruin the film.

Little did he realize the thoroughness with which the thought that it pays to be clubby was to be impressed upon him. One of the photographers had simply rewound the film into its light-proof cartridge, and had removed this from the camera. Then it was taken away and developed, and every photographer in the crowd got one copy of one picture of the committee hearing, except the representative of the newspaper by which the minnie user was employed.

The lesson was not lost, and there has been comparatively little in the way of attempts by the news side to scoop the professionals on pictures through the use of minnies. On the other hand, the lesson was not lost on the professionals, either, and many of them now voluntarily equip themselves with the finest of miniature cameras and the fastest of lenses, ready to meet any emergency.

However, it is the amateur who goes in for minimania in a really big way. His first roll of film usually turns out better than in his fondest dreams he had hoped, and then, dear friends, the party is off. That is almost always the last good roll of film he produces in a long while. No one can explain why this should be so, other than to say that it is a good deal like golf. Theoretically there is no reason why, having once shot a par four on Number 7, a player should not make Number 7 in fours every time out. But he seldom does, if one excepts the comparatively few experts. If it isn't due to a worm cast or a slice or a heel print, it's sheer, cussed perversity. At any rate, par continues to remain a beckoning mirage along the horizon.

The same thing applies pretty much to the use of the miniature camera. In taking a picture, there are but three fundamentals to be observed: focus, shutter speed and stop must be exactly right. When they are, a perfect negative should be the result. But it isn't. Perhaps you've forgotten to rack out your lens, scoring a blurred circle instead of a sharp negative. Perhaps you neglected to remove the protective cap from the lens, scoring a blank. Your film may not be properly engaged with the sprockets of its guides, so that while the winding knob turns, the film does not. A thumb print may smear its way across the face of the one picture in the whole roll that you really wanted. While being hung up to dry, the film buckled, so that the still gummy emulsion surfaces came together and neatly peeled one another into obliteration. Reticulation may appear for no discoverable reason, and frill the film side of your negative into the sort of checks that appear on a mud-flat when it dries in the sun.

Does this discourage you? Certainly not. It only makes you the more grimly determined to shoot par on the next round. True, even the most inveterate of golfers occasionally reaches the point where he's ready to toss first his bag and then himself into the nearest water hazard. But about this time he usually steps up to one without caring any more what he does or how he does it, and whales away simply to let off steam. Bug-eyed, he sees the ball sail off dead on the pin in a shot not even Bobby Jones could better. The same phenomenon occurs in minimania. Disheartened, the minimaniac blazes away at the nearest photographable object merely to finish out what film still remains in the camera, determined never to snap another shutter thereafter. Among those careless shots one will be the picture of dreams. It receives honorable mention at the minnie club's monthly show, and the other minimaniacs ask for the exposure data for future reference. Sweet words!

Minimania likewise manifests the charm of the unexpected, the bit of photographic manna that falls from the Valhalla where Daguerre and Draper and Eastman and Barnack are comparing snapshots of spiral nebulae and candid photos of comets.

I remember standing not far from the marshy bank of Bayou des Oies when a white egret flapped lazily down out of the blue and went to feeding among the sedges. I had no telephoto lens along, and with a standard lens at that distance it would be difficult to see the bird at all. In spite of this I set the focus at in-

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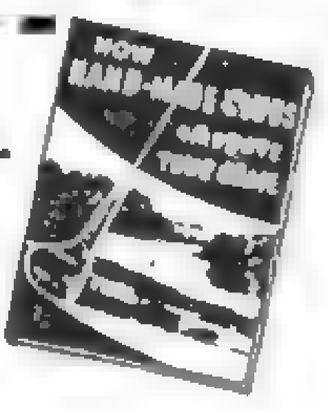

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finity and fired away once for luck. Then I began a stalk that a puma might well have envied, unmindful of the ooze into which I occasionally sank up to the eyelashes, taking progressive pictures as I drew ever closer until at last I had a respectably clear view of the feeding bird. Only then did I notice that, in my absorbed concentration on the avoidance of anything that might alarm the egret, I had neglected to change the camera focus to match the diminishing distance between my lens and my subject. This meant that every picture I had taken during that laborious advance was spoiled. In all haste I made the necessary adjustment, but just as I completed it the egret flew off. Kismet!

I hated to develop that particular roll of film, because forgetting to focus is such a humiliatingly hammy trick. But there were other pictures on the roll that I wanted, so there was nothing else to do, though the sight of what might have been prize pictures, all of them hopelessly out of focus, was bitter as aloes. True, the first shot—the one made from too great a distance to show the bird—was in focus; but here the heron was a mere speck on the negative. Nevertheless, from no more than a sense of duty, I made an eight-diameter enlargement. Behold! the speck had become recognizably a white heron. The ripples about its stilt-like legs were clearly distinguishable. And what was that . . .? Breathlessly I stepped up the enlarger as far as I could and made a 31-diameter print of the central section of the film, magnifying its area more than 900 times. I hope I may never peer through another view finder if the picture did not show in the beak of the egret the minnow the bird had just caught, and the very fork in the minnow's tail!

Did that content me? Would it have contented any minimaniac?

All I could think was: "If only I'd had a telephoto lens!" Naturally, I'm doing what I can. Every spring I make a pilgrimage to the heron sanctuary maintained by Edward A. McIlhenny at Avery Island, and in my kit there's a telephoto lens and enough film to be laid statistically end to end. I have not yet succeeded in securing a duplicate of those spoiled heron pictures, though I have added some gratifying prints to my collection. But give me time. Perhaps next spring . . .

The student of abnormal psychology may be interested to learn that another of my photographic grails now is the emergence of a cicada—or do you speak of them as locusts?—from its pupa case. A young nephew once found one of the larvae, which looks like a mildly surprised one-inch gargoyle with sickles for front legs, just as it had burrowed up out of the ground and was preparing to climb an oak tree. Bringing it into the house, he let it climb a window screen, where it hooked fast, split the brown, horny skin between its shoulders, and pulled itself out of its own back as a shimmering pale green cicada. Then it clung motionlessly to its discarded self, until its damp new wings should dry and harden for a sustained career of minstrelsy and romance.

There were two more shots on a roll of films I was anxious to take out of the camera anyway, so I set the minnie on a pile of books, arranged a couple of electric lights for bilateral illumination, and took two time exposures. Since I was not equipped for close-ups at the time, the results were nothing for which to turn out the guard. Cicada pictures therefore took front rank immediately as unfinished business.

Set-back Number One was the discovery that I was in for a year's wait. Cicadas emerge from their larval stages only during a period of three weeks or so, beginning about the middle of August. The unsatisfactory pictures I had secured were taken so late in the season that I was unable to find any more emerging larvae that fall. By the following August I had become obsessed with the notion of taking not merely one picture of an emerging cicada, but an entire series showing every stage of the emergence.

The larvae leave their subterranean incubators about sundown, burrow up out of the ground into the open, crawl to the nearest upright, climb a little way from the ground, and then become immobile by way of preparing to burst out of their backs in metamorphosis. Each sundown, therefore, I took the trail, walking slowly along tree-shaded Henry Clay Avenue, making a minute examination of every live oak, hackberry and elm, and pretending not to hear the householders summon their youngsters indoors.

"Hurry in here, Junior. Here comes that crazy man again."

Considering how closely I examined the base of every tree along the street, I can readily imagine to what fixed delusion these good people assumed me to be subject.

Had Eurystheus been a minimaniac, he could have set Hercules one labor compared to which the cleansing of Augean stables would have been a pastime for anaemic invalids, like shooting fish in a barrel.

After capturing my first larva, I put it on a window screen. This was a mistake. In the first place, it was impossible, under those circumstances, to set the camera so as to secure the requisite profile view. In the second place, even in the three-quarter views I did secure, the cross-hatching of screenwire made a literally horrible background.

For the next larva I therefore provided a branch, fixed upright before a drape of black velvet to provide a solid background in the finished photograph. I then waited

Continued on page 202

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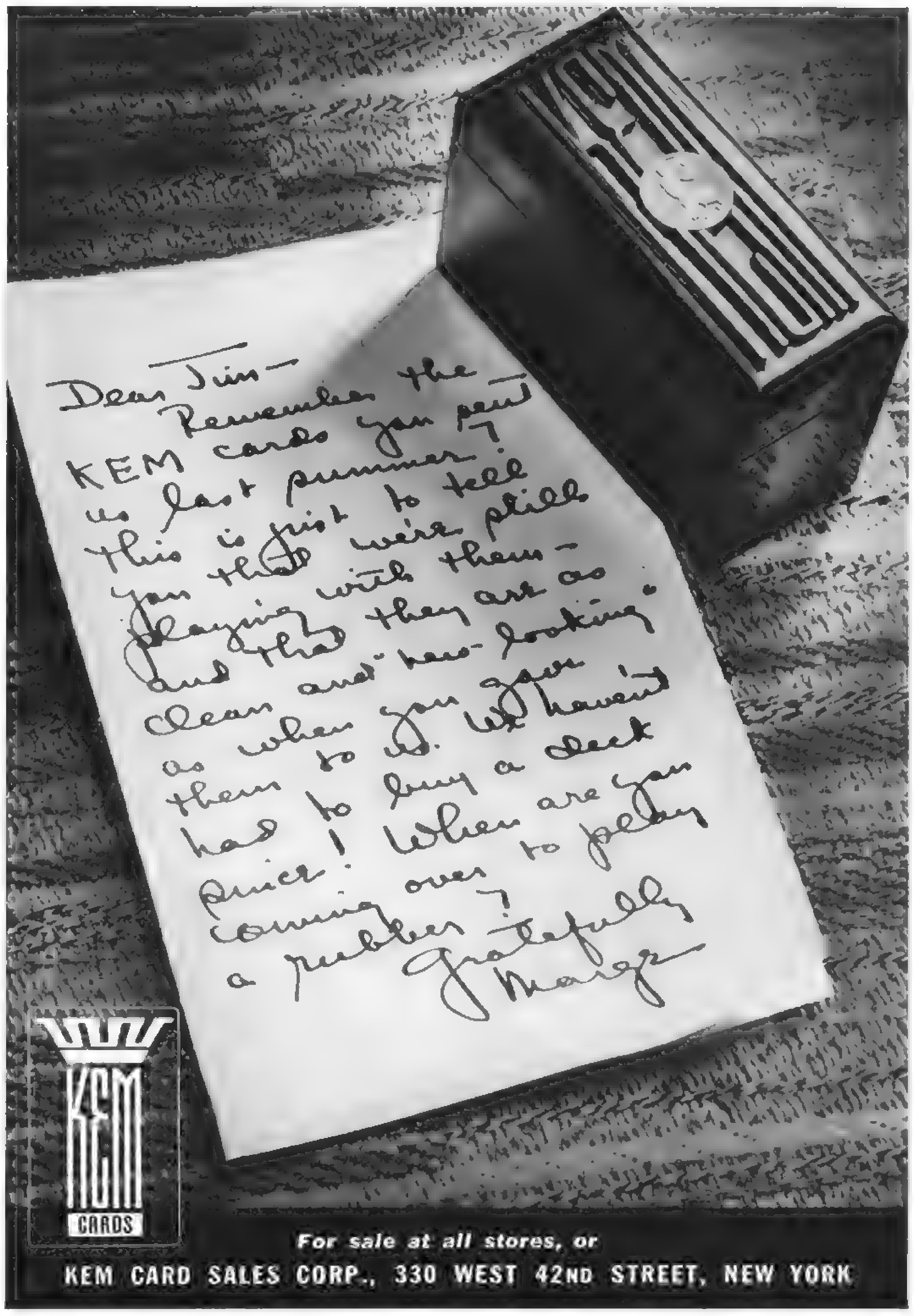

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Adventures in Minimania

Continued from pages 59-197-199-201

five mortal hours for that particular little gargoyle to hook up. What is more, I waited in vain. It clambered and crawled about the branch until it fell off. When replaced, it simply repeated the performance, falling with greater and greater frequency until, driven to the conclusion that I was dealing with an underprivileged cicada, whose abnormally low I.Q. had been still further impaired by concussions sustained in its falls, I restored it to the tree where I had found it.

Each of these efforts, be it understood, represented another night of travail, for by the time one failure was scored, it was too late and too dark to find another specimen, so that resumption of my labors had perforce to be put off until sundown the following day. However, with the next larva I had better luck. Quite undismayed by the blatant artificiality of its surroundings, it went briskly about the business of metamorphosis. Unfortunately, in order to secure instantaneous photographs of the various stages, I used flashlights. These proved too bright for the lens stop I had selected, so that what would otherwise have been a superlative set of pictures was spoiled through overexposure.

Thenceforth I used photoflood lamps, and on the next essay everything started favorably. The larva climbed the branch, hooked its claws firmly into the bark, and became immobile. Elated, I switched on my battery of incandescents. The sudden illumination must have frightened that poor little gargoyle out of whatever it had in lieu of wits. Uncounted cicada generations had metamorphosed in darkness, and here was the sun popping back out of the west with all the effect of a cabinet trick. The speed with which that larva unhooked itself and began to scramble about in search of a saner world was nothing short of Olympic.

Wearily I turned off the light and stretched out in an easy chair to let my subject hook up once more. But, being under the painful necessity of earning my daily bread and roses during those waking intervals not devoted to minimania, and having sacrificed many hours of sleep during the previous six or seven nights, I awoke some hours later to find that metamorphosis had been completed during my nap.

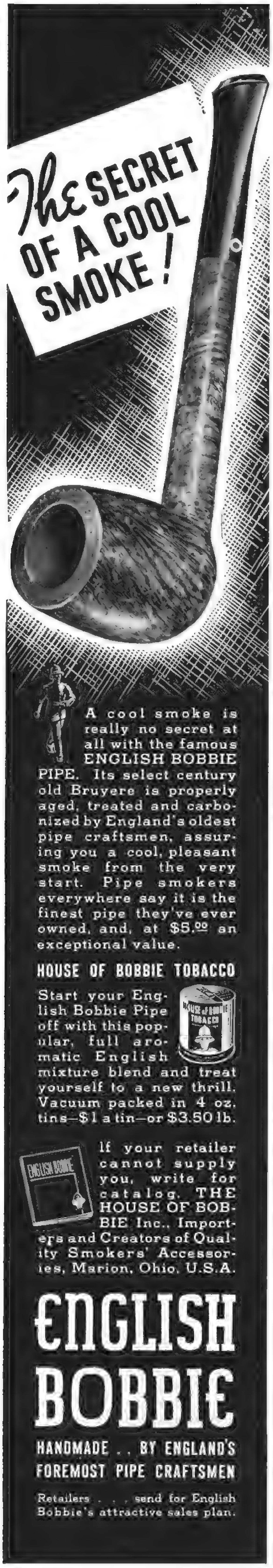
The next night I waited to let metamorphosis begin before I switched on the lights. Once the insect starts the process of climbing out of its back, it is helpless in so far as further locomotion is concerned until the change has been completed. Highly elated, I began to shoot, and after each shot I made written note of the hour and minute at which the exposure was taken. Midway of the series I raised my eyes from the notebook to find that in a causeless burst of speed my cicada had completed what is ordinarily a leisurely stage of its metamorphosis in one swift wrench, and that I had missed the two, and possibly three pictures without which my series could never be complete.

Let us shorten this threnody. Once the film jammed in its guides, and before I could restore it to functional utility, the fully emerged cicada, its work done, was leering at me. Once my last remaining photoflood bulb burned out so that, in the very middle of things, I had to stop taking pictures. Once the insect, contrary to all rhyme and reason, twisted itself sidewise out of its case into a new focal plane, and before I could re-focus, a great gap was left in the pictorial progression. One almost perfect negative reticulated in development. On at least two other occasions, a larva repeated the brainsick evolutions of my first subject and refused to hook up under artificial surroundings. But on one never-to-be-forgotten night, everything clicked, and I have one all but flawless roll of films showing every stage in the emergence of a cicada from its pupa.

Not quite perfect, you understand. I'll have to wait till next year for that, when I can try it again. But, now that I've begun to catch back on my sleep, I confess I'm a bit puzzled by the problem of why I'm striving for this particular goal. Those of my acquaintances who are not themselves minimaniacs, already show unmistakable signs of restiveness when I approach with a folder of pictures. But no matter. Another inmate of the asylum has a swell idea for photographing the moon through a telescope with a miniature camera, thus producing entire lunar landscapes on a film the size of a special delivery stamp. That ought to keep both of us fairly well occupied until Spring comes tripping north once more, when I'll have to leave for Avery Island and another try at the heron pictures . . .

As I remember it, I made earlier reference to a minimaniac who sought the complete pictorial record of the installation of an archbishop. Well, after the ceremony I took that roll of films to the darkroom of my paper, and developed it just in case I might have managed to snag some views our regular battery of photographers had missed. And by all the vibrations of the spectrum, what a honey that roll turned out to be! Every shot a bull's eye! So I passed the roll to the darkroom boy and told him to rinse the film in alcohol, while I told the city editor what I had, so that the film would be dry enough to print upon my return.

Properly impressed by my report, the art department was mobilized to make a special half-page panel showing all the suc-



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cessive stages of the new archbishop's investiture—until I got back to the dark room and found that Tony had immersed that priceless roll in wood alcohol instead of grain alcohol, and that the wood alcohol had dissolved the celluloid of the films into a warped and twisted horror.

Oh well, there'll be another archbishop installed somewhere sometime. And with any kind of luck . . . Does all this seem a bit difficult to understand?

Permit me to refer you once more to our original hypothesis that all photographers are a bit daft, and that the new breed of minimaniacs that has sprung up during the past eleven years are quite the maddest of the lot. That will help you to get the idea. But do not scoff. There are plenty of untenanted padded cells left, and minimania is no respecter of persons. #

Independent Research

Continued from page 32

it would—he asked for a research fellowship, which would enable him to continue on the same lines. He suggested a program of investigation of the neighboring Chacol tribes, which ought to prove interesting.

He nodded and sighed as he set down the letter. Sheffield was kind—that wasn't the point. The Director cared deeply for science. He had done a unique job, he would stand on that. It would cost them five thousand to duplicate it.

He glanced at his list of unfinished business, then rose and pushed the shutters open. By the shadows, it must be about eleven o'clock. He opened Field Notebook V, and reached for the manuscript. When he picked up the pencil, he found his hand shaky. He shook his head. That had been bad last night. Such a performance frightened him. He looked up, to the left, at the shelf of bottles of aguardiente in which had been steeped orange peel and a little honey, "Curaçao of Chancuén." If he didn't take a little, he'd lose a day. He poured a jigger of the strong stuff and drank it down with a slight effort. *Ha-agh.*

Today the mail comes. Six weeks. He shook his shoulders and went at the work. His pencil moved slowly, elaborately neat. He took infinite pains over a paragraph, selecting each word, then stopped for a cigarette.

He needed a cross-reference to his section on the Blood Sacrifice, and turned to it, then fell to reading the pages, feeling his skill and mastery as he did so. This had been a job! It ought to stand as a classic. And until he went up into the mountains, five years ago, no one even dreamed that such a ceremony existed. Reaching the desired reference, he noted it and let the pages drop. Slowly the sheet before him was filled. He sat back, staring out the window. Nearly noon. The mail was due now. He'd like to cross off another item on the list, but he felt too disturbed to keep plugging. He put each thing away in order, ready for continuation, fussed a little with the layout of his writing materials, then rose and paced the room.

The hurried explosions of an exhaust bounded and echoed from the forest on either side of the river, and tore through the quiet of Chancuén. He started, stiffened, wheeled and watched from his window. Through the trees he caught a glimpse of the launch and its green and white government flag. With uproar the great world touched this isolation. He heard the motor stop, and a voice hailing. The launch was coming up to the landing. While he took a drink, lit a cigarette, and picked up his hat, there was quiet. Then the motor started again, a splutter, hesitation, the steady roar. What little the world had for Chancuén had been tossed ashore, the launch headed hastily downstream to tie up for lunch and siesta at Malec, where there was a cantina.

He walked slowly across the plaza, feeling almost numb. The pain of hope, fear of rejection, the worse fear that there would be nothing. José, trotting past under a bundle of goods from the store, greeted him cheerfully. Half a dozen natives lounged by the post-office door, at one end of the white, solid *cabildo.*

Don Jorge, the mestizo postmaster, said, "*¿Qué tal, don Tomás?*"

"*Pues bien. ¿Y usted?*"

"*Bien, gracias.*"

"Any mail for me?"

"A package, that your man took."

"But—letters?"

Don Jorge pointed to the four on his table. "Only these. None for you, unhappily. You expected—?"

"I thought possible—"

"Next week, perhaps."

"Probably. It doesn't matter."

He kept a calm front and light tone of voice. One must. He strolled back. Alone, in front of his door, he paused a moment, stared at the ground, and cursed swiftly.

Paquita was setting the table. "The goods came," she said.

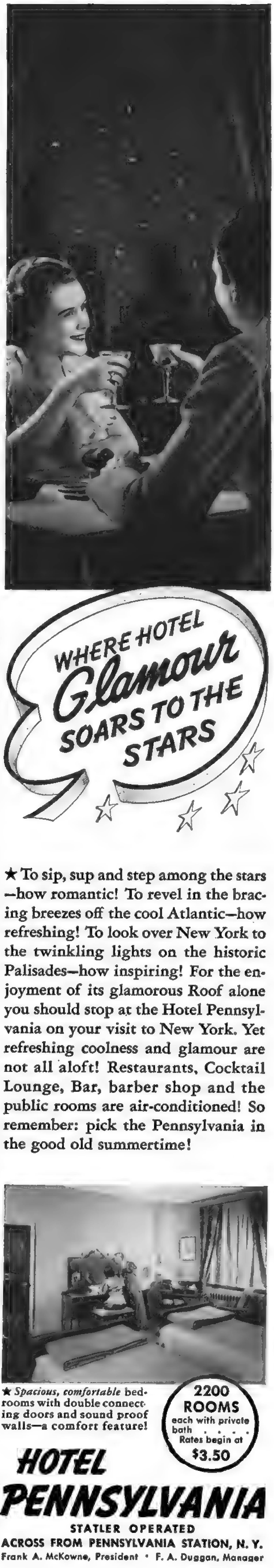
"All correct?"

"Yes."

He gave himself a drink, and having downed it, stood looking blankly at his desk. Suspense. Another week. Well, he could use it crossing off more of those unfinished items. I've been dilatory. O. K. He took his place at the table.

His first-born toddled in. As he sometimes did, he observed the brown child from the point of view of home. A sleeveless shirt, not reaching to the navel, was its only garment. Hands, feet, knees and backside were heavily dusty. He'd fathered this, it would be known always as Tomás Caunín, and the village and the child itself would perpetuate through all its life the tale of its origin. The

Continued on page 204



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Independent Research

Continued from pages 32-203

thought of girls at home, the university town . . .

Paquita talked of small things as she served him. He ate, looking at her from time to time, half listening. Just before the rains break the scientists pull out. From Veracruz to Venezuela, on foot, horseback, in canoes and boats, by narrow-gauge and by most amazing motor roads they converge on the ports and the steamers. In good health, or with remarkable diseases and remarkable sores, with little bottles containing the insects that caused them, with notebooks and specimen cases, with hard-won success and assurance of returning at the head of a better equipped expedition, or conscious of failure, or knowing that the appropriation has run out and good work must be left agonizingly unfinished, they head back for home. Then the rains come down, and a place like Chancuén is a morass, the river perilous, the jungle impossible. Mule-trains for the chicle camp at Cerro Redondo regularly bog down in the plaza.

A man financing himself can't afford to go home. The rainy months are allotted to intensive work in the home village, collation of data, the beginning of the great book. Paper is damp and tears easily, the lines of ink drawings blur, progress is hampered by infuriating, irrelevant delays. For six months the constant activity, travel, and normal fatigue have kept life swiftly moving, but now monotony, standstill sets in. Juan Tzac made the proposal himself, and his daughter, a divinely pretty little savage, was willing. Why not?

Her world was here. She had no understanding of why or at what he worked, save that from the mestizos she knew that there was distinction in being a *científico*. She had no curiosity about it, no imagination or thought of his outside, vast world. Only once, when shy strangeness had first been replaced by intimacy, she asked him about the blonde women of the North. She was unchanged, an illiterate Indian, but she had become used to him. She knew and encompassed him. There was an alarming essential wifeliness, and a vague superiority of entire understanding. She bored him, she was more than useful, he was fond of her. Sometimes he wished he were in a position to take for a while another little new-blown golden figure—Antonio Cum's girl—and drove out the thought, shocked at its implication of weakening fiber.

Above all, I've got to get out of here, he thought.

Today he trebly needed his siesta. He allowed himself another drink, to insure sleep. He woke late, feeling much better, able to shave. There was work to do. He had meant to ride over to Esteban Culal, the medicine man, and spend the evening filling in some gaps in his data, but he decided on deskwork instead. He put in a piddling and unproductive afternoon, yet supper took him by surprise. He believed that a man should change into a linen suit every night, an essential discipline and matter of self-respect, but this night he forewent it. He felt too tired and dull.

Three afternoons later he was surprised at his desk by the sound of another machine on the river, a higher, shriller crepitation. Watching, he saw a catamaran pass, made of two dug-out canoes lashed together, driven by an outboard motor. Its master was hidden under a palm-leaf shelter. This type of outfit was favored by oil geologists, undoubtedly it carried a compatriot, or an Englishman or German. As he listened, the motor stopped. The man was landing here. He finished hastily the sentence he was writing, straightened his desk, rose, picked up his hat, then turned back to look at himself in the mirror. The room was in order, save that the blanket had fallen out of the hammock. He refolded it and put it back.

As he stepped out, he saw the man coming across the plaza with the Secretario Municipal. The Secretario pointed and turned back. He's looking for me, he thought. Is he from Talvert? His heart pounded.

The visitor was about twenty-six, of good height and strong, brown-haired and blue-eyed, with a two-days' stubble of gold on his chin. He wore a pith helmet, white shirt, khaki breeches and engineering boots. A jaguar-skin pouch surely was for his notebook. He had a camera slung from his shoulder, on his belt an automatic pistol. The whole type woke in the observer a wistful longing, the sense of his own fraternity, the wish to prove that he still belonged.

Pausing at the door, the stranger asked, "Dr. Cowning?"

"At your service." The sound of English, the sound of one's own name correctly pronounced!

"I'm Edgar Hutton, of Talvert University."

They shook hands. Hutton saw a tall, skinny man with a slight paunch. The brown hair, receding slightly, emphasized a high, full forehead. There was an effect of the upper part of the head being too much for the chin. Cowning wore a white shirt of native make, slacks once khaki, washed to a cream color, and native sandals. His blue eyes were bloodshot, his hand slightly shaky, he showed the effects of malaria. Clothes and man were scrupulously clean, and he was fresh-shaven. Hutton noted that gladly; his mission could be an awkward one, he was eager for good signs.

"I'm delighted to meet you, Dr. Hutton. It's lucky you came today, I just happened to put off till tomorrow a visit to a local medicine man called Culal. Won't you come in?"

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Inside, Hutton said, "Dr. Sheffield wrote me, about your letter, you know, and I came up. I'm running a dig at Chactún."

Cowning nodded. He felt excited. "Fine. I have some legends about Chactún, by the way, which might interest you. Have you a hammock with you? I'll send down to the landing for your things."

"If it's not too much trouble."

"None at all. Have a chair."

He went into the other room. Hutton heard the man's voice, speaking what sounded like fluent Rashti. A woman answered, and then spoke to someone else. He had caught a glimpse of a child about a year old. Well, that was Cowning's business. If a man lived in a place like this for five years, any man—Question was, had he any stuff on the ball? Which of Sheffield's alternatives would fit? He examined the desk. Neat, ready for action, work in process. It was almost a stage set; this man must be passionately methodical.

Cowning returned. "Your duffle will be right up. It's about supper time. Have a drink?"

"Thanks, yes."

Cowning took down a bottle and two jiggers. "Curaçao of Chancuén," he said. "Here you are. Here's how."

"How. Could be worse."

"Yes. So Sheffield sent you? How are things at Talvert?"

He asked about this man and that, then lost interest. The thought of Talvert was tied in with too much unpleasantness, the awareness of his failure in many minds. He glanced out the window.

"Supper'll be ready in a minute. Help yourself to the washstand. You don't mind if I change? It's all right slopping around like this during the day, but I make it a rule to put on a suit for dinner."

Hutton looked at him with approval and some surprise. "Not a bit. Fly to it. I'm traveling sort of light—"

"Naturally. That would be asking too much."

Cowning pulled aside the matting which hung over a tier of corner shelves. His hand hesitated over the pile of suits, his heart sank. The top suit was little more than lace, the next more than half eaten, another hopelessly mildewed, a greenish growth . . . He realized Hutton was watching him. Surely it hadn't been so long—a little slack recently—I always—

"Seems as if everything wearable was in the wash. The laundry service is a little irregular here." He tried to sound amused.

Hutton nodded. "Things turn out like that in the tropics."

"They do that. Another drop before dinner?"

"No, thanks."

"I shall if you don't mind."

"Sure."

He was upset. Not only the impression that had been made on Hutton, but what is revealed of how time slipped by. I've got to get out of here. The drink and a wash refreshed him.

Paquita brought in supper. Hutton hardly glanced at her, beyond answering her "*buenas tardes*," taking in quickly the elements of a typical situation.

"The idea is," he explained, "Sheffield wants me to look over your report."

"Of course. Quite right."

"Then I think I'll be able to make you an offer for the Division."

"Fine. We'll tackle it after supper. Do you eat *chile?*"

"Sure thing."

"Help yourself. As I wrote Sheffield, there are a few items that need checking, a few gaps. Most of it's ready for the printer."

When they were fed, Cowning asked, "A drop of liquor while you read?"

"I've got some brandy; would you care for that?"

"Brandy!" Cowning lingered on the word. "I've had no such luxury for a year or more. Fine. I'll get tumblers."

Hutton sat at the desk, Cowning to one side. He was nervous, did not wish to seem over-eager, puffed at his cigarette and drank his brandy and water in big gulps.

"I'll leaf through, first," the younger man said, "get an idea of your headings and contents."

"Right."

He read the whole of the Introduction, an exposition of method and a really brilliant, compact thesis on the application of functionalism. This man had a mind.

"You ought to run that as a separate article, doctor."

"Think so?" Cowning glowed.

"I do."

The headings were interesting, their order logical, but even more interesting was the physical appearance of the manuscript. At the beginning, the writing was neat, clear, cursive and simple, titles and sub-titles in plain block letters. In the latter half, the script became more and more elaborately perfect, the headings keeping pace, until the writer seemed to have hung and dallied over every letter, capitals were laborious, the product giving an effect, not merely of neatness, but of a method of procrastination. The early drawings were well done, the later ones, again, overworked, with a good many erasures and a rather unsteady line.

"Looks interesting," he said. "Mind if I glance at your field notes?"

"Not at all. They're the key, of course."

He took the books numbered I and VII. The writing in I was about the same as that of the beginning of the report, the drawings, in pencil, were adequate. The notes seemed well made, complete. In VII the writing was alternately clear and sprawling, almost illegible, the sketches crude and hasty, the notes incomplete, trusting altogether too much to memory. The two contradictory phenomena complemented each other. Knowing the difficulties of desk work under field conditions, he still felt that the whole thing, notes and report, hardly covered five years' time.

Continued on page 206

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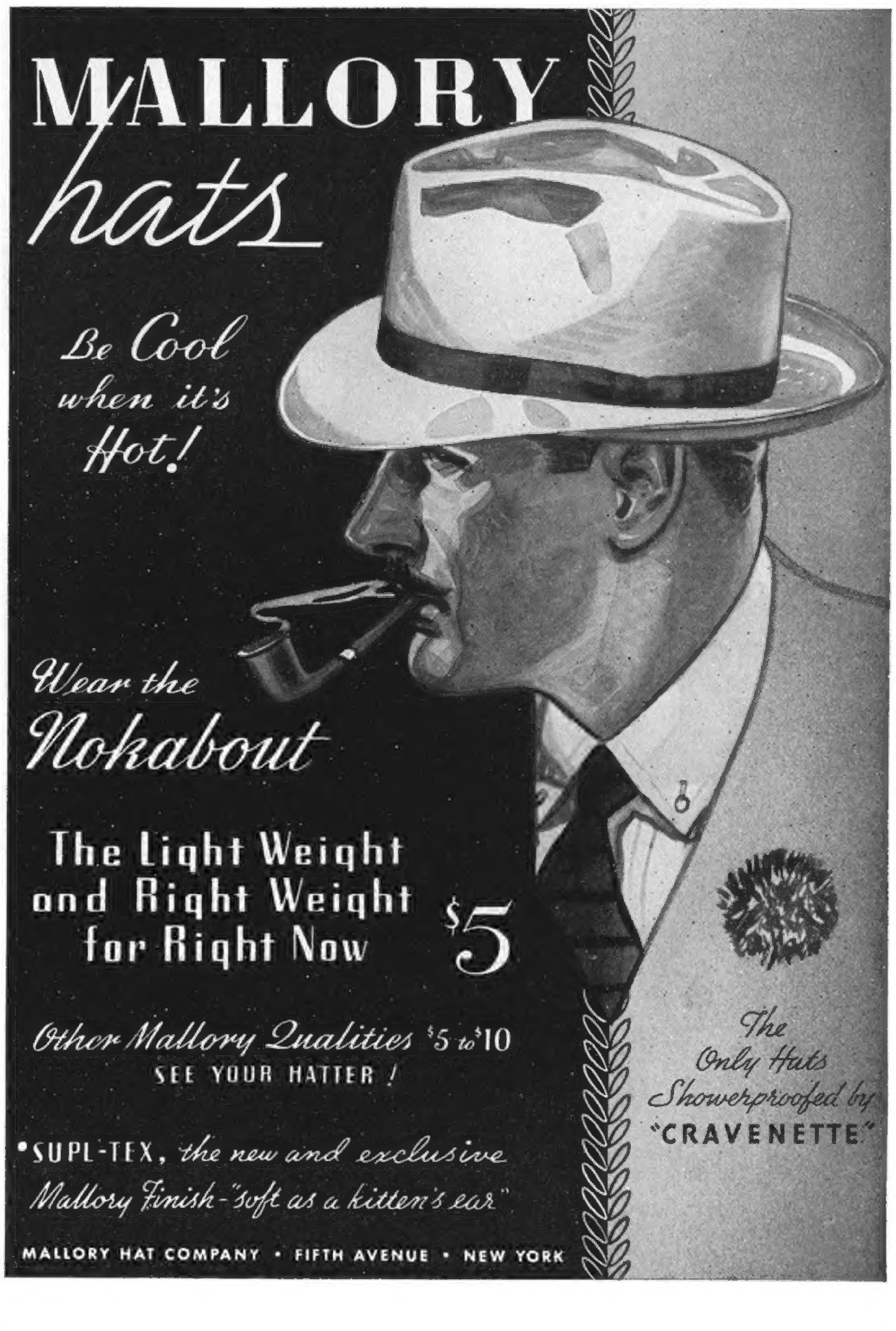
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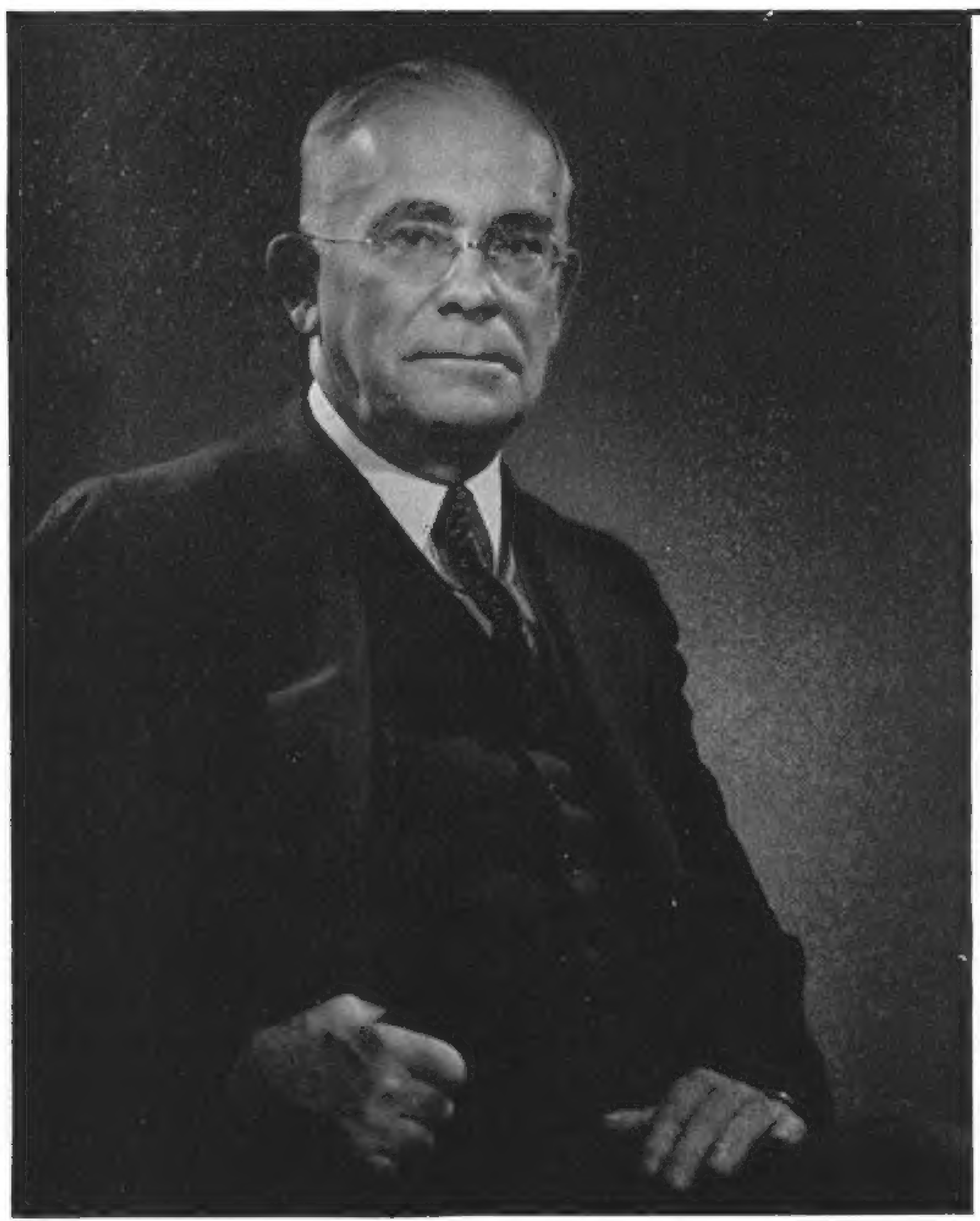
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Independent Research

Continued from pages 32-203-205

"It's all interesting, doctor," he said.

"I think so." Cowning hesitated. "Do you mind if I sponge a spot more of your brandy? It's such a rarity."

"Fly to it."

"Have some yourself."

Hutton's glass was still half full. "No thanks. *Todavía.*"

Cowning poured himself a liberal measure. The other glanced at his wrist-watch—7:15. They'd dined early. He reached for the report again.

"I wish you'd look over Section IV," Cowning said. "You can hardly read it all tonight. I'd like your opinion on that."

"Certainly." He ruffled sheets, found the section. "The Blood Sacrifice, eh?"

"Yes. It's quite a remarkable ceremony, confined to the Highlands. I was lucky."

"Have you seen MacDougal's report on it?"

"MacDougal?"

"Yes. I suppose you haven't. It came out only this year, in the Institute Memoirs."

"No." Cowning felt lost. This couldn't be. It was his. "He didn't mention it in the *Survey.*"

"He didn't know about it then." Hutton glanced briefly at his host. "What village did you work in, mainly, up above?"

"Yibán. But I sampled most of the others."

"MacDougal was at San José the last two seasons. I guess you missed each other."

"Recently, what with the fever, you know, and being short of cash, I've been up there relatively little."

Hutton looked at him again. The uncertainty which began over that business of the clothes, had grown markedly. There was almost a frightened look. This Sacrifice business meant a lot to him. He began to feel sorry for the man.

"Have some more brandy," he said. "Help yourself. I get it right along. Go ahead."

"Thanks, I will." Cowning poured. "There are some details missing there. My plan is to go out through the Highlands, spend a couple of weeks there with my informants, cleaning up."

He knew MacDougal, a thorough man, rather dull, and impatient of human frailties. How had he got back up there?

Hutton found the account interesting in many ways. All through it was a failure, an effect of incompleteness and glossing over gaps in material and treatment. It wouldn't stand with MacDougal's job, yet there were points of importance that the other scientist had missed, an astonishing understanding of the native temperament, individual and in the mass, and again and again flashes of the same brilliance of reasoning he had seen in the Introduction. That about a possible Nahua derivation of ceremonial words, tying with Toltec archaeology, was a lulu.

It was after half-past nine when he laid the papers down. Cowning had refilled his glass a couple of times. What a capacity—a daily routine, most likely.

"May I see your field notes on this?"

"Of course. This one."

"Thanks."

He glanced through it, thinking. From various remarks, from the implied and explicit evidence of the documents, you could reconstruct—The first dry season here, he went to the mountains, did some good work, discovered this. The next season he went back, enriched from what he'd learned down here, and put in a couple more good months. He came down knowing he hadn't finished, but he didn't go back, he persuaded himself there were only details lacking, and wrote this account. Hutton suppressed a sigh and helped himself to a weak brandy-and-water.

"What about it?" Cowning forced a light tone. "Did Bill scoop me?"

"I'm afraid he did, but you've got a lot he missed. Mind if I look at some of the rest?"

"Go ahead."

Hutton read over the list of unfinished business. It had been on the wall for some time. There were twenty-two items, of which five had been checked off. Some of the others were grotesquely important.

Cowning reached for the brandy, saw how low the bottle was, and poured himself a dose of aguardiente instead. Over a new cigarette he studied his guest. Humiliating to be investigated by a man who might have been one of his students. An intelligent young man who knew how to punch the clock and keep his job. Competent, and a decent fellow. Neither he nor any of the smug, endowed bastards could realize what he'd been through, the difficulties overcome. How could he live with them again at Talvert? Better here, if they'd let him have the publications, to keep abreast of the work and not be scooped by men like Bill MacDougal.

By the stars it was close on eleven. Hutton laid the papers down.

"In my letter, I spoke of a research fellowship," Cowning said. "I want to go on with my work, keeping this headquarters. I don't particularly want to take residence at Talvert, though I plan to visit the States." It sounded all right, yet he felt a wavering sense of shame at his own words.

Hutton nodded. "I'm quite sure that something satisfactory can be arranged." He yawned. "It's after eleven, and I've had a long day. Will you excuse me if I turn in, doctor?"

To himself he thought, it's alternative C, then. He has a contribution to make, of sorts. He had always known Sheffield was kind and wise, but this was almost

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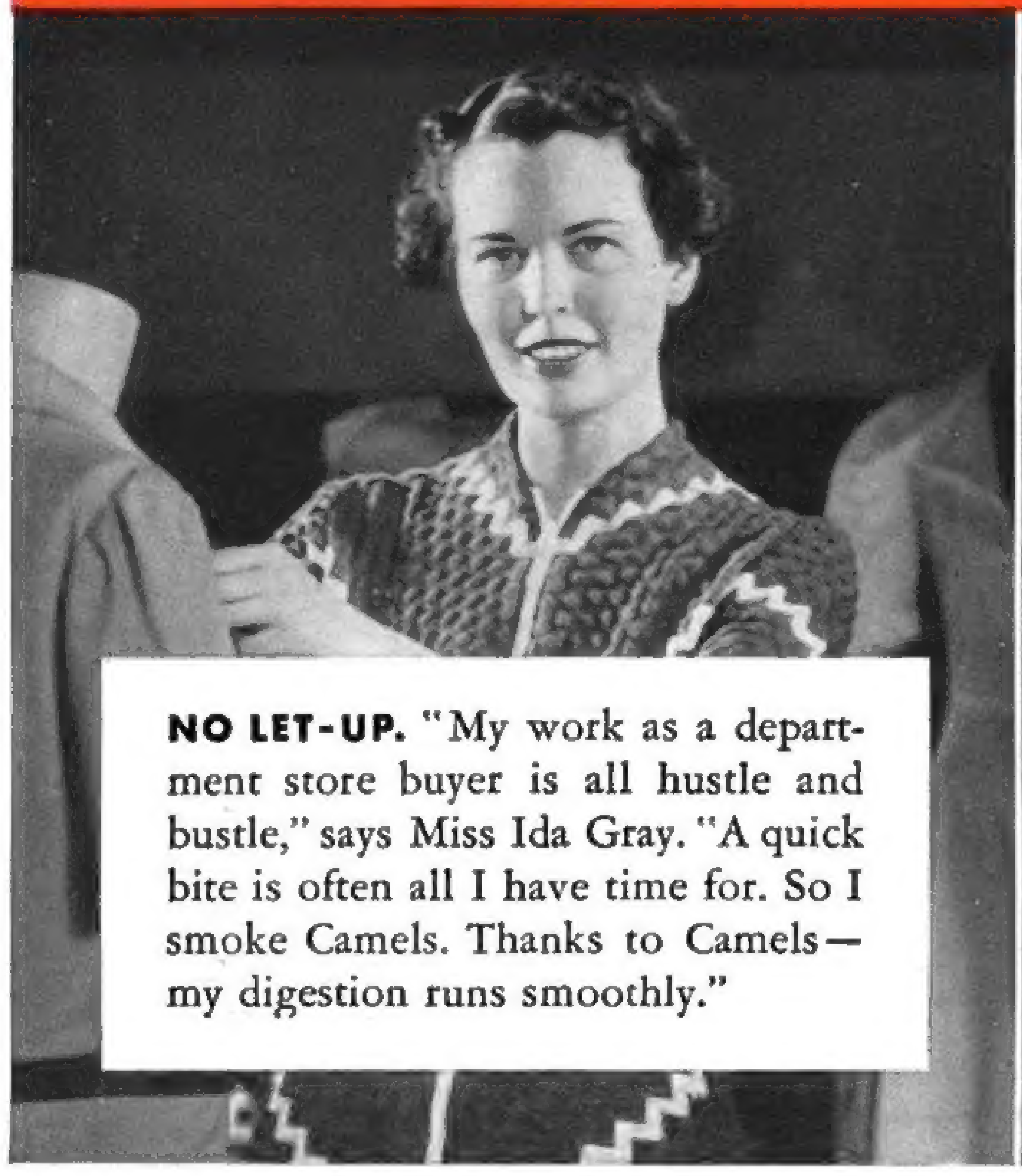

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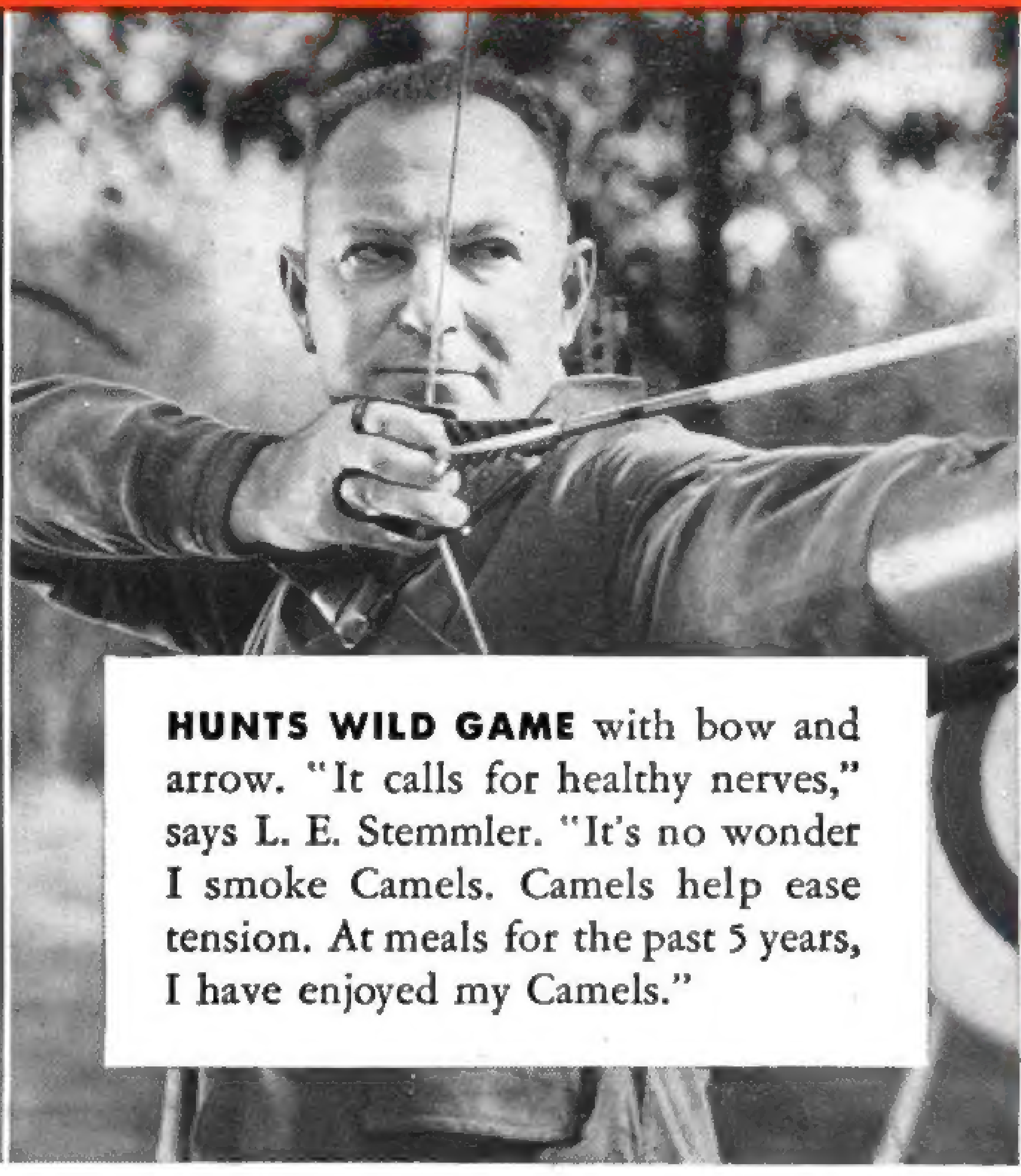

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